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# CONSTANCE SHERWOOD

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY  
LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

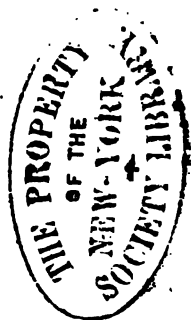
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IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. II.

LEIPZIG  
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1865.

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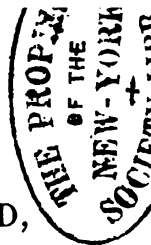


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# CONSTANCE SHERWOOD,

AN

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

## CHAPTER I.

WHEN I had been a short time in my Lady Lumley's chamber, my Lord Arundel sent for his granddaughter, who was wont, she told me, at that hour to write letters for him; and I stayed alone with her ladyship, who, as soon as Lady Surrey left us, thus broke forth in her praise:

"Hath any one, think you, Mistress Sherwood, ever pictured or imagined a creature more noble, more toward in disposition, more virtuous in all her actions, of greater courage in adversity or patience under ill-usage than this one, which God hath sent to this house to cheer two lonely hearts, whilst her own is well-nigh broken?"

"Oh, my Lady Lumley!" I exclaimed, "I fear some new misfortune hath befallen this dear lady, who is indeed so rare a piece of goodness that none can exceed in describing her deserts. Hitherto she hath condescended to impart her sorrows to her poor friend; but to-day she shut up her griefs in her own bosom,



albeit I could read unspoken suffering in every lineament of her sweet countenance."

"God forgive me," her ladyship replied, "if in speaking of her wrongs I should entertain over-resentful feelings towards her ungracious husband, whom once I did love as a mother, and very loth hath my heart been to condemn him; but now, if it were not that I myself received him in my arms what time he was born, whose life was the cause of my sweet young sister's death, I should doubt he could be her son."

"What fresh injury," I timidly asked, "hath driven Lady Surrey from her house?"

"*Her* house no longer," quoth Lady Lumley. "She hath no house, no home, no husband worthy of the name, and only an old man nigh unto the grave, alas! and a poor feeble woman, such as I am, to raise a voice in her behalf, who is spurned by one who should have loved and cherished her, as twice before God's altar he vowed to do. Oh," cried the poor lady, weeping, "she had borne all things else with a sweet fortitude, which angels looking down on her must needs have wondered at. She would ever be excusing this faithless husband with many pretty wiles and loving subterfuges, making, sweet sophist, the worst appear the better reason. 'Men must needs be pardoned,' she would say, when my good father waxed wroth at his ill-usage of her, 'for such outward neglect as many practise in these days towards their wives, for that it was the fashion at the Court to appear unhusbandly; but if women would be patient, she would warrant them their love should be requited at last.' And when news came that Phil had sold an estate for to purchase — God save the mark! — a circlet of black pearls for the Queen; and

Lord Arundel swore he should leave him none of his lands but what by Act of Parliament he was compelled to do, she smiled winsomely, and said: 'Yea, my lord, I pray you, let my dear Phil be a poor man, as his father wished him to be, and then, if it please God, we may live in a cottage and be happy.' And so turned away his anger by soft words, for he laughed and answered: 'Heaven help thee, Nan! but I fear that cottage must needs be Arundel Castle, for my hands are so tied therein that thy knavish husband cannot fail to inherit it. And, beshrew me, if I would either rob thee of it, mine own good Nan, or its old walls of thy sweet presence when I shall be dead.' And so she always pleaded for him, and never lost heart until . . . Oh, Mistress Sherwood, I shall never forget the day when her uncle, Francis Dacre, — wisely or unwisely I know not, but surely meaning well, — gave her to read in this house, where she was spending a day, a letter which had fallen into his hands, I wot not how, in the which Philip — God forgive him! — expressed some kind of doubt if he was truly married to her or not. Some wily wretch had, I ween, whispered to her, in an evil hour, this accursed thought. When she saw this misdoubt written in his hand, she straightway fell down in a swoon, which recovering from, the first thing she did was to ask for her cloak and hat, and would have walked alone to her house if I had not stayed her almost by force, until Lord Arundel's coach could be got ready for her. In less than two hours she returned with so wan and death-like a countenance that it frightened me to see her, and for some time she would not speak of what had passed between her lord and herself; only she asked for to stay always in this

house, if it should please her grandfather, and not to part from us any more. At the which speech I could but kiss her, and with many tears protest that this should be the joyfullest news in the world to Lord Arundel and to me, and what he would most desire, if it were not for her grief, which, like an ill wind, yet did blow us this good. 'Yea,' she answered, with the deepest sigh which can be thought of, 'a cold withering blast which driveth me from the shelter which should be mine! I have heard it said that when Cardinal Wolsey lay a-dying, he cried, "'It were well with me now if I had served my God with the like zeal with which I have served my King,'" or some words of that sort. Oh, my Lady Lumley!' the poor child exclaimed, 'if I had not loved Philip more than God and His Church, methinks I should not thus be cast off!' 'Cast off,' I cried; 'and has my graceless nephew, then, been so wicked?' 'Oh, he is changed,' she answered, — 'he is changed. In his eyes, in his voice, I found not Philip's looks, nor Philip's tones. Nought but harshness and impatience to dismiss me. The Queen, he said, was coming to rest at his house on her way to the City, and he lacked leisure to listen to my complaints. Then I felt grief and anger rise in my breast with such vehemency, that I charged him, maybe too suddenly, with the doubt he had expressed in his letter to my Lord Oxford. His face flushed deeply; but drawing up haughtily, as one aggrieved, he said the manner of our marrying had been so unusual, that there were some, and those persons well qualified to judge, who misdoubted if there did not exist a flaw in its validity. That he should himself be loth to think so; but that to seek at that moment to prove the cor

trary, when his fortunes hung on a thread, would be to ruin him.'

"There she paused, and clasped her hands together as if scarce able to proceed; but soon raising her head, she related in a passionate manner how her heart had then swelled well-nigh to bursting, pride and tenderness restraining the utterance of such resentful thoughts as rose in her when she remembered his father's last letter, wherein he said his chief prop and stay in his fallen estate should be the wife he had bestowed on him; of her own lands sold for the supply of his prodigal courtiership; of her long patience and pleading for him to others; and this his present treatment of her, which no wife could brook, even if of mean birth and virtue, much less one his equal in condition, as well dowered as any in the land, and as faithful and tender to him as he did prove untoward to her. But none of these reproaches passed her lips; for it was an impossible thing to her, she said, to urge her own deserts, or so much as mention the fortune she had brought him. Only twice she repeated, 'Ruin your fortunes, my lord! ruin your fortunes! God help me, I had thought rather to mend them!' And then, when he tried to answer her in some sort of evading fashion, as if unsaying, and yet not wholly denying his former speech, she broke forth (and in the relation of this scene the passion of her grief renewed itself) in vehement adjurations, which seemed somewhat to move him, not to be so unjust to her or to himself as to leave that in uncertainty which so nearly touched both their honours; and if the thought of a mutual love once existing between them, and a firm bond of marriage relied on with unshaken security, and his father's

dying blessing on it, and the humble duty she had shown him from the time she had borne his name, sufficed not to resolve him thereunto, yet, for the sake of justice to one fatherless and brotherless as herself, she charged him without delay to make that clear which, left uncertain, concerned her more nearly than fortune or state, and without which no, not one day, would she abide in his house. Then the sweet soul said she hoped, from his not ungracious silence and the working of his features, which visibly revealed an inward struggle, that his next words should have been of comfort to her; but when she had drawn nigh to him, and taking his hand called him by his name with so much of reproachful endearment as could be expressed in the utterance of it, a gentleman broke into the room, crying out: 'My lord, my lord, the trumpets do sound! The Queen's coach is in sight.' Upon which, she said that, with a muttered oath, he started up and almost thrust her from him, saying, 'For God's sake, be gone!' 'And by a back-door,' she added, 'I went out of mine own house into the street, where I had left my Lord Arundel's coach, and crept into it, very faint and giddy, the while the Queen's coach did enter the court, with gay banners waving, and striking-up of music, and the people crying out, "'God bless the Queen!'" I cry God mercy for it,' she said, 'but I could not say Amen.' Now she is resolved," my Lady Lumley continued, "never to set her foot again in any of her husband's houses, except he doth himself entreat her to it, and makes that matter clear touching his belief in the validity of their marriage; and methinks she is right therein. My Lord Arundel hath written to remonstrate with his grandson touching his ill-usage o:

his lady, and hath also addressed her Majesty thereupon. But all the comment she did make on his letter, I have been told, was this: 'That she had heard my Lord Arundel was in his dotage; and verily she did now hold it to be so, for that she had never received a more foolish letter; and she did pity the old white horse, which was now only fit to be turned out to grass;' and other biting jests, which, when a sovereign doth utter them, carry with them a rare poignancy."

Then my Lady Lumley wiped her eyes, and bade me to be of good cheer, and not to grieve overmuch for Lady Surrey's troubles (but all the while her own tears continued to flow), for that she had so noble and religious a disposition, with germs of so much virtue in it, that she thought her to be one of those souls whom Almighty God draws to Himself by means of such trials as would sink common natures; and that she had already marked how, in much prayer, ever-increasing good works, and reading of books which treat of wholesome doctrine and instruction, she presently recalled the teachings of her childhood, and took occasion, when any Catholics came to the house, to converse with them touching religion. Then, with many kind expressions, she dismissed me; and on the stairs, as I went out, I met Lady Surrey, who noticed mine eyes to be red with weeping, and embracing me, said:

"I ween Lady Lumley hath been no hider of my griefs, good Constance; and, i' faith, I am obliged to her if she hath told thee that which I would fain not speak of, even to thee, dear wench. There are sorrows best borne in silence; and since the last days we

talked together mine have grown to be of that sort. And so farewell for to-day, and may God comfort thee in thy nobler troubles, and send His angels to thine aid."

When I returned to Holborn, Mistress Ward met me with the news that she had been to the prison, and heard that Mr. Watson was to be strenuously examined on an approaching day, — and it is well known what that doth signify, — touching the names of the persons which had harboured him since his coming to England. And albeit he was now purposed steadily to endure extreme torments sooner than to deny his faith or injure others, she did so much apprehend the weakness of nature should betray him, that her resolve was taken to attempt the next day, or rather on the following night, to further his escape. But how, she asked, could my father be dealt with in time touching that matter? I told her I was to see him on the morrow, by means of an order from Sir Francis Walsingham, and should then lay before him the issues offered unto his election. She said, she was very much contented to hear it; and added, she must now secure boatmen to assist in the escape, who should be reliable Catholic men; and if in this she did succeed, she feared not to fail in her design.

At the hour I had fixed upon with Hubert, on the next day he came to carry me to the prison at Bridewell. Mistress Ward prevailed on Mr. Congleton to go thither with us, for she was loth to be seen there in company with known persons, and added privily in mine ear, "The more so at a time when it may happen I should get into trouble touching the matter I have in hand." When we reached the place, Hubert and

sented to the gaoler Sir Francis's letter, which was also signed by the governor, and I was forthwith conducted to my father's cell. When I entered it, and advanced towards the dear prisoner, I dared not in the man's presence to show either the joy or grief I felt at that meeting, but stood by his side like one deprived of the power of speech, and only struggling to restrain my tears. I feared we should not have been left alone, and then this interview should have proved of little use or comfort; but after setting for me a chair, which he had sent for, — for there was only one small bench in the cell, — this officer withdrew, and locked the door on me and that dear parent, whose face was very white and wan, but who spoke in as cheerful and kind a manner as can be thought of, albeit taxing me with wilfulness for that I had not complied with his behest that none should come to visit him. I would not have the chair which had been set for me, — for I did hold it to be an unbecoming thing for a daughter to sit down in her father's presence (and he a priest), who had only a poor bench to rest his limbs on, — but placed myself on the ground at his feet; which at first he disliked, but afterwards said it should be as I pleased. Then, after some affectionate speeches, wherein his great goodness towards me was shown, and my answers to them, which disburthened my heart of some of the weight which oppressed it, as did likewise the shedding of a few tears on his hand, which was clasped in mine, I spoke, in case time should press, of Sir Francis's offer, and the condition thereunto attached, which I did with a trembling voice, and yet such indifferent tones as I could affect, as if showing no leaning to one way of thinking or the other, touching his



dying blessing on it, and the humble duty she had shown him from the time she had borne his name, sufficed not to resolve him thereunto, yet, for the sake of justice to one fatherless and brotherless as herself, she charged him without delay to make that clear which, left uncertain, concerned her more nearly than fortune or state, and without which no, not one day, would she abide in his house. Then the sweet soul said she hoped, from his not ungracious silence and the working of his features, which visibly revealed an inward struggle, that his next words should have been of comfort to her; but when she had drawn nigh to him, and taking his hand called him by his name with so much of reproachful endearment as could be expressed in the utterance of it, a gentleman broke into the room, crying out: 'My lord, my lord, the trumpets do sound! The Queen's coach is in sight.' Upon which, she said that, with a muttered oath, he started up and almost thrust her from him, saying, 'For God's sake, be gone!' 'And by a back-door,' she added, 'I went out of mine own house into the street, where I had left my Lord Arundel's coach, and crept into it, very faint and giddy, the while the Queen's coach did enter the court, with gay banners waving, and striking-up of music, and the people crying out, "'God bless the Queen!'"' 'I cry God mercy for it,' she said, 'but I could not say Amen.' Now she is resolved," my Lady Lumley continued, "never to set her foot again in any of her husband's houses, except he doth himself entreat her to it, and makes that matter clear touching his belief in the validity of their marriage; and methinks she is right therein. My Lord Arundel hath written to remonstrate with his grandson touching his ill-usage of

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acceptance of these terms. In the brief time which did elapse between my speaking and his reply, methinks I had an equal fear lest he should assent or dissent therein. Filial love mightfully prompting me to desire his acceptance of this means of deliverance, yet coupled with an apprehension that in that case he should stand one degree less high in the favour of God and the eyes of men. But I was angered with myself that I should have mine own thoughts therein, or in any way form a judgment forestalling his, which peradventure would see no evil in this concession; and forecasting also the consequences which should ensue if he refused, I resolved to move him thereunto by some such words as these: "My dearly beloved father, if it be possible, I pray you, yield this small matter to those that seek to save your life. Let the minister come to satisfy Sir Francis, and all shall be well, yea, without your speaking one word, or by so much as one look assenting to his arguments."

I dared not to meet his eyes, which he fixed on me, but kept kissing his hand whilst he said: "Daughter Constance, labour not to move me in this matter; for far above all things I may have to suffer, nothing would touch me so near, or be so grievous to me, as to see you, my beloved child, try to persuade me unto that which in respect of my soul I will never consent to. For, I pray you, first as regards religion, can I suffer any to think, albeit I should give no cause for it but silence, that my faith is in any wise shaken, which peradventure would prove a stumbling-block to others? or, touching truth and honesty, shall I accept life and freedom on some such supposition as that I am like to change my religion, when I should as soon

think to cast myself into hell of mine own free will as to deny one point of Catholic belief? No, no, mine own good child; 'tis a narrow path which doth lead to heaven, and maybe it shall prove exceeding narrow for me ere I reach its end, and not over easy to the feet or pleasant to the eye; but God defend I should by so much as one hair's-breadth overpass a narrowness which tendeth to so good a conclusion; and, verily, to be short, my good child, tender my thanks to Sir Francis Walsingham — who I doubt not meaneth excellently well by me, and to young Master Rookwood, who hath dealt with him therein; but tell them I am very well pleased with my present abode as long as it shall please God to keep me in this world; and when He willeth me to leave it, believe me, daughter Constance, the quickest road to heaven shall be the most pleasing to me."

His manner was so resolved that I urged him no further, and only heaved a deep sigh. Then he said, kindly: "Come, mine own good child, give me so much comfort as to let me hear that thou art of the same way of thinking in this matter as thy unworthy but very resolved father."

"My dear father," I replied, "methinks I never loved you so well, or honoured you one half so much as now, when you have cast off all human consolations, yea, and a certain hope of deliverance, rather than give occasion to the enemies of our faith to boast they had prevailed on you in ever so small a matter, to falter in the open profession thereof; and I pray God if ever I should be in a like plight, I may not prove myself to be otherwise than your true child in spirit as in nature. As to what shall now follow your refusal, it lieth in

God's hands, and I know He can deliver you, if He doth will it, from this great peril you are in."

"There's my brave wench," quoth he then, laying his scarred hand on my head; "thy mother had a prophetic spirit, I ween, when she said of thee when yet a puling girl, 'As her days so shall her strength be.' Verily God is very good, who hath granted us these moments of peaceful converse in a place where we had once little thought for to meet."

As I looked upon him, sitting on a poor bench in that comfortless cell, his noble fair visage oldened by hardships and toils rather than years, his eyes so full of peace, yea of contentment, that joy seemed to beam in them, I thought of the words of Holy Writ, which do foretell what shall be said hereafter of the just by such as have afflicted them and taken away their labours: "There are they whom we had some time in derision and for a parable of reproach. We fools esteemed their life madness and their end without honour. Behold, how they are numbered with the children of God, and their lot amongst the saints."

At that time a knock against the wall was heard, and my father set his ear against it, counting the number of such knocks; for it was Mr. Watson, he said, beginning to converse with him in their wonted fashion. "I will tell him I am engaged," quoth he, in his turn tapping in the same manner.

"But peradventure, he hath somewhat to communicate," I said.

"No," he answered, "for in that case he would have knocked three times at first, for on this signal we have agreed." Smiling, he added, "We do confess to each other in this way. 'Tis somewhat tedious, I do

admit; but thanks be to God we lack not leisure here for such duties."

Then I briefly told him of Mistress Ward's intent to procure Mr. Watson's escape.

"Ay," he said, "I am privy to it, and I do pray God it may succeed. It should be to me the greatest joy in the world to hear that good man was set free, or made free by any good means."

"Then," I added, "will you not join in the attempt, if so be she can convey to you a cord? and the same boat should carry you both off."

"Nay," he replied; "for more reasons than one I am resolved against that in mine own case, which in Mr. Watson's I do commend. This enterprise must needs bring that good woman, Mrs. Ward, into some sort of danger, which she doth well to run for his sake, and which he doth not wrong to consent unto, she being of a willing mind to encounter it. For if the extremity of torture should extort the admissions they do seek from him, many should then grievously suffer, and mostly his own soul. But I have that trust in God, who hath given me in all my late perils, what nature had verily not furnished me with, — an undaunted spirit to meet sufferings with somewhat more than fortitude, with a very great joy such as His grace can only bestow, — that He will continue to do so, whatever straits I do find myself in; and being so minded, I am resolved not again by mine own doing to put mine own and others' lives in jeopardy; but to take what He shall send in the ordinary course of things, throwing all my care on Him, without whose knowledge and will not so much as one hair of our heads doth fall to the ground. But I am glad to be

privity to the matter in hand for Mr. Watson, so as to pray for him this day and night, and also for that noble soul who doth show herself so true a Christian in her care for his weal and salvation."

Then changing to other themes, he inquired of me at some length touching the passages of my life since he had parted with me, and my dispositions touching the state of life I was about to embrace, concerning which he gave me the most profitable instructions which can be thought of, and rules of virtue, which, albeit imperfectly observed, have proved of so great and wholesome guidance to my inexperienced years, that I do stand more indebted to him for this fine advice then given me, than for all other benefits besides. He then spoke of Edmund Genings, who, by a special dispensation of the Pope, had lately been ordained priest, being but twenty-three years of age, and said the preparation he had made for receiving this holy order was very great, and the impression the greatness of the charge made upon his mind so strong, that it produced a wonderful effect in his very body, affecting for a time his health. He was infirmarian at Rheims, and laboured among the sick students, a very model of piety and humility; but *vivamus in spe* was still, as heretofore, his motto, and that hope in which he lived was to be sent upon the English mission. These my father said were the last tidings he had heard of him. His mother he did believe was dead, and his younger brother had left La Rochelle and was in Paris, leading a more gay life than was desirable. "And now I pray you, mine own dear honoured father," I said, "favour me, I beseech you, with a recital of your own haps since you landed in England, and I ceased to receive

letters from you." He condescended to my request, in the words which do follow:

"Well, my good child, I arrived in this country one year and five months back, having by earnest suit and no small difficulty obtained from my superiors to be sent on the English mission; for by reason of the weakness of my health, and some use I was of in the College, owing to my acquaintanceship with the French and the English languages, Dr. Allen was loth to permit my departure. I crossed the seas in a small merchant vessel, and landed at Lynn. The port-officers searched me to the skin, and found nothing on me; but one Sledd, an informer, which had met me in an inn at Honfleur, where I had lodged for some days before sailing for England, had taken my marks very precisely; and arriving in London some time before I landed in Norfolk, having been stayed by contrary winds in my longer passage, he there presented my name and marks; upon which the Queen's Council sent to the searchers of the ports. These found the said marks very apparent in me; but for the avoiding of charges, the mayor of the place, one Mr. Alcock, and Rawlins the searcher, requested a gentleman which had landed at the same time with me, and who called himself Haward, to carry me as a prisoner to the lord-lieutenant of the county. He agreed very easily thereunto; but soon as we were out of the town, 'I cannot,' says this gentleman, 'in conscience, nor will not, being myself a Catholic, deliver you, a Catholic priest, prisoner to the lord-lieutenant. But we will go straight to Norwich, and when we come there shift for yourself, as I will do for myself.' Coming to Norwich, I went immediately to one of the gaols, and conferred



with a Catholic, a friend of mine, which by chance I found out to be there imprisoned for recusancy. I recounted to him the order of my apprehension and escape; and he told me that in conscience I could not make that escape, and persuaded me I ought to yield myself prisoner; whereupon I went to my friend Haward, whom, through the aforesaid Catholic prisoner, I found to be no other than Dr. Ely, a Professor of Canon and Civil Law at Douay. I requested him to deliver to me the mayor's letter to the lord-lieutenant. 'Why, what will you do with it?' said he. 'I will go,' I said, 'and carry it to him, and yield myself a prisoner, for I am not satisfied I can make this escape in conscience, having had a contrary opinion thereon.' And I told him what that prisoner I had just seen had urged. 'Why,' said Haward, 'this counsel which hath been given you proceedeth, I confess, from a zealous mind; but I doubt whether it carrieth with it the weight of knowledge. You shall not have the letter, nor you may not in conscience yield yourself to the persecutors, having so good means offered to escape their cruelty.' But as I still persisted in my demand: "Well," said Mr. Haward, 'seeing you will not be turned by me from this opinion, let us go first and consult with such a man,' and he named one newly come over, who was concealed at the house of a Catholic not very far off. This was a man of singular wit and learning, and of such rare virtues that I honoured and reverence him greatly, which Mr. Haward perceiving, he said with a smile, 'If he be of your opinion, you shall have the letter, and go in God's name!' When we came him, he utterly disliked of my intention, and dissuaded me from what he said was a fond cogitation. So he

assuaged, I went quietly about my business, and travelled for the space of more than a year from one Catholic house to another in Norfolk and Suffolk, ministering the Sacraments to recusants, and reconciling many to the Church, which, from fear or lack of instruction or spiritual counsel, or only indifferency, had conformed to the times. Methinks, daughter Constance, for one such year a man should be willing to lay down a thousand lives, albeit, or rather because, as St. Paul saith, he be 'in journeyings often, in perils from his own nation, in perils from false brethren' (oh, how true and applicable do these words prove to the Catholics of this land!), 'in perils in the city, in perils of the wilderness, in perils of the sea.' And if it pleases God now to send me labours of another sort, so that I may be in prisons frequently, in stripes above measure, and, finally, in death itself, His true servant; — oh, believe me, my good child, the right fair house I once had, with its library and garden and orchard, and every thing so handsome about us, and the company of thy sweet mother, and thy winsome childish looks of love, never gave me so much heartfelt joy and comfort as the new similitude I experience, and greater I hope to come, to my loved and only Master's sufferings and death!"

At this time of his recital, my tears flowed abundantly; but with an imparted sweetness, which, like a reflected light, shone from his soul on mine. But to stay my weeping, he changed his tone, and said with good cheer:

"Come now, my wench; I will presently make thee merry by the recital of a strait in which I once found myself, and which maketh me laugh to think on it,

albeit at the time, I warrant thee, it was like to prove no laughable matter. It happened that year I speak of, that I was once secretly sent for by a courtlike gentleman of good wealth that had lived in much bravery, and was then sick and lying in great pain. He had fallen into a vehement agitation and deep study of the life to come; and thereupon called for a priest, — for in mind and opinion he was Catholic, — that he might learn from him to die well. According to the custom of the Church, I did admonish him, among other things, that if he had any way hurt or injured any man, or unjustly possessed other men's goods, he should go about by and by to make restitution according to his ability. He agreed to do so, and called to mind that he had taken away something from a certain Calvinist, under pretence of law indeed, but not under any good assurance for a Catholic conscience to trust to. Therefore he took order for restitution to be made, and died. The widow, his wife, was very anxious to accomplish her husband's will; but being afraid to commit the matter to any one, her perplexed mind was entangled in briers of doubtfulness. She one day declared her grief unto me, and beseeched me, for God's sake, to help her with my counsel and travail. So, seeing her distress, I proffered to put myself in any peril that might befall in the doing of this thing; but indeed persuaded myself that no man would be so perverse as of a benefit to desire revengement. Therefore committing the matter to God, I mounted on horseback, and away I went on my journey. When I came to the town where the man did dwell to whom the money was to be delivered, I set-up my horse in the next inn, that I might be readier at hand to scape immediately

after my business was despatched. I then went to the creditor's house, and called the man forth alone, taking him by the hand and leading him aside from the company of others. Then I declared to him that I had money for him, which I would deliver into his hands with this condition, that he inquired no further either who sent or brought it unto him, or what the cause and matter was, but only receive the money and use it as his own. The old fellow promised fair, and with a good-will gave his word faithfully so to do, and with many thanks sent me away. With all the speed I was able to make, I hastened to mine host's house, for to catch hold of my horse and fly away. But forthwith the deceitful old fellow betrayed me, and sent men after to apprehend me, not supposing me this time to be a priest, but making the surmise against me that forsooth I was not a man but a devil, which had brought money of mine one making to bewitch him. All the people of the town, when they heard the rumour, confirmed the argument with this proof among others, that I had a black horse, and gave orders for to watch the animal diligently, whether he did eat hay as other horses, or no. As for me, they put a horse-lock about my leg, shut me up close in a strong chamber, and appointed a fellow to be with me continually night and day, which should watch if I did put off my boots at any time, and if my feet were like horse's feet, or that I was cloven-footed, or had feet slit and forked as beasts have; for this they affirmed to be a special mark whereby to know the devil when he lieth lurking under the shape and likeness of a man. Then the people assembled about the house in great numbers, and proffered money largely

that they might see this monster with their own eyes; for by this time they were persuaded that I was indeed an evil spirit, or the very devil. 'For what man was ever heard of,' said they, 'which, if he had the mind, understanding, and sense of a man, would, of his own voluntary will and without any respect or consideration at all, give or proffer such a sum of money to a man utterly unknown?' God knoweth what should have ensued if some hours later it had not chanced that Sir Henry Jerningham did ride into the town, and seeing a great concourse of people at the door of the inn, he stopped to inquire into the cause; which when it was related to him, he said he was a magistrate, and should himself examine face to face this limb of Satan. So I was taken before him into the parlour; and being alone with him, and knowing him to be well-disposed in religion, albeit conforming to the times, I explained in a general manner what sort of an errand had brought me to that place. Methinks he guessed me to be a priest, although he said nothing thereon, but only licensed me to depart and go away whither I would, himself letting me out of the house through a back-door. I have heard since that he harangued the people from the balcony, and told them, that whilst he was examining me a strong smell of sulphur had come into the chamber, and a pack of devils carried me off through the window into the air; and he doubted not I had by that time returned to mine own lodging in hell. Which he did, I knew, for to prevent their pursuing me and using such violence as he might not have had means to hinder."

"It was not, then," I asked, "on this occasion you were apprehended and taken to Wisbeach?"

"No," he answered; "nor indeed can I be said to have been apprehended at all, for it happened in this wise that I became a prisoner. I was one day in Norwich, whither I had gone to baptise a child, and as Providence would have it, met with Haward, by whose means I had been set at liberty one year before. After ordinary salutations, he said to me, 'Mr. Tunstall' (for by that name only he knew me), 'the host of the inn where you were taken last year says I have undone him, by suffering the prisoner I had promised to deliver to escape; for he having been my surety with the mayor, he is threatened with eight months' imprisonment, or the payment of a large fine. He hath come to this town for to seek me, and hath seized upon me on this charge; so that I be only at liberty for six hours, for I promised that I would bring you to him by four o'clock (a Catholic merchant yielding him security thereof), or else that I should deliver him my body again. 'I am content,' he said, 'so that I have one of you two.' So either you, Mr. Tunstall, or I, must needs go to prison. You know my state and condition, and may guess how I shall be treated, if once I appear under my right name before them. You know also your own state. Now, it is in your choice whether of us shall go; for one must go: there is no remedy; and to force you I will not, for I had rather sustain any punishment whatsoever.' 'Now God be blessed,' I cried, 'that He hath thrown me in your way at this time, for I should never while I lived have been without scruple if you had gone to prison in my stead. Nothing grieveth me in this but that I have not finished off some business I had in this town touching a person in some distress of mind.' 'Why,' said Haward, 'it is but

ten o'clock yet; you may despatch your business before four of the clock, and then you may go to the sign of the Star, and inquire for one Mr. Andrew the Lord-Lieutenant's deputy, and to him you may surrender yourself.' 'So I will,' I said; and so we parted. At four of the o'clock I surrendered myself and was straightway despatched to Wisbeach Castle where I remained for three months. A message reached me there that a Catholic which had led a very wicked life, and was lying on his death-bed, was almost beside himself for that he could get no priest to come to him. The person which delivered this advertisement left some ropes with me, by which means I escaped out of the window into the moat, with such damage to my hands that I was like to lose the use of them, and perhaps of my life, if these wounds had mortified before good Lady l'Estrange dressed them. But I reached the poor sinner, which had proved the occasion of my escaping, in time for to give him absolution, and from Mr. Rugeley's house visited many Catholics in that neighbourhood. The rest is well known to thee, my good child. . . ."

As he was speaking these words the door of the chapel opened, and the gaoler advertised me I could tarry no longer; so, with many blessings my dear father missed me, and I went home with Mr. Congleton Hubert, who anxiously inquired what his answer was to the proposal I had carried to him.

"A most resolved denial of the condition attached to it," I said, "joined to many grateful acknowledgments to Sir Francis and to you also for your efforts in his favour."

"'Tis madness!" he exclaimed.

"Yea," I answered, "such madness as the heathen governor did charge St. Paul with."

And so no more passed between us whilst we rode back to Holborn. Mr. Congleton put questions to me touching my father's health and his looks, — if he seemed of good cheer, and spoke merrily as he used to do; and then we all continued silent. When we arrived at Ely Place, Hubert refused to come into the house, but detained me on the outward steps, as if desirous to converse with me alone. Thinking I had spoken to him in the coach in an abrupt manner which savoured of ingratitude, I said more gently, "I am very much beholden to you, Hubert, for your well-meaning towards my father."

"I would fain continue to help you," he answered in an agitated voice. "Constance," he exclaimed, after a pause, "your father is in a very dangerous plight."

"I know it," said I, quickly; "but I know, too, he is resolved and content to die rather than swerve an inch from his duty to God and His Church."

"But," quoth he then, "do you wish to save him?"

I looked at him amazed. "Wish it! God knoweth that to see him in safety I would have my hand cut off, — yea, and my head also."

"What, and rob him of his expectant crown, — the martyr's palm, and all the rest of it?" he said, with a perceptible sneer.

"Hubert!" I passionately exclaimed, "you are uninvestigable to me; you chill my soul with your half-uttered sentences and uncertain meanings! Once, I remember, you could speak nobly, — yea, and feel so



too, as much as any one. Heaven shield you be not wholly changed!"

"Changed!" quoth he, in a low voice, "I am changed;" and then abruptly altering his manner, and leaving me in doubt as to the change he did intend to speak of, he pressed me to take no measures touching my father's release till he had spoken with me again; for he said if his real name became known, or others dealt in the matter, all hope on Sir Francis's side should be at an end. He then asked me if I had heard of Basil lately. I told him of the letter I had had from him at Kenninghall some weeks back. He said a report had reached him that he had landed at Dover and was coming to London; but he hoped it was not true, for that Sir Henry Jerningham was very urgent he should continue abroad till the expiration of his wardship.

I said, "If he was returned, it must surely be for some sufficient cause, but that I had heard nothing thereof, and had no reason to expect it."

"But you would know it, I presume, if he was in London?" he urged. I disliked his manner, which always put me in mind of one in the dark, which feebleth his way as he advances, and goeth not straight to the point.

"Is Basil in England?" I inquired, fixing mine eyes on him, and with a flutter at my heart from the thought that it should be possible.

"I heard he was," he answered in a careless tone; "but I think it not to be true. If he should come whilst this matter is in hand, I do conjure you, Constance, if you value your father's existence and Basil's also, let him not into this secret."

"Wherefore not?" I quickly answered. "Why should one meet to be trusted, and by me above all other persons in the world, be kept ignorant of what so nearly doth touch me?"

"Because," he said, "there is a rashness in his nature which will assuredly cause him to run headlong into danger if not forcibly withheld from the occasions of it."

"I have seen no tokens of such rashness as you speak of in him," I replied; "only of a boldness such as well becomes a Christian and a gentleman."

"Constance Sherwood!" Hubert exclaimed, and seized hold of my hand with a vehemency which caused me to start, "I do entreat you, yea, on my bended knees, if needs be, I will beseech you to beware of that indomitable and resolved spirit which sets at defiance restraint, prudence, pity even; which leads you to brave your friends, spurn wholesome counsel, rush headlong into perils which I forewarn you do hang thickly about your path. If I can conjure them, I care not by what means, I will do so; but for the sake of all you do hold dear, curb your natural impetuosity, which may prove the undoing of those you most desire to serve."

There was a plausibility in his speech, and in mine own knowledge of myself some sort of a confirmation of what he did charge me with, which inclined me somewhat to diffide of mine own judgment in this matter, and not to turn a wholly deaf ear to his advertisement. He had the most persuasive tongue in the world, and a rare art at representing things under whatever aspect he chose. He dealt so cunningly therein with me that day, and used so many ingenious arguments, that I said I should be very careful how I dis-

closed anything to Basil or any one else touching father's imprisonment, who Mr. Tunstall was, and near concern in his fate; but would give no promise thereupon: so he was forced to content himself with much as he could obtain, and withdrew himself that day, he said; but promised to return on morrow.

## CHAPTER II.

WHEN at last I entered the house, I sought Mistress Ward, for I desired to hear what assistance she procured for the escape of the prisoners, and to inform her of my father's resolved purpose not himself to tempt this flight, albeit commending her for moving Mr. Watson to it and assisting him therein. Not finding her in the parlour, nor in her bed-chamber, I opened the door of my aunt's room, who was now weak, and yet more so in mind than in body. She was lying with her eyes shut, and Mistress Ward standing by her bedside. I marked her intent gaze on the aged placid face of the poor lady, and one tear rolled down her cheek. Then she stooped to kiss my forehead. A noise I made with the handle of the door caused her to turn round, and hastening towards me she took me by the hand and led me to her chamber where Muriel was folding some biscuits and cake paper and stowing them in a basket. The thought first came to me of the first day I had arrived in London and the comfort I had found in this room, where, except her, were strangers to me in that house. She sat down betwixt Muriel and me, and smiling, said, "Now, mine own dear children, for such my I

holds you both to be, and ever will whilst I live, I am come here for to tell you that I purpose not to return to this house to-night, nor can I foresee when, if ever, I shall be free to do so."

"O, what dismal news!" I exclaimed, "and more sad than I did expect."

Muriel said nothing, but lifting her hand to her lips, kissed it.

"You both know," she continued, "that in order to save one in cruel risk and temptation of apostasy, and others perhaps also, whom his possible speaking should imperil, I be about to put myself in some kind of danger, who of all persons in the world possess the best right to do so, as having neither parents, or husband, or children, or any on earth who do depend on my care. Yea, it is true," she added, fixing her eyes on Muriel's composed, but oh, how sorrowful countenance, "none dependant on my care, albeit some very dear to me, and which hang on me, and I on them, in the way of fond affection. God knoweth mine heart, and that it is very closely and tenderly entwined about each one in this house. Good Mr. Congleton and your dear mother, who hath clung to me so long, though I thank God not so much of late by reason of the weakening of her mind, which hath ceased greatly to notice changes about her, and you, Constance, my good child, since your coming hither, a little lass commended to my keeping. . . ." There she stopped, and I felt she could not name Muriel, or then so much as look on her; for if ever two souls were bound together by an unperishable bond of affection, begun on earth, to last in heaven, theirs were so united. I ween Muriel was already acquainted with her purpose, for she asked no

questions thereon, whereas I exclaimed, "I do very well know, good Mistress Ward, what perils you do run in this charitable enterprise; but wherefore, I pray you, this final manner of parting? God's providence may shield you from harm in this passage, and, indeed, human probability should lead us to hope for your safety if becoming precautions be observed. Then why, I say, this certain fare-well?"

"Because," she answered, "whatever comes of this night's enterprise, I return not to this house."

"And wherefore not?" I cried; "this is indeed a cruel resolve, a hard misfortune."

"Heretofore," she answered, "I had noways offended against the laws of the country, except in respect of recusancy, wherein all here are alike involved; but by mine act to-night I do expose myself to so serious a charge (conscience obliging me to prefer the law of Divine charity to that of human authority), that I may at any time and without the least hope of mercy be exposed to detection and apprehension; and so am resolved not to draw down sorrow and obloquy on the grey hairs of my closest friends, and on your young years such perils as I do willingly in mine own person incur, but would not have others to be involved in. Therefore I will lodge, leastwise for a time, with one who feareth not any more than I do persecution, who hath no ties and little or nothing on earth to lose, and if she had would willingly yield it a thousand times over for to save a soul for whom Christ died. Nor will I have you privy, my dear children, to the place of mine abode, that if questioned on it you may with truth aver yourselves to be ignorant thereof. And now," she said, turning to me, "is Mr. Sherwood will-

ing for to try to escape by the same means as Mr. Watson? for methinks I have found a way to convey to him a cord, and, by means of the management he knoweth of, instructions how to use it."

"Nay," I answered; "he will not himself avail himself of this means, albeit he is much rejoiced you have it in hand for Mr. Watson's deliverance from his tormentors; and he doth pray fervently for it to succeed."

"Every thing promiseth well," she replied; "I dealt this day with an honest Catholic boatman, a servant of Mr. Hodgson, who is willing to assist in it. Two men are needed for to row the boat with so much speed as shall be necessary to carry it quickly beyond reach of pursuers. He knoweth none of his own craft which should be reliable or else disposed to risk the enterprise; but he says, at a house of resort for Catholics which he doth frequent, he chanced to fall in with a young gentleman lately landed from France, whom he doth make sure will lend his aid in it. As dextrous a man," he saith, "to handle an oar, and of as courageous a spirit, as can be found in England."

As soon as she had uttered these words, I thought of what Hubert had said touching a report of Basil being in London and of his rashness in plunging into dangers; a cold shiver ran through me. "Did he tell you this gentleman's name?" I asked.

"No," she answered, "he would not mention it; but only that he was one who could be trusted with the lives of ten thousand persons, and so zealous a Catholic he would any day risk his life to do some good service to a priest."

"And hath this boatman promised," I inquired, "to wait for Mr. Watson and convey him away?"

"Yea, most strictly," she answered; "at twelve o'clock of the night he and his companion shall approach a boat to the side of some scaffolding which lieth under the wall of the prison; and when the clock of the tower striketh, Mr. Watson shall open his window, the bars of which he hath found it possible to remove, and, by means of the cord, which is of the length he measured should be necessary, he will let himself down on the planks, whence he can step into the boat, and be carried to a place of concealment in a close part of the City till it shall be convenient for him to cross the sea to France."

"Must you go?" I said, seeing her rise, and feeling a dull hard heaviness at my heart which did well-nigh impede my utterance. I was not willing to let her know the fear I had conceived; "of what use should it be," I inwardly argued, "to disturb her in the discharge of her perilous task by a surmise which might prove groundless; and, indeed, were it certainly true, could she, nay, would she, alter her intent, or could I so much as ask her to do it?" Whilst, with Muriel's assistance, she concluded the packing of her basket, wherein the weighty cord was concealed in an ingenious manner, I stood by watching the doing of it, fearing to see her depart, yet unable to think of any means by which to delay that which I could not, even if I had willed it, prevent. When the last contents were placed in the basket, and Muriel was pressing down the lid, I said: "Do you, peradventure, know the name of the inn where you said that gentleman doth tarry which the boatman spake of?"

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"No," she replied; "nor so much as where the good boatman himself lodgeth. I met with him at Mr. Hodgson's house, and there made this agreement."

"But if," I said, "it should happen by any reason that Mr. Watson changed his mind, how should you, then, inform him of it?"

"In that case," she answered, "he would hang a white kerchief outside his window, by which they should be advertised to withdraw themselves. And now," she added, "I have always been of the way of thinking that farewells should be brief; and 'God speed you,' and 'God bless you,' enough for those which do hope, if it shall please God on earth, but for a surety in heaven, to meet again."

So, kissing us both somewhat hurriedly, she took up her basket on her arm, and said she should send a messenger on the morrow for her clothes; at which Muriel, for the first time, shed some tears, which was an instance of what I have often noticed, that grief, howsoever heavy, doth not always overflow in the eyes unless some familiar words or homely circumstance doth substantiate the verity of a sorrow known indeed, but not wholly apparent till its common effects be seen. Then we two sat awhile alone in that empty chamber, — empty of her which for so long years had tenanted it to our no small comfort and benefit. When the light waned, Muriel lit a candle, and said she must go for to attend on her mother, for that duty did now devolve chiefly on her; and I could see in her sad but composed face the conquering peace which doth exceed all human consolation.

For mine own part, I was so unhinged by doubtful suspense that I lacked ability to employ my mind in



reading or my fingers in stitch-work; and so descended for relief into the garden, where I wandered to and fro like an uneasy ghost, seeking rest, but finding none. The dried shaking leaves made a light noise in falling, which caused me each time to think I heard a footstep behind me. And despite the increasing darkness, after I had paced up and down for near unto an hour, some one verily did come walking along the alley where I was, seeking to overtake me. Turning round I perceived it to be mine own dear aged friend Mr. Roper. Oh, what great comfort I experienced in the sight of this good man! How eager was my greeting of him! How full my heart as I poured into his ear the narrative of the passages which had befallen me since we had met! Of the most weighty he knew somewhat; but nothing of the last haunting fear I had, lest my dear Basil should be in London and this very night engaged in the perilous attempt to carry off Mr. Watson. When I told him of it, I started and exclaimed:

"God defend it!" but quickly corrected himself and cried God's mercy, that his first feeling should have led him to think rather of Basil's safety than the fine spirit he showed in all instances where a great action had to be done, or a service rendered to God in affliction.

"Indeed, Mr. Roper," I said, as he led me back to the house and into the solitary parlour (where my uncle now seldom came, but remained sitting at his library, chiefly engaged in praying and reading) "I do condemn mine own weakness in this, and thank God to give me strength for what may come upon me; but I do promise you 'tis no easy matter to

always so high a heart that it shall not sink with human fears and griefs in such passages as these."

"My dear," the good man answered, "'tis no easy matter to attain to the courage you speak of. I have myself seen the sweetest and the lovingest and the most brave creature which ever did breathe give marks of extraordinary sorrow when her father, that generous martyr of Christ, was to die."

"I pray you tell me," I answered, "what her behaviour was like in that trial; for to converse on such themes doth allay somewhat the torment of suspense, and I may learn lessons from her example, who, you say, joined to natural weakness so courageous a spirit in like straits."

Upon which he, willing to divert and yet not violently change the current of my thoughts, spake as followeth:

"On the day when Sir Thomas More came from Westminster to the Tower-ward, my wife, desirous to see her father, whom she thought she should never see in this world after, and also to have his final blessing, gave attendance about the wharf where she knew he should pass before he could enter into the Tower. As soon as she saw him, after his blessing upon her knees reverently received, hastening towards him without care or consideration of herself, passing in amongst the throng and company of the guard, she ran to him and took him about the neck and kissed him; who, well liking her most natural and dear daughterly affection towards him, gave her his fatherly blessing and godly words of comfort besides; from whom, after she was departed, not satisfied with the former sight of him, and like one that had forgotten herself, being all

ravished with the entire love of her father, suddenly turned back again, ran to him as before, took him about the neck, and divers times kissed him lovingly, till at last, with a full and heavy heart, she was fain to depart from him; the beholding whereof was to many that were present so lamentable, and mostly so to me, that for very sorrow we could not forbear to weep with her. The wife of John Harris, Sir Thomas's secretary, was moved to such a transport of grief, that she suddenly flew to his neck and kissed him, as he had reclined his head on his daughter's shoulder; and he, who in the midst of the greatest straits, had ever a merry manner of speaking, cried, 'This is kind, albeit rather unpolitely done.'

"And the day he suffered," I asked, "what was this good daughter's behaviour?"

"She went," quoth he, "to the different churches, and distributed abundant alms to the poor. When she had given all her money away, she withdrew to pray in a certain church, where she on a sudden did remember she had no linen in which to wrap up her father's body. She had heard that the remains of the Bishop of Rochester had been thrown into the ground, without priest, cross, lights, or shroud, for the dread of the King had prevented his relations from attempting to bury him. But Margaret resolved her father's body should not meet with such unchristian treatment. Her maid advised her to buy some linen in the next shop, albeit having given away all her money to the poor, there was no likelihood she should get credit from strangers. She ventured, howsoever, and having agreed about the price, she put her hand in her pocket, which she knew was empty, to show she forgot the

money, and ask credit under that pretence. But to her surprise, she found in her purse the exact price of the linen, neither more or less; and so buried the martyr of Christ with honour, nor was there any one so inhuman found as to hinder her."

"Mr. Roper," I said, when he had ended this recital, "methinks this angelic lady's trial was most hard; but how much harder should it yet have been if you, her husband, had been in a like peril at that time as her father?"

A half kind of melancholy, half smiling look came into the good old man's face as he answered:

"Her father was Sir Thomas More, and he so worthy of a daughter's passionate love, and the affection betwixt them so entire and absolute, compounded of filial love on her part, unmitigated reverence and unrestrained confidence, that there was left in her heart no great space for wifely doating. But to be moderately affectioned by such a woman, and to stand next in her esteem to her incomparable father, was of greater honour and worth to her unworthy husband, than should have been the undivided, yea idolatrous, love of one not so perfect as herself."

After a pause, during which his thoughts, I ween, reverted to the past, and mine investigated mine own soul, I said to Mr. Roper:

"Think you, sir, that love to be idolatrous which is indeed so absolute, that it should be no difficulty to die for him who doth inspire it; which would prefer a prison in his company, howsoever dark and loathsome (yea consider it a very Paradise), to the beautifullest palace in the world, which without him would seem nothing but a vile dungeon; which should with a good-

will suffer all the torments in the world for to see ~~the~~ object of its affection enjoy good men's esteem on earth and a noble place in heaven; but which should ~~be~~, nevertheless, founded and so wholly built up on a *high* estimate of his virtues; on the quality he holdeth of God's servant; on the likeness of Christ stamped on his soul, and each day exemplified in his manner of living, that albeit to lose his love or his company in this world should be like the uprooting of all happiness and turning the brightness of noonday to the darkness of the night, it should a thousand times rather endure this mishap than that the least shade or approach of a stain should alter the unsullied opinion till then held of his perfections?"

Mr. Roper smiled, and said that was a too weighty question to answer at once; for he should be loth to condemn or yet altogether to absolve from some degree of overweeningness such an affection as I described, which did seem indeed to savour somewhat of excess; but yet if noble in its uses and held in subjection to the higher claims of the Creator, whose perfections the creature doth at best only imperfectly mirror, it might be commendable and a means of attaining ourselves to the like virtues we doated on in another.

As he did utter these words, a servant came into the parlour, and whispered in mine ear:

"Master Basil Rookwood is outside the door, and craves —"

I suffered him not to finish his speech, but bounded into the hall, where Basil was indeed standing, with a traveller's cloak on him, and a slouched hat over his face. After such a greeting as may be conceived (alas, all greetings then did seem to combine strange admix-

tures of joy and pain!) I led him into the parlour, where Mr. Roper in his turn received him with fatherly words of kindness mixed with amazement at his return.

"And whence," he exclaimed, "so sudden a coming, my good Basil? Verily, you do appear to have descended from the skies!"

Basil looked at me, and replied: "I heard in Paris, Mr. Roper, that a gentleman in whom I do take a very lively interest, one Mr. Tunstall, was in prison at London; and I bethought me I could be of some service to him by coming over at this time."

"O Basil," I cried, "do you then know he is my father?"

"Yea," he joyfully answered, "and I am right glad you do know it also, for then there is no occasion for any feigning, which, albeit I deny it not to be sometimes useful and necessary, doth so ill agree with my bluntness, that it keepeth me in constant fear of stumbling in my speech. I was in a manner forced to come over secretly; because if Sir Henry Jerningham, who willeth me to remain abroad till I have got out of my wardship, should hear of my being in London, and gain scent of the object of my coming, he should have dealt in all sorts of ways to send me out of it. But, prithee, dearest love, is Mrs. Ward in this house?"

"Alas!" I said, "she is gone hence. Her mind is set on a very dangerous enterprise."

"I know it," he saith (at which word my heart began to sink); "but, verily, I see not much danger to be in it; and methinks if we do succeed in carrying off your good father and that other priest to-night in the ingenious manner she hath devised, it will be the

best night's work done by good heads, good arms, ~~an~~ good oars, which can be thought of."

"Oh, then," I exclaimed, "it is even as I *feared*, and you, Basil, have engaged in this rash enterprise. O woe the day you came to London, and met with that boatman!"

"Constance," he said reproachfully, "should it be a woful day to thee the one on which, even at some great risk, which I deny doth exist in this instance, I should aid in thy father's rescue?"

"Oh, but, my dear Basil," I cried, "he doth altogether refuse to stir in this matter. I have had speech with him to-day, and he will by no means attempt to ~~escape~~ again from prison. He hath done it once for the sake of a soul in jeopardy; but only to save his life, he is resolved not to involve others in peril of theirs. And oh, how confirmed he would be in his purpose if he knew who it was who doth throw himself into so great a risk! I' faith, I cannot and will not suffer it!" I exclaimed impetuously, for the sudden joy of his presence, the sight of his beloved countenance, lighted up with an inexpressible look of love and kindness, more beautiful than my poor words can describe, worked in me a rebellion against the thought of more suffering, further parting, greater fears than I had hitherto sustained.

He said, "He could wish my father had been otherwise disposed, for to have aided in his escape should have been to him the greatest joy he could think of; but that having promised likewise to assist in Mr. Watson's flight, he would never fail to do so, if he was to die for it."

"Tis very easy," I cried, "to speak of dying,

Basil, nor do I doubt that to one of your courage and faith the doing of it should have nothing very terrible in it. But I pray you remember that that life, which you make so little account of, is not now yours alone to dispose of as you list. Mine, dear Basil, is wrapped up with it; for if I lose you, I care not to live, or what becomes of me, any more."

Mr. Roper said he should think on it well before he made this venture; for, as I had truly urged, I had a right over him now, and he should not dispose of himself as one wholly free might do.

"Dear sir," quoth he in answer, "my sweet Constance and you also might perhaps have prevailed with me some hours ago to forego this intention, before I had given a promise to Mr. Hodgson's boatman, and through him to Mistress Ward and Mr. Watson; I should then have been free to refuse my assistance if I had listed; and albeit methinks in so doing I should have played a pitiful part, none could justly have condemned me. But I am assured neither her great heart nor your honourable spirit would desire me so much as to place in doubt the fulfilment of a promise wherein the safety of a man, and he one of God's priests, is concerned. I pray thee, sweetheart, say thou wouldst not have me do it."

Alas! this was the second time that day my poor heart had been called upon to raise itself higher than nature can afford to reach. But the present struggle was harder than the first. My father had long been to me as a distant angel, severed from my daily life and any future hope in this world. His was an expectant martyrdom, an exile from his true home, a daily dying on earth, tending but to one desired end. Nature could



be more easily reconciled in the one case than in the other to thoughts of parting. Basil was my all, my second self, my sole treasure, — the prop on which rested youth's hopes, earth's joys, life's sole comfort; and chance (as it seemed, and men would have called it), not a determined seeking, had thrust on him this danger, and I must needs see him plunged into it, and not so much as say a word to stay him or prevent it. . . . I was striving to constrain my lips to utter the words my rebelling heart disavowed, and he kneeling before me, with his dear eyes fixed on mine, awaiting my consent, when a loud noise of laughter in the hall caused us both to start up, and then the door was thrown open, and Kate and Polly ran into the room so gaily attired, the one in a yellow and the other in a crimson gown bedecked with lace and jewels, that nothing finer could be seen.

"Lackaday!" Polly cried, when she perceived Basil; "who have we here? I scarce can credit mine eyes! Why, Sir Lover, methought you were in France. By what magic come you here? — Mr. Roper, your humble servant. — 'Tis like you did not expect so much good company to-night, Con, for you have but one poor candle or two, to light up this dingy room, and I fear there will not be light enough for these gentlemen to see our fine dresses, which we do wear for the first time at Mrs. Yates's house this evening."

"I thought you were both in the country," I said, striving to disguise how much their coming did discompose me.

"Methinks," answered Polly, laughing, "your wish was father to that thought, Con, and that you desired to have the company of this fine gentleman to

yourself alone, and Mr. Roper's also, and no one else for to disturb you. But, in good sooth, we were both at Mr. Bentham's seat in Berkshire when we heard of this good entertainment at so great a friend's house, and so prevailed on our lords and governors for to hire a coach and bring us to London for one night. We lie at Kate's house, and she and I have supped on a cold capon and a veal pie we brought with us, and Sir Ralph and Mr. Lacy do sup at a tavern in the Strand, and shall fetch us here when it shall be convenient to them, to carry us to this grand ball, which I would not have missed, no, not for all the world. So I pray you, let us be merry till they do come, and pass the time pleasantly."

"Ay," said Kate, in a lamentable voice, "you would force me to dress and go abroad, when I would sooner be at home; for John's stomach is disordered, and baby doth cut her teeth, and he pulled at my ribbons and said I should not leave him; and beshrew me if I would have done so, but for your overpersuading me. But you are always so absolute! I wonder you love not more to stay at home, Polly."

Basil smiled with a better heart than I could do, and said he would promise her John should sleep never the less well for her absence, and she should find baby's tooth through on the morrow; and sitting down by her side, talked to her of her children with a kindness which never did forsake him. Mr. Roper set himself to converse with Polly; I ween for to shield me from the torrent of her words, which, as I sat between them, seemed to buzz in mine ear without any meaning; and yet I must needs have heard them, for to this day I remember what they talked of; —

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that Polly said, "Have you seen the ingenious poesy which the Queen's saucy godson, the merry wit Harrington, left behind her cushion on Wednesday, and now 'tis in every one's hands?"

"Not in mine," quoth Mr. Roper; "so, if your memory doth serve you, Lady Ingoldby, will you rehearse it?" which she did as follows; and albeit I only did hear those lines that once, they still remain in my mind:

"For ever dear, for ever dreaded prince,  
You read a verse of mine a little since,  
And so pronounced each word and every letter,  
Your gracious reading graced my verse the better:  
Sith then your highness doth by gift exceeding  
Make what you read the better for your reading,  
Let my poor muse your pains thus far importune,  
Like as you read my verse — so read my fortune!"

"'Tis an artful and witty petition," Mr. Roper observed; "and excelleth Master Edmund Spenser's epigram."

"What epigram?" quoth Polly.

"This one," he answered. "My Lord Burleigh had refused to pay him the £ 100 her Grace had promised him, thinking it too great a guerdon, as he told her, for a song. 'Give him then what is reason,' quoth her Highness, and my lord thinking, I ween, nothing to be reason, sent nothing; upon which the poet wrote —

" 'I was promised on a time  
To have reason for my rhyme;  
Since that time till this season,  
I have had nor rhyme nor reason,'

which so aptly moved her Grace, that the poet did outwit the councillor. But is it true, Lady Ingoldby,

that her Majesty mislikes her godson's satirical writings, and chiefly the metamorphosis of Ajax?"

"She signified," Polly answered, "some outward displeasure at it, but Robert Markham affirms she likes well the marrow of the book, and is minded to take the author to her favour, but sweareth she believes he will make epigrams on her and all her court. Howsoever, I do allow she conceived much disquiet on being told he had aimed a shaft at Leicester. By the way, but you, cousin Constance, should best know the truth thereon" (this she said turning to me); "'tis said that Lord Arundel is exceeding sick again, and like to die very soon. Indeed, his physicians are of opinion, so report speaketh, that he will not last many days now, for as often as he hath rallied before."

"Yesterday," I said, "when I saw Lady Surrey, he was no worse than usual."

"Oh, have you heard," Polly cried, running from one theme to another, as was her wont, "that Leicester is about to marry Lettice Knollys, my Lady Essex?"

"'Tis impossible," Basil exclaimed, who was now listening to her speeches, for Kate had finished her discourse touching her Johnny's disease in his stomach. The cause thereof, she said, both herself thought, and all in Mr. Benham's house did judge to have been, the taking in the morning a confection of barley sodden with water and sugar, and made exceeding thick with bread. This breakfast cost him both his dinner and supper, and surely, the better half of his sleep; but God be thanked, she hoped now the worst was past, and that the dear urchin would be as merry and well-disposed as afore he left London. Basil said he hoped

so too; and in a pause which ensued, he heard Polly speak of Lord Leicester's intended marriage, which seemed to move him to some sort of indignation, the cause of which I only learnt many years later, for that when Lady Douglas Howard's cause came before the Star-Chamber, in his present Majesty's reign, he told me he had been privy, through information received in France, of her secret marriage with that lord.

"'Tis *not* impossible," Polly retorted, "by the same token that the new favourite young Robert Devereux maketh no concealment of it, and calleth my Lord Leicester his father elect. But I pray you, what is impossible in these days? Oh, I think they are the most whimsical entertaining days which the world hath ever known; and the merriest, if people have the will to make them so."

"Oh, Polly," I cried, unable to restrain myself; "I pray God you may never find cause to change your mind thereon."

"Yea, amen to that prayer," quoth she, "I'll promise you, my grave little coz, that I have no mind to be sad till I grow old — and there be yet some years to come before that shall befall me. When Mistress Helen Ingoldby shall reach to the height of my shoulder, then methinks I may begin to take heed unto my ways. What think you the little wench said to me yesterday? 'What times is it we do conform to, mother? dinner-times or bed-times?'" "She should have been answered, 'The devil's times,'" Basil muttered; and Katy told Polly she should be ashamed to speak in her father's house of the conformity she practised when others were suffering for their religion. And

methought, albeit I had scarcely endured the jesting which had preceded it, I could less bear any talk of religion, leastways of that kind, just then. But, in sooth, the constraint I suffered almost overpassed my strength. There appeared no hope of their going, and they fell into an eager discourse concerning the bear-baiting they had been to see in Berkshire, and a great sort of ban-dogs, which had been tied in an outer court, let loose on thirteen bears that were baited in the inner; and my dear Basil, who doth delight in all kinds of sports, listened eagerly to the description they gave of this diversion. Oh, how I counted the minutes! what a pressure weighted my heart! how the sound of their voices pained mine ears! how long an hour seemed! and yet too short for my desires, for I feared the time must soon come when Basil should go, and lamented that these unthinking women's tarrying should rob me of all possibility to talk with him alone. Howsoever, when Mr. Roper rose to depart, I followed him into the hall and waited near the door for Basil, who was bidding farewell to Kate and Polly. I heard him beseech them to do him so much favour as not to mention they had seen him; for that he had not informed Sir Henry Jerningham of his coming over from France, which if he heard of it otherwise than from himself, it should peradventure offend him. They laughed, and promised to be as silent as graves thereon; and Polly said he had learnt French fashions she perceived, and taken lessons in wooing from mounseer; but she hoped his stealthy visit should in the end prove more conformable to his desires than mounseer's had done. At last they let him go; and Mr. Roper, who had waited for him, wrung his hand, and the man-

ner of his doing it made my eyes overflow. I turned my face away, but Basil caught both my hands in his and said, "Be of good cheer, sweetheart. I have not words wherewith to express how much I love thee, but God knoweth it is very dearly."

"O Basil! mine own dear Basil," I murmured, laying my forehead on his coat-sleeve, and could not then utter another word. Ere I lifted it again, the hall-door opened, and who, I pray you, should I then see (with more affright, I confess, than was reasonable), but Hubert? My voice shook as I said to Basil, whose back was turned from the door, "Here is your brother."

"Ah, Hubert!" he exclaimed; "I be glad to see thee;" and held out his hand to him with a frank smile, which the other took, but in the doing of it a deadly paleness spread over his face.

"I have no leisure to tarry so much as one minute," Basil said; "but this sweet lady will tell thee what weighty reasons I have for presently remaining concealed; and so farewell, my dear love, and farewell, my good brother. Be, I pray you, my bedeswoman this night, Constance; and you too, Hubert, — if you do yet say your prayers like a good Christian, which I pray God you do, — mind you say an Ave for me before you sleep."

When the door closed on him I sunk down on a chair, and hid my face with my hands.

"You have not told **him** anything?" Hubert whispered; and I, "God help you, Hubert! he hath come to London for this very matter, and hath already, I fear, albeit not in any way that shall advantage my father, yet in seeking to assist him,

run himself into danger of death, or leastways banishment."

As I said this mine eyes raised themselves towards him; and I would they had not, for I saw in his visage an expression I have tried these many years to forget, but which sometimes even now comes back to me painfully.

"I told you so," he answered. "He hath an invariable aptness to miss his aim, and to hurt himself by the shafts he looseth. What plan hath he now formed, and what shall come of it?"

But, somewhat recovered from my surprise, I be-thought myself it should not be prudent, albeit I grieved to think so, to let him know what sort of enterprise it was Basil had in hand; so I did evade his question, which indeed he did not show himself very careful to have answered. He said he was yet dealing with Sir Francis Walsingham, and had hopes of success touching my father's liberation, and so prayed me not to yield to despondency; but it would take time to bring matters to a successful issue, and patience was greatly needed, and likewise prudence, towards that end. He requested me very urgently to take no other steps for the present in his behalf, which might ruin all; and above all things not to suffer Basil to come forward in it, for that he had made himself obnoxious to Sir Francis by speeches which he had used, and which some one had reported to him, touching Lady Ridley's compliance with his (Sir Francis's) request that she should have a minister in her house for to read Protestant prayers to her household, albeit herself, being bedridden, did not attend; and if he should now stir in this matter, all hope would be at an



end. So he left me, and I returned to the parlour, and Kate and Polly declared my behaviour to them not to be over and above civil; but they supposed when folks were in love, they had a warrant to treat their friends as they pleased. Then finding me very dull and heavy, I ween, they bethought themselves at the last, of going to visit their mother in her bed, and paying their respects to their father, whom they found asleep in his chair, his prayer-book, with which he was engaged most of the day, lying open by his side. Polly kissed his forehead, and then the picture of our Blessed Lady in the first page of this much-used volume; which sudden acts of hers comforted me not a little.

Muriel came out of their mother's chamber to greet them, but would not suffer them to see her at this unexpected time, for that the least change in her customary habits disordered her; and then whispered to me that she had often asked for Mistress Ward, and complained of her absence.

At the last Sir Ralph came, but not Mr. Lacy, who he said was tired with his long ride, and had gone home to bed. Thereupon Kate began to weep; for she said she would not go without him to this fine ball, for it was an unbecoming thing for a woman to be seen abroad when her husband was at home, and a thing she had not yet done, nor did intend to do. But that it was a very hard thing she should have been at the pains to dress herself so handsomely, and not so much as one person to see her in this fine suit; and she wished she had not been so foolish as to be persuaded to it, and that Polly was very much to blame therein. At the which, "I' faith, I think so too,"

Polly exclaimed; "and I wish you had stayed in the country, my dear."

Kate's pitiful visage and whineful complaint moved me, in my then apprehensive humour, to an unmerry but not to be resisted fit of laughter, which she did very much resent; but I must have laughed or died, and yet it made me angry to hear her utter such lamentations who had no true cause for displeasure.

When they were gone, — she, still shedding tears, in a chair Sir Ralph sent for to convey her to Gray's Inn Lane, and, he and Polly in their coach to Mrs. Yates's, — the relief I had from their absence proved so great that at first it did seem to ease my heart. I went slowly up to mine own chamber, and stood there awhile at the casement looking at the quiet sky above, and the unquiet city beneath it, and chiefly in the distant direction where I knew the prison to be, picturing to myself my father in his bare cell, Mistress Ward regaining her obscure lodging, Mr. Watson's dangerous descent, and mostly the boat which Basil was to row, — that boat freighted with so perilous a burthen. These scenes seemed to rise before mine eyes as I remained motionless, straining their sight to pierce the darkness of the night and of the fog which hung over the town. When the clock struck twelve, a shiver ran through me, for I thought of the like striking at Lynn Court, and what had followed. Upon which I betook myself to my prayers, and thinking on Basil, said, "Speak for him, O Blessed Virgin Mary! Entreat for him, O ye Apostles! Make intercession for him, all ye Martyrs! Pray for him, all ye Confessors and all ye company of Heaven, that my prayers for him may take effect before our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Then my head waxed heavy with sleep, and I sunk on the cushion of my kneeling-stool. I wot not for how many hours I slumbered in this wise; but I know I had some terrible dreams.

When I awoke it was daylight. A loud knocking at the door of the house had aroused me. Before I had well bethought me where I was, Muriel's white face appeared at my door. The pursuivants, she said, were come to seek for Mistress Ward.

### CHAPTER III.

My first thought when Muriel had announced to me the coming of the pursuivants in search of Mistress Ward, was to thank God she was beyond their reach, and with so much prudence had left us in ignorance of her abode. Then making haste to dress — for I apprehended these officers should visit every chamber in the house — I quickly repaired to my aunt's room, who was persuaded by Muriel that they had been sent for to take an inventory of the furniture, which she said was a very commendable thing to do, but she wished they had waited until such time as she had had her breakfast. By an especial mercy, it so happened that these officers — or, leastways, two out of three of them — were quiet, well-disposed men, who exercised their office with as much mildness as could be hoped for, and rather diminished by their behaviour than in any way increased the hardships of this invasion of domestic privacy. We were all in turns questioned touching Mistress Ward's abode, except my aunt, whose mental infirmity was pleaded for to exempt her from

this ordeal. The one officer who was churlish said, "If the lady's mind be unsound, 'tis most like she will let the cat out of the bag," and would have forced questions on her; but the others forcibly restrained him from it, and likewise from openly insulting us, when we denied all knowledge of the place she had resorted to. Howsoever he vented his displeasure in scornful looks and cutting speeches. They carried away sundry prayer-books, and notably the "Spiritual Combat," which Mrs. Engerfield had gifted me with, when I slept at her house at Northampton, the loss of which grieved me not a little, but yet not so much as it would have done at another time, for my thoughts were then wholly set on discovering who had betrayed Mistress Ward's intervention, and what had been Mr. Watson's fate, and if Basil also had been implicated. I addressed myself to the most seemly of the three men, and asked him what her offence had been.

"She assisted," he answered, "in the escape of a prisoner from Bridewell."

"In what manner?" I said, with so much of indifferency as I could assume.

"By the smuggling of a rope into his cell," he answered, "which was found yet hanging unto his window, and which none other than that pestilent woman could have furnished him with."

Alas! this was what I feared would happen, when she first formed this project; but she had assured us Mr. Watson would let himself down holding the two ends of the cord in his hands, and so would be enabled to carry it away with him after he had got down, and so it would never be discovered by what means he had made his escape.

"And this prisoner hath then escaped?" I said, in a careless manner.

"Marry, out of one cage," he answered; "but I'll warrant you he is by this time lodged in a more safe dungeon, and with such bracelets on his hands and feet as shall not suffer him again to cheat the gallows."

I dared not question him further; and finding nothing more to their purpose, the pursuivants retired.

When Mr. Congleton, Muriel, and I afterwards met in the parlour, none of us seemed disposed to speak. There be times when grief is loquacious, but others when the weight of apprehension doth check speech. At last I broke this silence by such words as "What should now be done?" and "How can we learn what hath occurred?"

Then Mr. Congleton turned towards me, and with much gravity and unusual vehemency,

"Constance," quoth he, "when Margaret Ward resolved on this bold action, which in the eyes of some savoured of rashness, I warned her to count the cost before undertaking it, for that it was replete with many dangers, and none should embark in it which was not prepared to meet with a terrible death. She told me thereupon that for many past years her chief desire had been to end her life by such a death, if it should be for the sake of religion, and that the day she should be sentenced to it would prove the joyfullest she had yet known. This she said in an inflamed manner, and I question not but it was her true thinking. I do not gainsay the merit of this pining, though I could wish her virtue had been of a commoner sort. But such being her aim, her choice, and desire, I am not of

opinion that I should now disturb the peace of my wife's helpless days or mine own either (who have not, I cry God mercy for it, the same wish to suffer the pains reserved to recusants, albeit I hope in Him He would give me strength to do so, if conscience required it), not to speak of you and Muriel and my other daughters, for the sake of unavailing efforts in her so desperate case, who hath made her own bed (and I deny it not to be a glorious one), and, as she hath made it, must lie on it. So I will betake myself to prayer for her, which she said was the whole scope of the favour she desired from her friends, if she fell into trouble, and dreaded nothing so much as any other dealings in her behalf; and if Mr. Roper, or Brian Lacy, or young Rookwood, have any means by which to send her money for her convenience in prison, I will give it; but other measures I will not take, nor by any open show of interest in her fate draw down suspicions on us as parties and abettors in her so-called treason."

Neither of us replied to this speech; and after that our short meal was ended, Muriel went to her mother's chamber, and I set myself to consider what I should do; for to sit and wait in this terrible ignorance of what had happened seemed an impossible thing. So taking my maid with me, albeit it rained a little, I walked to Kate's house, and found she and her husband had left it an hour before to return to Mr. Benham's seat. Polly and Sir Ralph, who slept there also, were yet abed, and had given orders, the servant said, not to be disturbed. So I turned sorrowfully from the door, doubting whither to apply myself, for Mr. Roper lived at Richmond, and Mr. and Mrs. Wells

were abroad. I thought to go to Mr. Hodgson, whose boatman had drawn Basil into this enterprise, and was standing forecasting which way to turn, when all of a sudden who should I see but Basil himself coming down the lane towards me! I tried to go for to meet him, but my legs failed me, and I was forced to lean against my maid till he came up to us, and drew my arm in his. Then I felt strong again, and bidding her to go home, walked a little way with him. The first words he said were:

"Mr. Watson is safe, but hath broke his leg and his arm. Know you aught of Mistress Ward?"

"There is a warrant out against her," I answered, and told him of the pursuivants coming to seek for her at our house.

"God shield," he said, "she be not apprehended! for sentence of death would then be certainly passed upon her."

"Oh, Basil," I exclaimed, "why was the cord left?"

"Ah, the devil would have it," he began; but correcting himself, lifted off his hat, and said, "Almighty God did so permit it to happen that this mishap occurred. But I see," he subjoined, "you are not fit to walk or stand, sweetheart. Come into Mr. Wells's house. Albeit they are not at home, we may go and sit in the parlour; and it may be more prudent I should not be seen abroad to-day. I pray God Mr. Watson and I will sail to-night for Calais."

So we rang the bell at the door of Mr. Wells's house; and his housekeeper, who opened it, smiled when she saw Basil, for he was a great favourite with her, as, indeed, methinks he always was with all kinds

of people. She showed us into Mr. Wells's study, which she said was the most comfortable room and best aired in the house, for that, for the sake of the books, she did often light a fire in it; and nothing would serve her but she must do so now. And then she asked if we had breakfasted, and Basil said i' faith he had not, and should be very glad of somewhat to eat, if she would fetch it for him. So when the fire was kindled — and methought it never would burn, the wood was so damp — she went away for a little while, and he then told me the haps of the past night.

"Tom Price (Hodgson's boatman) and I," he said, "rowed his boat close unto the shore, near to the prison, and laid there under the cover of some pent-houses which stood betwixt the river and the prison's wall. When the clock struck twelve, I promise you my heart began to beat like any girl's. I was so frightened lest Mr. Watson should not have received the cord, or that his courage should fail. Howsoever, in less than one minute I thought I perceived something moving about one of the windows, and then a body appeared sitting at first on the ledge, but afterwards it turned itself round, and facing the wall, sank down slowly, hanging on by a cord."

"Oh, Basil!" I exclaimed, "could you keep on looking?"

"Yea," he answered; "as if mine eyes should start out of my head. He came down slowly, helping himself, I ween, with his feet against the wall; but when he got to about twenty or thirty feet, I guess it to have been, from the roof of the shed, he stopped of a sudden, and hung motionless, 'He is out of breath,' I said to Tom. 'Or the rope proves too short,' quoth he.



We watched him for a moment. He swung to and fro, then rested again, his feet against the wall. 'Beshrew me, but I will climb on to that roof myself, and get nigh to him,' I whispered to Tom, and was springing out of the boat, when we heard a noise more loud than can be thought of. 'I'll warrant you he hath fallen on the planks,' quoth Tom. 'Marry, but we will pick him up then,' quoth I; and found myself soon on the edge of the roof, which was broken in at one place, and looking down, I thought I saw him lying on the ground. I cried as loud as I durst, 'Mr. Watson, be you there? Hist! Are you hurt? Speak if you can.' Methinks he was stunned by the fall, for he did not answer; so there remained nothing for it but to leap myself through the opening into the shed, where I found him with his eyes shut, and moaning. But when I spake to him, he came to himself, and tried to rise, but could not stand, one of his legs being much hurt. 'Climb on to my back, reverend sir,' I said, 'and with God's help we shall get out.' Howsoever, the way did not appear manifest, and mostly with another beside oneself to carry. But glancing round the inside of the shed, I perceived a door, the fastening of which, when I shook it, roughly enough I promise you, gave way; and the boat lay, God be praised, close to it outside. I gave one look up to the prison, and saw lights flashing in some of the windows. 'They be astir,' I said to Tom. 'Hist! lend a hand, man, and take the reverend gentleman from off my back and into the boat.' Mr. Watson uttered a groan. He must have suffered cruel pain; for, as we since found, his leg and also his arm were broken, and he looked more dead than alive.

"We began to row as fast as we could; but now he, coming to himself, feels in his coat, and cries out: 'Oh, kind sirs — the cord, the cord! Stop, I pray you; stop, turn back.' 'Not for the world,'" I cried, 'reverend sir.' Then he, in a lamentable voice: 'Oh, if you turn not back and bring away the cord, the poor gentlewoman which did give it unto me must needs fall into sore trouble. Oh, for God's sake, turn back!'

"I gave a hasty glance at the prison, where increasing stir of lights was visible, and resolved that to return should be certain ruin to ourselves and him for whom Mistress Ward had risked her life, and little or no hope in it for her, as it was not possible that there should be time to get the cord and then escape, which with best speed now could with difficulty be effected. So I turned a deaf ear to Mr. Watson's pleadings, with an assured conscience she should have wished no otherwise herself; and by God's mercy we made such way before they could put out a boat, landing unseen beyond the next bridge, that we could secretly convey him to the house of a Catholic not far from the river on the other side, where he doth lie concealed. I promise you, sweetheart, we did row hard. Albeit I strove very much last year when I won the boatmatch at Richmond, by my troth it was but child's-play to last night's racing. Poor Mr. Watson fainted before we landed, and neither of us dared venture to stop from pulling for to assist him. But God be praised he is now in a good bed; and I fetched for him at daybreak a leech I know in the Borough, who hath set his broken limbs; and to-night, if the weather be not foul, when it gets dark, will convey

him in a boat to a vessel at the river's mouth, which I have retained for to take us to Calais. But I would Mistress Ward was on board of it also."

"Oh, Basil," I exclaimed, "if we can discover where she doth lodge, it would not then be impossible. If we had forecasted this yesterday, she would be saved. Yet she had perhaps refused to tell us."

"Most like she would," he answered; "but if you do hit by any means upon her abode to-day, forthwith despatch a trusty messenger unto me at Mr. Hodgson's, and I promise you, sweetheart, she shall, will she nill she, if I have to use force for it, be carried away to France, and stowed with a good madame I know at Calais."

The housekeeper then came in with bread and meat and beer, which my dear Basil did very gladly partake of, for he had eat nothing since the day before, and was greatly in want of food. I waited on him, forestalling housewifely duties, with so great a contentment in this quiet hour spent in his company that nothing could surpass it. The fire now burnt brightly; and whilst he eat, we talked of the time when we should be married and live at Euston, so retired from the busy world as should be most safe and peaceful in these troublesome times, even as in that silent house we were for a short time shut out from the noisy city, the sounds of which reached without disturbing us. Oh how welcome was that little interval of peace which we then enjoyed! I ween we were both very tired; and when the good housekeeper came in for to fetch away his plate he had fallen asleep, with his head resting on his hands; and I was likewise dozing in a high-backed chair opposite to him. The noise she made awoke me,

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but not him, who slept most soundly. She smiled, and in a motherly manner moved him to a more comfortable position, and said she would lay a wager on it he had not been abed at all that night.

"Well, I'll warrant you to be a good guesser, Mistress Mason," I answered. "And if you did but know what a hard and good work he hath been engaged in, methinks you would never tarry in his praise."

"Ah, Mistress Sherwood," she replied, "I have known Master Basil these many years; and a more noble, kindly, generous heart never, I ween, did beat in a man's bosom. He very often came here with his father and his brother when both were striplings; and Master Hubert was the sharpest, and some said the most well-behaved on the twain. But beshrew me if I liked not better Master Basil, albeit he was sometimes very troublesome, but not tetchy or rude, as some boys be. I remember it well how I laughed one day, when these young masters — methinks this one was not more than five years, and the other four — were at play together in this room, and Basil had a new jerkin on, and coloured hose for the first time. Hubert wore a kirtle, which displeased him, for he said folks should take him to be a wench. So he comes to me half-crying, and says, 'Why hath Baz that fine new suit, and me not the same?' 'Because, little sir, he is the eldest,' I said. 'Ah,' quoth the shrewd imp, 'the next time I be born, methinketh I will push Baz aside, and be the eldest.' If I should live one hundred years I shall never forget it, the little urchin looked so resolved and spiteful."

I smiled somewhat sadly, I ween, but with better

cheer when she related how tender a heart Basil had from his infant years towards the poor, taking off his clothes for to give them to the beggars he met, and one day, she said, praying very hard Mrs. Wells for harbour a strolling man which had complained he had no lodging.

"Mistress," quoth he, "you have many chambers in your house, and he hath not so much as a bed to lie in to-night;" and would not be contented till she had charged a servant to get the fellow a lodging. And me he once abused very roundly in his older years for the same cause. There was one Jack Morris, an old man which worked sometimes in Mr. Wells's stable, but did lie at a cottage out of the town. And one day in winter, when it snowed, Master Basil would have me make this fellow sleep in the house, because he was sick, he said, and he would give him his own bed, and lie himself on straw in the stable; and went into so great a passion when I said he should not do so, for that he was a mean person and could not lie in a gentleman's chamber, that my young master cries out, 'Have a care, Mistress Mason, I do not come in the night and shake you out of your own bed, for to give you a taste of the cold floor, which yet is not, I promise you, so cold as the street into which you would turn this poor diseased man.' And then he fell to coaxing of me till I consented for to send a mattress and a warm rug to the stable for this pestilent old man, who, I warrant you, was not so sick as he did assume to be, but had sufficient cunning for to cozen Master Basil out of his money. Lord bless the lad! I have seen him run out with his dinner in his hand, if he did but see a ragged urchin in the streets, and gift him with it; and ther

would sing lustily about the house — methinks I do hear him now —

‘Dinner, O dinner’s a rare good thing,  
Alike for a beggar alike for a king.’”

Basil opened then his eyes and stared about him.

“Why, Mistress Mason,” he cried, “beshrew me if you are not rehearsing a rare piece of poesy! — the only one I ever did indite.” At the which speech we all laughed; but our merriment was short; for time had sped faster than we thought, and Basil said he must needs return to the Borough to forecast with Mr. Hodgson and Tom Price means to convey Mr. Watson to the ship, which was out at sea nigh unto the shore, and a boat must be had to carry them there, and withal such appliances procured as should ease his broken limbs.

“Is there not danger,” I asked, “in moving him so soon?”

“Yea,” he said, “but a less fearful danger than in long tarrying in this country.”

This was too true to be gainsayed; and so, thanking the good housekeeper, we left the house, which had seemed for those few hours like unto a harbour from a stormy sea, wherein both our barks, shattered by the waves, had refitted in peace.

“Farewell, Basil,” I mournfully said; “God knoweth for how long.”

“Not for very long,” he answered. “In three months I shall have crept out of my wardship. Then, if it please God, I will return, and so deal with your good uncle that we shall soon after that be married.”

"Yea," I answered, "if so be that my father is in safety."

He said he meant no otherwise, but that he great confidence it should then be so. When at we parted, he went down Holborn Hill very fast, I slowly to Ely Place, many times stopping for to catch one more sight of him in the crowd, which howsoever soon hid him from me.

When I arrived at home I found Muriel in great affliction, for news had reached her that Mistress Ward had been apprehended and thrown into prison. I thought we had both looked for no other issue than which she had herself most desired; but nevertheless when the certainty thereof was confirmed to us, I should almost have seemed as if we were but ill-prepared for it. The hope I had conceived a short time before that she should escape in the same vessel with Basil and Mr. Watson, made me less resigned to my mishap than I should have been had no means of safety been at hand, and the sword as it were hanging over her head from day to day. The messenger who had brought this evil news being warranted reliable, I wrote a letter from Mr. Hodgson, I intrusted him with a few lines to Basil, in which I informed him not to stay his departure on her account, who was now within the walls of the prison which Mr. Watson had escaped from, and that her best comfort now should be to know he was beyond reach of his pursuers. The rest of the day was spent in great heaviness of spirit. Mr. Conington sent a servant to Mr. Roper for to request him come to London, and wrote likewise to Mr. Lacy to return to his house in town, and confer with the Catholics touching Mistress Ward's imprisonment.

riel's eyes thanked him, but I ween she had no hope therein, and did resign herself to await the worst tidings. Her mother's unceasing asking for her, whose plight she dared not so much as hint at in her presence, did greatly aggravate her sufferings. I have often thought Muriel did then undergo a martyrdom of the heart as sharp in its kind as that which Mrs. Ward endured in prison, if the reports which did reach us were true. But more of that anon. The eventful day which had opened with so much fear and sorrow, had yet in store other haps, which I must now relate.

About four of the clock Hubert came to Ely Place, and found me alone in the parlour, my fingers busied with some stitching, my thoughts having wandered far away, where I pictured to myself the mouth of the river, the receding tide, the little vessel which was to carry Basil away once more to a foreign land, with its sails flapping in the wind; and boats passing to and fro, plying on the fair bosom of the broad river, and not leaving so much as a trace of their passage. And *his* boat with its freight more precious than gold — the rescued life bought at a great price — methought I saw it glide in the dark amidst those hundred other boats unobserved (so I hoped), unstayed on its course. Methought that little bark should be a type of some lives, which carry with them unwatched, undiscerned — a purpose, which doth freight them on their way to eternity, somewhat hidden, somewhat close to their hearts, somewhat engaging their whole strength; and all the while they seem to be doing the like of what others do; and God only knoweth how different shall be the end!

"Ah, Hubert," I exclaimed when the door opened



"is it you? Methinks in these days I see no one come into this house but a fear or a hope doth seize me. What bringeth you? or hath nothing occurred?"

"Something may occur this day," he answered, "if you do but will it to be so, Constance."

"What?" I asked eagerly, "what may occur?"

"Your father's deliverance," he said.

"Oh, Hubert," I cried, "it is not possible!"

"Go to!" he said in a resolved manner. "Don your most becoming suit, and follow my directions in all ways. Lady Ingoldby, I thank God, hath not left London, and will be here anon to carry you to Sir Francis Walsingham's house, where her familiar friend Lady Sydney doth now abide during Sir Philip's absence. You shall thus get speech with Sir Francis; and if you behave with diffidency, and beware of the violence of your nature and exorbitancy of your tongue, checking needless speeches, and answering his questions with as many words as courtesy doth command, and as few as civility doth permit, I doubt not but you may obtain your father's release in the form of a sentence of banishment; for he is not ill-disposed thereunto, having received notice that his health is sinking under the hardships of his confinement, and his strength so impaired, that once beyond seas, he is not like to adventure himself again in this country."

"Alas!" I cried, "mine eyes had discerned in his shrunken form and hollow cheeks tokens of such a decay as you speak of; and I pray God Mr. Secretary may deal mercifully with him before it shall be too late."

"I'll warrant you," he replied, "that if you do rightly deal with him, he will sign an order which

shall release this very night your father from prison, and send him safe beyond seas before the week is ended."

"Think you so?" I said, my heart beating with an uncertain kind of hope mixed with doubting.

"I am assured of it," Hubert confidently replied.

"I must ask my uncle's advice," I doubtfully said, "before I go with Polly."

A contemptuous smile curled his lip. "Yea," he said, "be directed in these weighty matters, I do advise you, by your aunt also, and the saintly Muriel, and twenty hundred others besides, if you list; and the while this last chance shall escape, and your father be doomed to death. I have done my part, God knoweth. If he perish, his blood will not be on my head; but mark my words, if he be not presently released, he will appear before the council in two days, and the oath be tendered to him, which you best know if he will take, and his refusal without fail will send him to the scaffold."

"God defend," I exclaimed, greatly moved, "I should delay to do that which may yet save him. I will go, Hubert. But I pray you, who are familiar with Sir Francis, what means should be best for to move him to compassion. Is there a soft corner in his heart which a woman's tears can touch? I will kneel to him if needful, yea, kiss his feet — mind him of his own fair daughter, Lady Sydney, which, if he was in prison, and my father held his fate in his hands, would doubtless sue to him with the like ardour, yea, the like agony of spirit for mercy. Oh, tell me, Hubert, what to say, which shall drive the edge of pity into his soul."

"Silence will take effect in this case sooner than the most moving speeches," he answered. "Steel your soul to it, whatever he may say. Your tears, your eyes, will, I warrant you, plead more mightfully than your words. He is as obliging to the softer but predominant parts of the world as he is serviceable to the more severe. To him men's faces speak as much as their tongues, and their countenances are indexes of their hearts. Judge if yours, the liveliest piece of eloquence which ever displayed itself in a fair visage, shall fail to express that which passionate words, missing their aim, would of a surety ill convey. And mind you, Mistress Constance, this man is of extreme ability in the school of policy, and albeit inclined to recusants with the view of winning them over by means of kindness, yet an extreme hater of the Pope and Church of Rome, and moreover very jealous to be considered as such; so if he do intend to show you favour in this matter, make your reckoning that he will urge you to conformity with many strenuous exhortations, which, if you remain silent, no harm shall ensue to yourself or others."

"And not to mine own soul, Hubert?" I mournfully cried. "Methinks my father, and Basil, would not counsel silence in such a case."

"God in heaven give me patience!" he exclaimed. "Is it a woman's calling, I pray you, to preach? When the Apostles were dismissed by the judges, and charged no longer to teach the Christian faith, went they not forth in silence, restraining their tongues then, albeit not their actions when once at liberty? Methinks modesty alone should forbid one of your years from

dangerous retorts, which, like a two-edged sword, wound alike friend and foe."

I had no courage left to withstand the promptings of mine own heart and his urgency.

"God forgive me," I cried, "if I fail in aught wherein truth or honesty are concerned. He knoweth I would do right, and yet save my father's life."

Then falling on my knees, unmindful of his presence, I prayed with an intense vehemency, which overcame all restraint, that my tongue might be guided aright when I should be in his presence who under God did hold my father's life in his hands. But hearing Polly's voice in the hall, I started up, and noticed Hubert leaning his head on his hand, seemingly more pitifully moved than was his wont. When she came in, he met her, and said:

"Lady Ingoldby, I pray you see that Mistress Constance doth so attire herself as shall heighten her natural attractions; for, beshrew me, if grave Mr. Secretary hath not, as well as other men, more pity for a fair face than a plain one; and albeit hers is always fair, nature doth nevertheless borrow additional charms from art."

"Tut, tut!" quoth Polly. "She is a perfect fright in that hat, and her ruff hideth all her neck, than which no swan hath a whiter; and I pray you what a farthingale is that? Methinks it savours of the fashions of the late Queen's reign. Come, Con, cheer up, and let us to thy chamber. I'll warrant you, Master Rookwood, she will be twice as winsome when I have exercised my skill on her attire."

So she led me away, and I suffered her to dress mine hair herself, and choose such ornaments as she

did deem most becoming. Albeit she laughed and jested all the while, methinks the kindness of her heart showed through this apparent gaiety; and when her task was done, and she kissed my forehead, I threw my arms round her neck and wept.

"Nay, nay!" she cried; "no tears, coz — they do serve but to swell the eyelids and paint the nose of a reddish hue;" and shaping her own visage into a counterfeit of mine, she set me laughing against my will, and drew me by the hand down the stairs and into the parlour.

"How now, sir?" she cried to Hubert. "Think you I have indifferently well performed the task you set me?"

"Most excellently well," he answered, and handed us to her coach, which was to carry us to Seething Lane. When we were seated in it, she told me Hubert had disclosed to her the secret of my father's plight, and that she was more concerned than she could well express at so great a mishap, but nevertheless entertained a comfortable hope this day should presently see the end of our troubles. Howsoever, she did know but half of the trouble I was in, weighty as was the part she was privy to. Hubert, she told me, had dealt with a marvellous great zeal and ability in this matter, and proved himself so good a negotiator that she doubted not Sir Francis himself must needs have appreciated his ingenuity.

"That young gentleman," she added, "will never spoil his own market by lack of timely boldness or opportune bashfulness. My Lady Clinton related to me last night at Mrs. Yates's what passed on Monday

at the banquet-hall at Whitehall. Hath he told you his hap on that occasion?"

"No," I answered. "I pray you, Polly, what befell him there?"

"Well, her Majesty was at dinner, and Master Hubert comes there to see the fashion of the Court. His handsome features and well-set shape attract the Queen's notice. With a kind of an affected frown she asks Lady Clinton what he is. She answers she knows him not. Howsoever, an inquiry is made from one to another who the youth should be, till at length it is told the Queen he is young Rookwood of Euston, in Suffolk, and a ward of Sir Henry Jerningham."

"Mistaking him then for Basil?" I said.

Then she: "I think so; but howsoever this inquisition with the eye of her Majesty fixed upon him (as she is wont to fix it, and thereby to daunt such as she doth make the mark of her gazing), stirred the blood of our young gentleman, Lady Clinton said, in-somuch that a deep colour rose in his pale cheek and straightway left it again; which the Queen observing, she called him unto her, and gave him her hand to kiss, encouraging him with gracious words and looks; and then diverting her speech to the lords and ladies, said that she no sooner observed him than she did note there was in him good blood, and she ventured to affirm good brains also; and then said to him, 'Fail not to come to Court, sir, and I will bethink myself to do you good.' Now I warrant you, coz, this piece of a scholar lacked not the wit to use this his hap in the furtherance of his and your suit to Sir Francis, whom he adores as his saint, and courts as his Mæcenas."

This recital of Polly's worked a tumultuous conflict in my soul; for verily it strengthened hope touching my father's release; but methinks any other channel of such hope should have been more welcome. A jealousy, an unsubstantial fear, an uneasy misdoubt, oppressed this rising hope. I feared for Hubert the dawn of such favour as was shown to him by her whose regal hand doth hold a magnet which hath oftentimes caused Catholics to make shipwreck of their souls. And then truth doth compel me to confess my weakness. Albeit God knoweth I desired not for my true and noble sweetheart her Majesty's gracious smiles, or a higher fortune than Providence hath by inheritance bestowed on him, a vain humane feeling worked in me a sort of displeasure that his younger brother should stand in the Queen's presence as the supposed head of the house of Rookwood, and no more mention made of him than if he had been outlawed or dead. Not that I had then reason to lay this error to Hubert's door, for verily nought in Polly's words did warrant such a suspicion; but my heart was sore, and my spirits chafed with apprehensions. God forgive me if I then did unjustly accuse him, and, in the retrospect of this passage in his life, do suffer subsequent events to cast backward shadows on it, whereby I may wrong him who did render to me (I write it with a softened — yea, God is my witness — a truly loving, albeit sorrowing, heart) a great service in a needful time. Oh, Hubert, Hubert! my heart acheth for thee. Methinks God will show thee great mercy yet, but, I fear me, by such means only as I do tremble to think of.

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CHAPTER IV.

WHEN we reached Seething Lane, Polly bade 'me be of good heart, for that Lady Sydney was a very affable and debonnaire lady, and Sir Francis a person of toward and gentle manners, and exceedingly polite to women. We were conducted to a neat parlour, where my Lady Sydney was awaiting us. A more fair and accomplished lady is not, I ween, to be found, in England or any other country, than this daughter of a great statesman, and wife at that time of Sir Philip Sydney, as she hath since been of my Lords Essex and St. Albans. Methinks the matchless gentleman, noble knight, and sweet writer, her first husband, who did narry her portionless, not like as is the fashion with so many in our days, carrying his love in his purse, must have needs drawn from the fair model in his own house the lovely pictures of beauteous women he did portray in his Arcadia. She greeted us with so much heartfelt politeness, and so tempered gay discoursing with sundry marks of delicate feeling, indicative, albeit not expressive, of a sense of my then trouble, that, albeit a stranger, methinks her reserved compassion and ingenious encouragements served to tranquillise my discomposed mind more than Polly's efforts towards the same end. She told us Lord Arundel had died that morning; which tidings turned my thoughts awhile to Lady Surrey, with many cogitations as to the issue of his event in her regard.

After a short space of time, a step neared the door, and Lady Sydney smiled and said, "Here is my father." I had two or three times seen Sir Francis Walsingham



in public assemblies, but his features were nevertheless not familiar to me. Now, after he had saluted Polly and me, and made inquiry touching our relatives, while he conversed with her on different topics, I scanned his face with such careful industry as if in it I should read the issue of my dear father's fate. Methinks I never beheld so unreadable a countenance, or one which bore the impress of so refined a penetration, so piercing an inquisitiveness, so keen a research into others' thoughts, with so close a concealment of his own. I have since heard what his son-in-law did write of him that he impoverished himself by the purchase of dead intelligence; that, as if master of some invisible spring all the secrets of Christendom met in his closet, and he had even a key to unlock the Pope's cabinet. His mottoes are said to be *video et taceo*, and that knowledge can never be bought at too high a price. And verily methinks they were writ in his face, in his quick-turning eyes, his thin compressed lips, and his soft but resolved accents, minding one of steel case in velvet. 'Tis reported he can read any letter without breaking the seal. For mine own part, I am of opinion he can see through parchment, yea, peradventure through stone walls, when bent on some discovery. After a few minutes he turned to me with a gracious smile, and said he was very glad to hear that I was a young gentlewoman of great prudence, and well disposed in all respects, and that he doubted not that, in her Majesty should by his means show me any favour. I should requite it with such gratitude as should appear in all my future conduct.

"God knoweth," I stammered, mine eyes filling with tears, "I would be grateful to you, sir, if I

should please you to move her Majesty to grant my prayer, and to her Highness for the doing of it."

"And how would you show such gratitude, fair Mistress Constance?" he said, smiling in an encouraging manner.

"By such humble duty," I answered, "as a poor obscure creature can pay to her betters."

"And I hope also," he said, "that such dutifulness will involve no unpleasing effort, no painful constraint on your inclinations; for I am assured her Majesty will never desire from you anything but what will well accord with your advantage in this world and in the next."

These words caused me some kind of uneasiness; but as they called for no answer, I took refuge in silence; only methinks my face, which he did seem carefully to study, betrayed anxiety.

"Providence," Sir Francis then said, "doth oftentimes marvellously dispose events. What a rare instance of its gracious workings should be seen in your case, Mistress Constance, if what your heart doth secretly incline to should become a part of that dutifulness which you do intend to practise in future!"

Before I had clearly apprehended the sense of his words, Lady Sydney said to Polly:

"My father hath greatly commended to Sir Philip and me a young gentleman, which I understand, Lady Ingoldby, to be a friend of yours, Mr. Hubert Rookwood, of Euston. He says the gracefulness of his person, his excellent parts, his strong and subtle capacity, do excellently fit him to learn the discipline and garb of the times and Court."

"Ay," quoth Sir Francis, "he hath as large a por-

tion of gifts and endowments as I have ever noticed in one of his age, and I'll warrant he proves no mere vegetable of the Court, springing up at night and sinking at noon."

Polly did warmly assent to these praises of Hubert, for whom she had always entertained a great liking; but she merrily said he was not gay enough for her, which abhorred melancholy as cats do water.

"Oh, fair lady," quoth Sir Francis, "God defend we should be melancholy; but verily 'tis fitting we should be sometimes serious, for while we laugh all things are serious round about us. The whole creation is serious in serving God and us. The Holy Scriptures bring to our ears the most serious things in the world. All that are in heaven and hell are serious. Then how should we be always gay?"

Polly said — for when had she not, I pray you, somewhat to say — that certain things in nature had a propensity to gaiety which nought could quell, and instanced birds and streamlets, which never cease to sing and babble as long as they do live or flow. And to be serious, she thought, would kill her. The while this talk was ministered between them, my Lady Sydney, on a sign from her father, I ween, took my hand in hers, and offered to show me the garden; for the heat of the room, she said, was like to give me the headache. Upon which I rose, and followed her into a court planted with trees, and then on to an alley of planes strewed with gravel. As we entered it I perceived several persons walking towards us. When the first thought came into my mind who should be the tall personage in the centre, of hair and complexion fair, and of so stately and majestic deportment, I marvel

my limbs gave not way, but my head swam, and a mist obscured mine eyes. Methinks, as one dreaming, I heard Lady Sydney say, "The Queen, Mistress Sherwood; kneel down, and kiss her Majesty's hand." Oh, in the brief moment of time when my lips pressed that thin white jewelled hand, what multiplied thoughts, resentful memories, trembling awe, and instinctive homage to royal greatness, met in my soul, and worked confusion in my brain!

"Ah, mine own good Sydney!" I heard her Majesty exclaim; "is this the young gentlewoman your wise father did speak of at Greenwich yesterday? The daughter of one Sherwood now in prison for Popish contumacy?"

"Even so," said Lady Sydney; "and your sacred Majesty hath it now in her power to show

'The quality of mercy is not strained —'

"'But droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath,'"

the Queen interposed, taking the words out of her mouth. "We be not ignorant of those lines. Will Shakespeare hath it,

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown.'

And i' faith we differ not from him, for verily mercy is our habit and the propension of our soul; but, by God, the malice and ingratitude of recusant traitors doth so increase, with manifold dangers to our person and state, that mercy to them doth turn into treason against ourselves, injury to religion, and an offence to

God. Rise," her Majesty then said to me; and as I stood before her, the colour, I ween, deepening in my cheeks, "Thou hast a fair face, wench," she cried; "and if I remember aright good Mr. Secretary's words, hast used it to such purpose that a young gentleman we have of late taken into our favour is somewhat excessive in his doting on it. Go to, go to; thou couldst go farther and fare worse. We ourselves are averse to marriage; but if a woman must needs have a husband (and that deep blushing betokeneth methinks thy bent thereon), she should set her heart wisely, and govern it discreetly."

"Alas, madam!" I cried, "'tis not of marriage I now do think; but on my knees" (and falling again at her feet, I clasped them with tears), "of my father's release; I do crave your Majesty's mercy."

"Content thee, wench; content thee. Mr. Secretary hath obtained from us the order for that foolish man's banishment from our realm."

"Oh, madam!" I cried, "God bless you!"

Then my heart did smite me, I should with so great vehemency bless her who, albeit in this nearest instance pitiful to me, did so relentlessly deal with others; and I bethought me of Mistress Ward, and the ill-usage she was like to meet with. And her words touching Hubert, and silence concerning Basil, weighed like lead on my soul; yet I taxed myself with folly therein, for verily at this time the less he was thought of, the greater should be his safety. Sir Francis had now approached the Queen, and I did hear her commend to him his garden, which she said was very neat and trim, and the pattern of it most quaint and fanciful. Polly did also kiss her hand, and Sir Walter

Raleigh and Sir Christopher Hatton, which accompanied her Majesty, whilst she talked with Sir Francis, conversed with Lady Sydney. I ween my Lord Leicester and many other noblemen and gentlemen were also in her train, but mine eyes took scant note of what passed before them; the Queen herself was the only object I could contemplate, so marvellous did it seem I should thus have approached her, and had so much of her notice as she did bestow on me that day. And here I cannot choose but marvel how strangely our hearts are made. How favours to ourselves do alter the current of our feelings; how a near approach to those which at a distance we do think of with unmitigated enmity, doth soften even just resentments; and what a singular fascination doth lie in royalty for to win unto itself a reverence which doth obliterate memories which in common instances should never lose their sting.

The Queen's barge, which had moored at the riverside of Sir Francis's garden, was soon filled again with the goodly party it had set down; and as it went up the stream, and I stood gazing on it, methought the whole scene had been a dream.

Lady Sydney and Polly moved Sir Francis to repeat the assurance her Majesty had given me touching the commutation of my father's imprisonment into an order of banishment. He satisfied me thereon, and did promise to procure for me permission to see him once more before his departure; which interview did take place on the next day; and when I observed the increased paleness of his face and feebleness of his gait, the pain of bidding that dear parent farewell equalled not the joy I felt in the hope that liberty and the care of those good friends to whose society he

would now return, should prolong and cheer the remaining days of his life. Methinks there was so much sadness in him that the issue he had so resolutely prepared for, and confidently looked to, should be changed to one so different, and that only by means of death would he have desired to leave the English mission; but he meekly bowed his will to that of God, and in an humble manner he was not worthy of so exalted an end as he had hoped for, and he refused not to do it if so be he might yet serve God in obscure and unnoticed ways.

When I returned home after this comfortable, all very sad parting, I was too weary in body and in mind for to do aught but lie down for a while on a settee and revolve in my mind the changes which had taken place around me. Hubert came in for a brief time that evening; and methinks he had heard from Percival the news at Seething Lane. He strove for to induce me to speak of the Queen, and to tell him the words she had uttered. The eager sparkling of his eyes, the ill-repressed smilingness of his countenance, the manner of his questioning, worked in me a secret anger, which caused the thanks I gave him for his successful dealings in my father's behalf to come more coldly from mine heart than they should otherwise have done, albeit I strove to frame them in such kind terms as were befitting the great service he had rendered us. But to disguise my thoughts my tongue at last refused, and I burst forth:

"But, for all that I do thank you, Hubert, yet I am for ever indebted to you, which you will never have reason, from my conduct and exceedingly kind and sisterly love, to doubt; bear with me, I pray you, will

I say (albeit you may think me a very foolish creature) that I wish you not joy, but rather for your sake do lament the new favour you stand in with the Queen. O Hubert, bethink you, ere you set your foot on the first step of that slippery ladder, court favour, that no man can serve two masters."

"Marry," he answered in a light manner, "by that same token or text, Papists can then not serve the Queen and the Pope!"

There be nothing which so chilleth, or else cutteth, the heart, as a jesting retort to a fervent speech.

I hid my face on my arm to hide some tears.

"Constance," he softly said, seeing me moved, "do you weep for me?"

"Yea," I murmured; "God knoweth what these new friendships and this dangerous favour shall work in you contrary to conscience, truth, and virtue. Oh! Heaven shield Basil's brother should be a favourite of the Queen!"

"Talk not of Basil," he fiercely cried; "I warrant you the day may be at hand when his fate shall hang on my favour with those who can make and mar a man, or ruin and mend his fortunes as they will, by one stroke of a pen!"

"Yea," I replied; "I doubt not his fortune is at their mercy. His soul, God be praised, their arts cannot reach."

"Constance," he then said, fixedly gazing on me, "if you only love me, there is no ambition too noble, no heights of virtue too exalted, no sacrifices too entire, but I will aim at, aspire to, resolve on, at your bidding."

"Love *you!*" I said, raising mine eyes to his, some-



what scornfully I fear, albeit not meaning it, if I judge by his sudden passion.

"God defend," he cried, "I do not arrive at hating you with as great fervency as I have, yea, as even yet I do love you! O Constance, if I should one day be what I do yet abhor to think of, the guilt thereof shall lie with you, if there be justice on earth or in heaven!"

I shook my head, and laying my hand on his sadly answered: "I choose not to bandy words with you, Hubert, or to charge you with what, if I spoke the truth, would be too keen and resentful reproaches for your unbrotherly manner of dealing with Basil and me; for it would ill become the close of this day, on which I do owe you, under God, my dear father's life, to upbraid where I would fain only from my heart yield thanks. I pray you, let us part in peace. My strength is well-nigh spent, and my head acheth sorely."

He knelt down by my side, and whispered, "One word more before I go. You do hold in your keeping Basil's fate and mine. I will not forsake the hope that alone keepeth me from desperation. Hush! say not the word which would change me from a friend to a foe, from a Catholic to an apostate, from a man to a fiend. I have gone well-nigh into the gate of hell; a slender thread yet holds me back; snap it not in twain."

I spoke not, for verily my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and a fainting sensation of a sudden came over me. I felt his lips pressed on my hand, and then he left me; and that night I felt very ill, and for nigh unto a fortnight could by no means leave my bed.

One morning, being somewhat easier, I set up in a high-backed chair, in what had once been our school-room; and when Muriel, who had been a most diligent nurse to me in that sickness, came to visit me, I pressed her for to tell me truly if she had heard aught of Basil or of Mistress Ward; for every day when I had questioned her thereon, she had denied all knowledge of their haps, which now began to work in me a suspicion she did conceal from me some misfortune, which doubt, I told her, was more grievous to me than to be informed what had befallen them; and so constrained her to admit that, albeit of Basil she had in truth no tidings which she judged to be favourable to our hopes, of Mistress Ward she had heard, in the first instance, a report, eight or ten days before, that she had been hung up by the hands and cruelly scourged; which torments she was said, by the jailers which Mr. Lacy had spoken with, to have borne with exceeding great courage, saying they were the preludes of martyrdom, with which, by the grace of God, she hoped she should be honoured. Then Mr. Roper and Mr. Wells, who was now returned to London, had brought tidings on the last Wednesday that on the preceding day she had been brought to the bar, where, being asked by the judges if she was guilty of that treachery to the Queen and to the laws of the realm of furnishing the means by which a traitor of a priest had escaped from justice, she answered with a cheerful countenance in the affirmative; and that she never in her life had done any thing of which she less repented than of the delivering that innocent lamb from the wolves which should have devoured him.

"Oh, Muriel," I cried, "cannot you see her dear

resolved face and the lighting-up of her eyes, and the quick fashion of her speech, when she said this?"

"I do picture her to myself," Muriel answered in a low voice, "at all hours of the day, and marvel at mine own quietness therein. But I doubt not her prayers do win for me the grace of resignation. They sought to oblige her to confess where Mr. Watson was, but in vain; and therefore they proceeded to pronounce sentence upon her. But withal telling her that the Queen was merciful, and that if she would ask pardon of her Majesty, and would promise to go to church, she should be set at liberty; otherwise that she must look for nothing but certain death."

I drew a deep breath then, and said, "The issue is, then, not doubtful."

"She answered," Muriel said, "that as to the Queen, she had never offended her Majesty; that as to what she had done in favouring Mr. Watson's escape, she believed the Queen herself, if she had the bowels of a woman, would have done as much if she had known the ill-treatment he underwent; and as to going to church, she had for many years been convinced that it was not lawful for her so to do, and that she found no reason now for to change her mind, and would not act against her conscience; and therefore they might proceed to the execution of the sentence pronounced against her; for that death for such a cause would be very welcome, and that she was willing to lay down not one life only, but many, if she had them, rather than act against her religion."

"And she is then condemned to death, without any hope?" I said.

Muriel remained silent.

"Oh, Muriel!" I cried; "it is not done? it is not over?"

She wiped one tear that trickled down her cheek, and said, "Three days ago she suffered at Tyburn with a wonderful constancy and alacrity."

I hid my face in my hands; for the sight of the familiar room, of the chair in which she was sitting what time she took leave of us, of a little picture pinned to the wall, which she had gifted me with, moved me too much. But when I closed mine eyes, there arose remembrances of my journeying with her; of my foolish speeches touching robbers; of her motherly reproofs of my so great confidence and comfort in her guidance; and I was fain to seek comfort from her who should have needed it rather than me, but who indeed had it straight from heaven, and thereby could impart some share of it to others.

"Muriel," I said, resting my tired head on her bosom, "the day you say she suffered, I now mind me, I was most ill, and you tended me as cheerfully as if you had no grief."

"Oh, 'tis no common grief," she answered, "no casting-down sorrow, her end doth cause me; rather some kind of holy jealousy, some over-eager pining to follow her."

A waiting woman then came in, and I saw her give a letter to Muriel, who I noticed did strive to hide it from me. But I detected it in her hand, and cried, "'Tis from Basil; how hath it come?" and took it from her; but trembling so much, my fingers could scarce untie the strings, for I was yet very unwell from my sickness.

"Mr. Hodgson hath sent it," quoth Muriel: "God yield it be good news!"

Then my eyes fell on the loved writing, and read what doth follow:

"DEAR HEART AND SWEET WIFE, soon to be, — God be praised, we are now safe in port at Calais, but have not lacked dangers in our voyage. But all is well, I ween, that doth end well; and I do begin my letter with the tokens of that good ending that mine own sweet love should have no fears, only much thankfulness to God whilst she doth read of the perils we have escaped. We carried Mr. Watson — Tom and I and two others — into the boat, on the evening of the day when I last saw you, and made for the Dutch vessel out at sea near the river's mouth. The light was waning, but not yet so far gone but that objects were discernible; and we had not rowed a very long time before we heard a splashing of oars behind us, and turning round, what should we see, to our no small dismay, but one of the Queen's barges, and by the floating pennon at the stern discerned her Majesty to be on board! We hastily turned our boat, and I threw a cloak over Mr. Watson, who by reason of his broken limbs, was lying on a mattress at the bottom of it; and Tom and the others feigned to be fishing. When the royal barge passed by, some one on board did shout, railing at us for that we did fish in the dark, and a storm coming up the river; and verily it did of a sudden begin to blow very strong. Sundry small craft were coming from the sea into the river for shelter; and as they did meet us, expressed marvel we should adventure forth, jeering us for our thinking to catch fish and

a storm menacing. None of us, albeit good rowers, were much skilled in the mariner's art; but we commended ourselves to God and went onwards all the night; and when morning was breaking, to our unspeakable comfort we discovered the Dutch vessel but a few strokes distant at anchor, when, as we bethought ourselves nearly in safety, a huge rolling wave (for now the weather had waxed exceeding rough) upset our boat."

"O Muriel," I exclaimed, "that night I tossed about in a high fever, and saw Basil come dripping wet at the foot of my bed; I warrant you 'twas second sight."

"Read on, read on," Muriel said; "nor delude yourself touching visions."

"Tom, the other boatman, and I being good swimmers, soon regained the boat, which floated keel upwards, whereon we climbed, but well-nigh demented were we to find that Mr. Watson could nowhere be seen. In desperation I plunged again into the sea, swimming at hazard, with difficulty buffeting the waves; when nearly spent I descried the good priest, and seized him in a most unmannerly fashion by the collar, and dragging him along, made shift to regain the floating keel; and Tom, climbing to the top, waved high his kerchief, hoping to be seen by the Duchman, who by good hap did espy our signal. Soon had we the joy to see a boat lowered and advance towards us. With much difficulty it neared us, by reason of the fury of the waves; but, God be thanked, it did at last reach us; and Mr. Watson, insensible and motionless, was hoisted therein, and soon in safety conveyed on board the vessel. I much feared for his life; for, I pray you, was such a cold long bath, succeeding to a painful ex-

posed night, meet medicine for broken limbs, and the fever which doth accompany such hurts? I wot not; but yet, God be praised, he is now in the hospital of a monastery in this town, well tended and cared for, and the leeches do assure me like to do well. Thou mayest think, sweetheart, that after seeing him safely stowed in that good lodgment, I waited not for to change my clothes or break my fast, before I went to the church; and on my knees blessed the Almighty for His protection, and hung a thank-offering on to our Lady's image; for I warrant you, when I was fishing for Mr. Watson in that raging sea, I failed not to put up Hail Marys as fast as I could think them, for be-shrew me if I had breath to spare for to utter. I do now pen this letter at my good friend Mr. Wells's brother's, and Tom will take it with him to London, and Mr. Hodgson convey it to thee. — Thy affectionate and humble obedient (albeit intending to lord it over thee some coming day) servant and lover,

“BASIL ROOKWOOD.

“Oh, how the days do creep till I be out of my wardship! Methinks I do feel somewhat like Mrs. Helen Ingoldby, who doth hate patience, she saith, by reason that it doth always keep her waiting. I would not be patient, sweet one, I fear, if *impatience* would carry me quicker to thy dear side.”

“Well,” said Muriel, sweetly smiling when I had finished reading this comfortable letter, “the twain which we have accompanied this past fortnight with our thoughts and prayers have both, God be praised, escaped from a raging sea into a safe harbour, albeit not of the same sort, — the one earthly, the other

heavenly. Oh, but I am very glad, dear Constance, thou art spared a greater trial than hath yet touched thee!" and so pure a joy beamed in her eyes, that methought no one more truly fulfilled that bidding, "to rejoice with such as rejoice, as well as to weep with such as weep."

This letter of my dear Basil hastened my recovery; and three days later, having received an invitation thereunto, I went to visit the Countess of Surrey, now also of Arundel, at Arundel House. The trouble she was in by reason of her grandfather's death, and my Lady Lumley's, who had preceded her father to the grave, exceeded anything she had yet endured. The earl her husband continued the same hard usage towards her, and never so much as came to visit her at that time of her affliction, but remained in Norfolk, attending to his sports of hunting and the like. Howsoever, as he had satisfied her uncles, Mr. Francis and Mr. Leonard Dacre, Mr. James Labourn, and also Lord Montague, and his own sister Lady Margaret Sackville, and likewise Lord Thomas and Lord William Howard, his brothers, that he put not in any doubt, albeit words to that effect had once escaped him, the validity of his marriage, she, with great wisdom and patience, and prudence very commendable in one of her years, being destitute of any fitting place to dwell in, resolved to return to his house in London. At the which at first he seemed not a little displeased, but yet took no measures for to drive her from it. And in the ordering of the household and care of his property, manifested the same zeal, and obtained the same good results, as she had procured whilst she lived at Kenninghall. Methought she had waxed older by some years, not



weeks, since I had seen her, so staid and composed had become the fashion of her speech and of her carriage. She conversed with me on mine own troubles and comforts, an the various and opposite haps which had befallen me; which I told her served to strengthen in me my early thinking, that sorrows are oftentimes so intermixed with joys, that our lives do more resemble variable April days than the cloudless skies of June, or the dark climate of winter.

Whilst we did thus discourse, mine eyes fell on a quaint piece of work in silk and silver, which was lying on a table, as if lately unfolded. Lady Arundel smiled in a somewhat sad fashion, and said:

"I warrant thou art curious, Constance, to examine that piece of embroidery; and verily, as regards the hands which hath worked it, and the kind intent with which it was wrought, a more notable one should not easily be found. Look at it, and see if thou canst read the ingenious meaning of it."

This was the design therein executed with exceeding great neatness and beauty: there was a tree framed, whereon two turtle-doves sat, on either side one, with this difference, that by that on the right there were two or three green leaves remaining, by the other none at all — the tree on that side being wholly bare. Over the top of the tree were these words, wrought in silver: "*Amoris sorte pares.*" At the bottom of the tree, on the side where the first turtle-dove did sit by the green leaves, these words were also embroidered: "*Hæc ademptum,*" with an anchor under them. On the other side, under the other dove, were these words, in like manner wrought: "*Illa peremptum,*" with pieces of broken board underneath.

"See you what this doth mean?" the countess asked.

"Nay," I answered, "my wit is herein at fault."

"You will," she said, "when you know whence this gift comes to me. Methought, save by a few near to me in blood, or by marriage connected, and one or two friends, — thou, my Constance, being the chiefest, — I was unknown to all the world; but a sad royal heart having had notice, in the midst of its own sore griefs, how the earl my husband doth, through evil counsel, absent and estrange himself from me, partly to comfort, and partly to show her love to one she once thought should be her daughter-in-law, for a token thereof she sent me this gift, contrived by her own thinking, and wrought with her own hands. Those two doves do represent herself and me. On my side an anchor and a few green leaves (symbols of hope) show I may yet flourish, because my lord is alive; though by reason of his absence and unkindness, I mourn as a lone turtle-dove. But the bare boughs and broken boards on her side signify that her hopes are wholly wrecked by the death of the duke, for whom she doth mourn without hope of comfort or redress."

The pathetic manner in which Lady Arundel made this speech moved me almost to tears.

"If Philip," she said, "doth visit me again at any time, I will hang up this ingenious conceit where he should see it. Methinks it will recall to him the past, and move him to show me kindness. Help me, Constance," she said, after a pause, "for to compose such an answer as my needle can express, which shall convey to this royal prisoner both thanks, and some-

what of hope also, albeit not of the sort she doth disclaim."

I mused for a while, and then with a pencil drew a pattern of a like tree to that of the Scottish Queen's design; and the dove which did typify the Countess of Arundel, I did represent fastened to the branch, whereon she sat and mourned, by many strings wound round her heart, and tied to the anchor of an earthly hope, whereas the one which was the symbol of the forlorn royal captive did spread her wings towards the sky, unfettered by the shattered relics strewn at her feet. Lady Arundel put her arm round my neck, and said she liked well this design; and bade me for to pray for her, that the invisible strings, which verily did restrain in her heavenward motions, should not always keep her from soaring thither where only true joys are to be found.

During some succeeding weeks I often visited her, and we wrought together at the same frame in the working of this design, which she had set on hand by a cunning artificer from the rough pattern I had drawn. Much talk the while was ministered between us touching religion, which did more and more engage her thoughts; Mr. Bayley, a Catholic gentleman who belonged to the earl her husband, and whom she did at that time employ to carry relief to sick and poor persons, helping her greatly therein, being well instructed himself, and haunting such priests as did reside secretly in London at that time.

About the period when Basil was expected to return, my health was again much affected, not so sharply as before, but a weakness and failing of strength did show the effects of such sufferings as I had endured.

Hubert's behaviour did tend at that time for to keep me in great uneasiness. When he came to the house, albeit he spake but seldom to me, if we ever were alone he gave sundry hints of a persistent hope and a possible desperation, mingled with vague threats, which disturbed me more than can be thought of. Methinks Kate, Polly, and Muriel held council touching my health; and thence arose a very welcome proposal, from my Lady Tregony, that I should visit her at her seat in Norfolk, close on the borders of Suffolk, whither she had retired since Thomas Sherwood's death. Polly, who had a good head and a good heart, albeit too light a mind, forecasted the comfort it should be to Basil and me, when he returned, to be so near neighbours until we were married (which could not be before some months after he came of age), that we could meet every day; Lady Tregony's seat being only three miles distant from Euston. They wrote to him thereon; and when his answer came, the joy he expressed was such that nothing could be greater. And on a fair day in the spring, when the blossoms of the pear and apple-trees were showing on the bare branches, even as my hopes of coming joys did bud afresh after long pangs of separation, I rode from London, by slow journeys, to Banham Hall; and amidst the sweet silence of rural scenes, quiet fields, and a small but convenient house, where I was greeted with maternal kindness by one in whom age retained the warmth of heart of youth, I did regain so much strength and good looks, that when, one day, a horseman, when I least thought of it, rode to the door, and I turned white and red in turns, speechless with delight, perceiving it to be Basil, he took me by both hands, looked into my face, and cried:

"Hang the leeches! Suffolk air was all thou need, for all they did so fright me."

"Norfolk air, I pray you," quoth my Lady Tregony smiling.

"Nay, nay," quoth Basil. "It doth blow overboard from Suffolk."

"Happiness, leastways, bloweth thence," I pered.

"Yea," he answered; for he was not one to make long speeches.

But, ah me! the sight of him was a cure to mine ailments.

## CHAPTER V.

It is not to be credited with how great an acture of pleasure and pain I do set myself to my task of writing, for the thought of those spring summer months spent in Lady Tregony's house stir up old feelings, the sweetness of which hath some bitterness in it, which I would fain separate the memories of that happy time.

Basil had taken up his abode at Euston, whither so often went and whence he so often came; methinks we could both have told (for mine own I can yet do it, even after the lapse of so many years) the shape of each tree, the rising of each bank every winding of the fair river Ouse betwixt one and the other. Yea, when I now sit down on the sands gazing on the far-off sea, bethinking myself it break on the coast of England, I sometimes may draw on memory's tablet that old large house, biggest in all Suffolk, albeit homely in its exterior

interior plainness, which sitteth in a green hollow between two graceful swelling hills. Its opposite meadows, starred in the spring-tide with so many daisies and buttercups that the grass scantily showeth amidst these gay intruders; the ascending walk, a mile in length, with four rows of ash-trees on each side, the tender green of which in those early April days mocked the sober tints of the darksome tufts of fir; and the noble deer underneath the old oaks, carrying in a stately manner their horned heads, and darting along the glades with so swift a course that the eye could scarce follow them. But mostly the little wooden bridge where, when Basil did fish, I was wont to sit and watch the sport, I said, but verily him, of whose sight I was somewhat covetous after his long absence. And I mind me that one day when we were thus seated, he on the margin of the stream and I leaning against the bridge, we held an argument touching country diversions, which began in this wise:

“Methinks,” I said, “of all disports fishing hath this advantage, that if one faileth in the success he looked for, he hath at least a wholelome walk, a sweet air, a fragrant savour of the mead flowers. He seeth the young swans, herons, ducks, and many other fowls with their broods, which is surely better than the noise of hounds, the blast of horns, and the cries the hunters make. And if it be in part used for the increasing of the body’s health and the solace of the mind, it can also be advantageously employed for the health of the soul, for it is not needful in this diversion to have a great many persons with you, and this solitude doth favour thought and the serving of God by sometimes repeating devout prayers.”

To this Basil replied: "That as there be many men, there be also many minds; and, for his part, when the woods and fields and skies seemed in all one loud cry and confusion with the earning of the hounds, the galloping of the horses, the hallowing of the huntmen, and the excellent echo resounding from the hills and valleys, he did not think there could be a more delectable pastime or a more tuneable sound by any degree than this, and specially in that place which is formed so meet for the purpose. And if he could wish anything, it would be that it had been the time of year for it, and for me to ride by his side on a sweet misty morning to hear this goodly music and to be recreated with this excellent diversion. And for the matter of prayers," he added, smiling, "I warrant thee, sweet preacher, that as wholesome cogitations touching Almighty God and His goodness, and brief inward thanking of Him for good limbs and easy heart, have come into my mind on a horse's back with a brave westerly wind blowing about my head, as in the quiet sitting by a stream listing to the fowls singing."

"Oh, but Basil," I rejoined, "there are more virtues to be practised by an angler than by a hunter."

"How prove you that, sweetheart?" he asked.

Then I: "Well, he must be of a well-settled and constant belief to enjoy the benefit of his expectation. He must be full of love to his neighbour, that he neither give offence in any particular, nor be guilty of any general destruction; then he must be exceeding patient, not chafing in losing the prey when it is almost in hand, or in breaking his tools, but with pleased sufferance, as I have witnessed in thyself, amend errors and think mischances instructions to better

carefulness. He must be also full of humble thoughts, not disdain to kneel, lie down, or wet his fingers when occasion commands. Then must he be prudent, apprehending the reasons why the fish will not bite; and of a thankful nature, showing a large gratefulness for the least satisfaction."

"Tut, tut," Basil replied, laughing; "thinkest thou no patience be needful when the dogs do lose the scent, or your horse refuseth to take a gate; no prudence to forecast which way to turn when the issue be doubtful; no humility to brook a fall with twenty fellows passing by a-jeering of you; no thankfulness your head be not broken; no love of your neighbour for to abstain in the heat of the chase from treading down his corn, or for to make amends when it be done? Go to, go to, sweet-heart; thou art a dexterous pleader, but hast failed to prove thy point. Methinks there doth exist greater temptations for to swear or to quarrel in hunting than in fishing, and if resisted, more excellent virtues then observed. One day last year, when I was in Cheshire, Sir Peter Lee of Lime did invite me to hunt the stag, and there being a great stag in chase and many gentlemen hot in the pursuit, the stag took soil, and divers, whereof I was one, alighted and stood with sword drawn to have a cut at him."

"Oh, the poor stag!" I cried; "I do always sorely grieve for him."

"Well," he continued, "the stags there be wonderfully fierce and dangerous, which made us youths more eager to be at him. But he escaped us all; and it was my misfortune to be hindered in my coming near him, the way being slippery, by a fall, which gave occasion to some which did not know me to speak as if I had



failed for fear; which being told me, I followed the gentleman who first spoke it, intending for to pick a quarrel with him, and, peradventure, measure my sword with his, so be his denial and repentance did not appear. But, I thank God, afore I reached him my purpose had changed, and in its stead I turned back to pursue the stag, and happened to be the only horseman in when the dogs set him up at bay; and approaching near him, he broke through the dogs and ran at me, and took my horse's side with his horns. Then I quitted my horse, and of a sudden, getting behind him, got on his back and cut his throat with my sword."

"Alack!" I cried, "I do mislike these bloody pastimes, and love not to think of the violent death of any living creature."

"Well, dear heart," he answered, "I will not make thee sad again by the mention of the killing of so much as a rat, if it displeaseth thee. But truly I mislike not to think of that day, for I warrant thee, in turning back from the pursuit of that injurious gentleman, somewhat more of virtue did exist than it hath been my hap often to practise. For, look you, sweet one, to some it doth cause no pain to forgive an injury which toucheth not their honour, or to plunge into the sea to fish out a drowning man; but to be styled a coward, and yet to act as a Christian man should do, not seeking for to be revenged, why, methinks there should be a little merit in it."

"Yea," I said, "much in every way; but truly, sir, if your thinking is just that easy virtue is little or no virtue, I shall be the least virtuous wife in the world."

Upon this he laughed so loud, that I told him he would fright all the fishes away.

"I'faith, let them go if they list," he cried, and cast way his rod. Then coming to where I was sitting, he invited me to walk with him alongside the stream, and then asked me for to explain my last speech.

"Why, Basil," I said, "what, I pray you, should be the duty of a virtuous wife but to love her husband?"

So then he, catching my meaning, smiled and replied,

"If that duty shall prove easy to thy affectionate heart, I doubt not but others will arise which shall call for the exercise of more difficult virtue."

When we came to a sweet nook, where the shade made it too dark for grass to grow, and only moss yielded a soft carpet for the feet, we sat down on a helving slope of broken stones, and I exclaimed,

"Oh, Basil, methinks we shall be too happy in this air place; and I do tax myself presently with hardness of heart, that in thy company and the forecasting of a blissful time to come, I lose the sense of recent sorrows."

"God doth yield thee this comfort," he answered, "for to refresh thy body and strengthen thy soul, which have both been verily sorely afflicted of late. I ween he doth send us breathing-times with this merciful intent."

By such discourses as these we entertained ourselves at sundry times; but some of the sweetest hours we spent were occupied in planning the future manner of our lives, the good we should strive to do amongst our poor neighbours, and the sweet exercises of Catholic religion we should observe.

Foreseeing the frequent concealing of priests in his

house, Basil sent one day for a young carpenter, one Master Owen, who hath since been so noted for the contriving of hiding-places in all the recusants' houses in England; and verily what I noticed in him during the days he was at work at Euston did agree with the great repute of sanctity he hath since obtained. His so small stature, his trick of silence, his exceeding recollected and composed manner, filled me with admiration; and Basil told me nothing would serve him, the morning he arrived, when he found a priest was in the house, but to go to shrift and Holy Communion, which was his practice before ever he set to work at his good business. I took much pleasure in watching his progress. He scooped out a cell in the walls of the gallery, contriving a door such as I remembered at Sherwood Hall, which none could see to open unless they did know of the spring. All the time he was labouring thereat, I could discern him to be praying; and when he wot not any to be near him, sang hymns in a loud and exceeding sweet voice. I have never observed in any one a more religious behaviour than in this youth, who, by his subtle and ingenious art, hath saved the lives of many priests, and procured Mass to be said in houses where none should have durst for to say or hear it if a refuge of this kind did not exist, wherein a man may lie ensconced for years, and none can find him, if he come not forth himself.

When he was gone, other sort of workmen were called in, for to make more habitable and convenient a portion of this large house. For in this, the entire consenting of our minds did appear, that neither of us desired for to spend money on showy improvements, or to inhabit ten chambers when five should suffice.

What one proposed, the other always liked well; and if in tastes we did sometimes differ, yet no disagreement ensued. For, albeit Basil cared not as much as I did for the good ordering of the library, his indulgent kindness did nevertheless incline him to favour me with a promise that one hundred fair, commendable books should be added to those his good father had collected. He said that Hubert should aid us to choose these goodly volumes, holy treatises, and histories in French and English, if it liked me, and poetry also. One pleasant chamber he did laughingly appoint for to be the scholars' room, in the which he should never so much as show his face, but Hubert and I read and write, if we listed, our very heads off. The ancient chapel was now a hall; and, save some carving on the walls which could not be recovered, no traces did remain of its old use. But at the topmost part of the house, at the head of a narrow staircase, was a chamber wherein Mass was sometimes said; and since Basil's return, he had procured that each Saturday a priest should come and spend the night with him, for the convenience of all the neighbouring Catholics who resorted there for to go to their duty. Lady Tregony and her household — which were mostly Catholic, but had not the same commodities in her house, where to conceal any one was more hard, for that it stood almost in the village of Fakenham, and all comers and goers proved visible to the inhabitants — did repair on Sundays, at break of day, to Euston. How sweet were those rides in the fair morning light, the dew bespangling every herb and tree, and the wild flowers filling the air with their fresh fragrance! The pale primroses, the azure harebell, the wood-anemone,

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and the dark-blue hyacinth — what dainty nosegays they furnished us with for our Blessed Lady's altar! of which the fairest image I ever beheld stood in the little secret chapel at Euston. Basil did much affection this image of Blessed Mary; for as far back as he could remember he had been used to say his prayers before it; and when his mother died, he being only seven years of age, he knelt before this so lively representation of God's Mother, beseeching of her to be a mother to him also; which prayer methinks verily did take effect, his life having been marked by singular tokens of her maternal care.

In the holy week, which fell that year in the second week of April, he procured the aid of three priests, and had all the ceremonies performed which do appertain to that sacred season. On Wednesday, towards evening, began *Tenebræ*, with the mysterious candlestick of fifteen lights, fourteen of them representing, by the extinguishing of them, the disciples which forsook Christ; the fifteenth on the top, which was not put out, His dear Mother, who, from the crib to the Cross, was not severed from Him. On Thursday we decked the sepulchre wherein the Blessed Sacrament reposed with flowers and all such jewels as we possessed, and namely with a very fair diamond cross which Basil had gifted me with, and reverently attended it day and night. "God defend," I said to Basil, when the sepulchre was removed, "I should retain for vain uses what was lent to our Lord yester eve!" and straightway hung on the cross to our Lady's neck. On Friday we all crept to the crucifix, and kissing, bathed it with our tears. On Saturday every fire was extinguished in the house, and kindled again with

hallowed fire. Then ensued the benediction of the paschal candle, and the rest of the divine ceremonies, till Mass. At Mass, as soon as the priest pronounced "Gloria in excelsis," a cloth, contrived by Lady Tregony and me, and which veiled the altar, made resplendent with lights and flowers, was suddenly snatched away, and many little bells we had prepared for that purpose rung, in imitation of what was done in England in Catholic times, and now in foreign countries. On Easter Sunday, after Mass, a benediction was given to divers sorts of meat, and in remembrance of the Lamb sacrificed two days before, a great proportion of lamb. Nigh one hundred recusants had repaired to Euston that day for their paschal communion. Basil did invite them all to break Lent's neck with us, in honour of Christ's joyful resurrection; and many blessings were showered that day, I ween, on Master Rookwood, and for his sake, I ween, on Mistress Sherwood also. The sun did shine that Easter morning with more than usual brightness. The common people do say it danceth for joy at this glorious tide. For my part, methought it had a rare youthful brilliancy, more cheering than hot, more lightsome than dazzling. All nature seemed to rejoice that Christ was risen; and pastoral art had devised arches of flowers and gay wreaths hanging from pole to pole and gladdening every thicket.

Verily, if the sun danced in the sky, my poor heart danced in my bosom. At Basil's wishing, anticipating future duties, I went to the kitchen for to order the tansy-cakes which were to be prizes at the handball-playing on the next day. Like a foolish creature, I was ready to smile at every jest, howsoever

trifling; and when Basil put in his head at the door and cried, "Prithee, let each one that eateth of tansy-cake to-morrow, which signifieth bitter herbs, take also of bacon, to show he is no Jew," the wenches and I did laugh till the tears ran down our cheeks. Ah me! when the heart doth overflow with joy 'tis marvellous how the least word maketh merriment!

One day late in April I rode with Basil for to see some hawking, which verily is a pleasure for high and mounting spirits; howsoever, I wore not the dress which the ladies in this county do use on such occasions, for I have always thought it an unbecoming thing for women to array themselves in male attire, or ride in fashion like a man, and Basil is of my thinking thereon. It was a clear, calm, sunshiny evening, about an hour before the sun doth usually mask himself, that we went to the river. There we dismounted, and, for the first time, I did behold this noble pastime. For is it not rare to consider how a wild bird should be so brought to hand and so well managed as to make us such pleasure in the air; but most of all to forego her native liberty and feeding, and return to her servitude and diet? And what a lesson do they read to us when our wanton wills and thoughts take no heed of reason and conscience's voices luring us back to duty's perch!

When we had stood a brief time watching for a mallard, Basil perceived one and whistled off his falcon. She flew from him as if she would never have turned her head again, yet upon a shout came in. Then by degrees, little by little, flying about and about, she mounted so high as if she had made the moon the place of her flight, but presently came down

like a stone at the sound of his lure. I waxed very eager in the noticing of these haps, and was well content to be an eye-witness of this sport. Methought it should be a very pleasant thing to be Basil's companion in it, and wear a dainty glove and a gentle tassel on my fist which should never cast off but at my bidding, and when I let it fly would return at my call. And this thought minded me of a faithful love never diverted from its resting-place save by heavenward aspirations alternating betwixt earthly duties and ghostly soarings. But oh, what a tragedy was enacted in the air when Basil having detected by a little white feather in its tail a cock in a brake, cast off a tassel gentle, who never ceased his circular motion till he had recovered his place. Then suddenly upon the flushing of the cock he came down, and missing of it in that downcome, lo what working there was on both sides! The cock mounting as if he would have pierced the skies; the hawk flying a contrary way until he had made the wind his friend; what speed the cock made to save himself! What hasty pursuit the hawk made of the fugitive! after long flying killing of it, but alack in killing of it killing himself!

"Ah, a fatal ending to a fatal strife!" exclaimed a known voice close unto mine ear, a melodious one, albeit now harsh to my hearing. Mine eyes were dazzled with gazing upward, and I confusedly discerned two gentlemen standing near me, one of which I knew to be Hubert. I gave him my hand, and then Basil turning round and beholding him and his companion, came up to them with a joyful greeting:

"Oh, Sir Henry," he exclaimed, "I be truly glad



to see you; and you, Hubert, what a welcome surprise is this!"

Then he introduced me to Sir Henry Jerningham; for he it was who, bowing in a courteous fashion, addressed to me such compliments as gentlemen are wont to pay to ladies at the outset of their acquaintanceship.

These visitors had left their horses a few paces off, and then Sir Henry explained that Hubert had been abiding with him at his seat for a few days, and that certain law-business in which Basil was concerned as well as his brother, and himself also, as having been for one year his guardian, did necessitate a meeting wherein these matters should be brought to a close.

"So," quoth he then, "Master Basil, I proposed we should invade your solitude in place of withdrawing you from it, which methought of the two evils should be the least, seeing what attractions do detain you at Euston at this time."

I foolishly dared not look at Hubert when Sir Henry made this speech, and Basil with hearty cheer thanked him for his obliging conduct and the great honour he did him for to visit him in this amicable manner. Then he craved his permission for to accompany me to Lady Tregony's house, trusting, he said to Hubert, to conduct him to Euston, and to perform there all hospitable duties during the short time he should be absent himself.

"Nay, nay," quoth Sir Henry, "but with your licence, Master Basil, we will ride with you and this lady to Banham Hall. Methinks, seeing you are such near neighbours, that Mistress Sherwood lacketh not opportunities to enjoy your company, and that you

should not deprive me of the pleasure of a short conversation with her whilst Hubert and you entertain yourselves for the nonce in the best way you can."

Basil smiled, and said it contented him very much that Sir Henry should enjoy my conversation, which he hoped in future should make amends to his friends for his own deficiencies. So we all mounted our horses, and Sir Henry rode alongside of me, and Basil and Hubert behind us; for only two could hold abreast in the narrow lane which led to Fakenham. A chill had fallen on my heart since Hubert's arrival, which I can only liken to the sudden overcasting of a bright sun-shiny day by a dark cold cloud.

At first Sir Henry entered into discourse with me touching hawking, which he talked of in a merry fashion, drawing many similitudes betwixt falconers and lovers, which he said were the likest people in the world.

"For, I pray you," said he, "are not hawks to the one what his mistress is to the other? The objects of his care, admiration, labour and all. They be indeed his idols. To them he consecrates his amorous ditties, and courts each one in a peculiar dialect. Oh, believe me, Mistress Sherwood, that lady may style herself fortunate in love who shall meet with so much thought, affection, and solicitude from a lover or an husband as his birds do from a good ostringer."

Then diverting his speech to other topics, he told me it was bruited that the Queen did intend to make a progress in the eastern counties that summer, and that her Majesty should be entertained in a very splendid manner at Kenninghall by my Lord Arundel, and also at his house in Norwich.

"It doth much grieve me to hear it," I answered. Then he: "Wherefore, Mistress Sherwood?"

"Because," I said, "Lord Arundel hath already greatly impaired his fortune and spent larger sums than can be thought of in the like prodigal courtly expenses, and also lost a good part of the lands which his grandfather and my Lady Lumley would have bequeathed to him if he had not turned spendthrift and so greatly displeased them."

"But an if it be so," quoth he again, "wherefore doth this young nobleman's imprudence displease you, Mistress Sherwood?"

I answered, "By reason of the pain which his follies do cause to his sweet lady, which for many years hath been more of a friend to my poor self, than unequal rank and, if possible, still more unequal merit should warrant."

"Then I marvel not," replied Sir Henry, "at your resentment of her husband's folly, for by all I have ever seen or heard of this lady she doth show herself to be the pattern of a wife, the model of highborn ladies; and 'tis said that albeit so young, there doth exist in her so much merit and dignity that some noblemen confess that when they come into her presence they dare not swear, as at other times they are wont to do before the best of the kingdom. But I have heard, and am verily inclined to believe it, that he is much changed in his dispositions towards his lady; though pride, it may be, or shame at his ill-usage of her, or fear that it should seem that, now his favour with the Queen doth visibly decline, he should turn to her whom, when fortune smiled upon him, he did keep aloof from, seeking her only when clouds gather round

him, do hinder him from showing these new inclinations."

"How much he would err," I exclaimed, "and wrong his noble wife if he misdoubted her heart in such a case! Methinks most women would be ready to forgive one they loved when misfortune threatened them, but she beyond all others, who never at any time allowed jealousy or natural resentments to draw away her love from him to whom she hath vowed it. But is Lord Arundel then indeed in less favour with her Majesty? And how doth this surmise agree with the report of her visit to Kenninghall?"

"Ah, Mistress Sherwood," he answered, "declines in the human body often do call for desperate remedies, and the like are often required when they occur in court favour. 'Tis a dangerous expedient to spend two or three thousands of pounds in one or two days for the entertainment of the Queen and the Court; but if, on the report of her intended progress, one of such high rank as Lord Arundel had failed to place his house at her disposal, his own disgrace and his enemies' triumph should have speedily ensued. I pray God, my Lord Burleigh do not think on Cottessy! Egad, I would as lief pay down at once one year's income as to be so uncertainly mulcted. I warrant you Lord Arundel shall have need to sell an estate to pay for the honour her Majesty will do him. He hath a spirit will not stop half-way in anything he doth pursue."

"Then think you, sir," I said, "he will be one day as noted for his virtues as now for his faults?"

Sir Henry smiled, as he answered, "If Philip Howard doth set himself one day to serve God, I pro-

mise you his zeal therein will far exceed what he hath shown in the devil's service."

"I pray you prove a true prophet, sir," I said; and, as we now had reached the door of Lady Tregony's house, I took leave of this courteous gentleman, and hastily turned towards Basil, — with an uneasy desire to set him on his guard to use some reserve in his speeches with Hubert, but withal at a loss how to frame a brief warning, or to speak without being overheard. Howsoever, I drew him a little aside, and whispered, "Prithee, be silent, touching Owen's work, even to Hubert."

He looked at me so much astonished, and me thought with so great a look of pain, that my heart smote me. We exchanged a brief farewell; and when they had all ridden away, I felt sad. Our partings were wont to be more protracted; for he would most times ask me to walk back with him to the gate, and then made it an excuse that it should be unmannerly not to see me home, and so three or four times we used to walk to and fro, till at last I did laughingly shut the door on him, and refused to open it again. But, ah me! that evening, the chill I spoke of had fallen on our simple joys like a blight on a fair landscape.

Early on the next day two missives came to me from Euston, sent by private hand, but not by the same messenger. I leave the reader to judge what I felt in reading these proofs of the dispositions of two brothers, so alike in features, so different in soul. This was Basil's letter:

"**MINE OWN DEAR HEART,** — The business which

hath brought Sir Henry and Hubert here will, I be frightened, hold me engaged all to-morrow. But, before I sleep, I must needs write thee (poor penman as I be), how much it misliketh me to see in thee an ill opinion of mine only and dear brother, and such suspicion as verily no one should entertain of a friend, but much less of one so near in blood. I do yield thee that he is not as zealous as I could wish in devout practices, and something too fond of worldly pleasures; but God is my witness, I should as soon think of doubting mine own existence as his fidelity to his religion, or his kindness to myself. So, prithee, dear love, pain me not again by the utterance of such injurious words to Hubert as that I should not trust him with any secrets howsoever weighty, or should observe any manner of restraint in communicating with him touching common dangers and interests. Methinks he is very sad at this time, and that the sight of his paternal home hath made him melancholy. Verily, his lot hath in it none of the brightness which doth attend mine, and I would we could anyways make him a partaker of the happiness we do enjoy. I pray God He may help me to effect this, by the forwarding of any wish he hath at heart; but he was always of a very reserved habit of mind, and not prone to speak of his own concerns. — Forgive, sweetheart, this loving reproof, from thy most loving friend and servant,  
“BASIL ROOKWOOD.”

Hubert's was as followeth:

“MADAM, — My presumption towards you hath doubtless been a sin calling for severe punishment; but

I pray you leave not the cause of it unremembered. The doubtful mind you once showed in my regard, and of which the last time I saw you some marks in your thought did yet appear, should be my excuse if I have erred in a persistency of love, which most women would less deserve indeed, but would more appreciate than you have done. If this day no token doth reach me of your changed mind, be it so. I depart hence as changed as you do remain unchanged. It may be for mine own weal, albeit passion deems of it otherwise, if you finally reject me whom once you did love upon with so great favour, that the very thought of you works in me a revived tenderness as should be mine own undoing if it prevailed, for this country hath laws which are not broken in vain, and faithful loyal service is differently requited than traitorous and obstinate malignity. I shall be the greater for lacking your love, proud lady; but to have it I would forego all a sovereign can bestow — all that ambition can desire. These, then, are my last words. If we meet not to-day, God knoweth with what sentiments we shall on day meet, when justice hath overtaken you, and love in me hath turned to hatred!

HUBERT ROOKWOOD."

"Ay," I bitterly exclaimed, laying the two letters side by side before me, "one endeth with love, the other with hate. The one showeth the noble fruits of true affection, the other the bitter end of selfish passion. Then I mused if I should send Basil, or show him later Hubert's letter, clearing myself of any injustice towards him, but destroying likewise for ever his virtuous confidence in his brother's honour. A shrewd

struggle with myself ensued, but I soon resolved, for the present at least, on silence. If danger did seem to threaten Basil, which his knowledge of his brother's baseness could avert, then I must needs speak; but God defend I should without constraint pour a poisoned drop into the clear fount of his undoubting soul. Passion may die away, hatred may cease, repentance arise; but the evil done by the revealing of another's sin worketh endless wrong to the doer and the hearer.

The day on which I received these two letters did seem the longest I had ever known. On the next Basil came to Banham Hall, and told me his guests were gone. A load seemed lifted from my heart. But, albeit we resumed our wonted manner of life, and the same mutual kindness and accustomed duties and pleasures filled our days, I felt less secure in my happiness, less thoughtless of the world without, more subject to sudden sinkings of heart in the midst of greatest merriment, than before Hubert's visit.

In the early part of June Mr. Congleton wrote in answer to Basil's eager pressings that he would fix the day of our marriage, that he was of opinion a better one could not be found than that of our Lady's Visitation, on the 2d of July, and that, if it pleased God, he should then take the first journey he had made for five-and-twenty years; for nothing would serve Lady Tregony but that the wedding should take place in her house, where a priest would marry us in secret at break of day, and then we should ride to the parish church at Euston for the public ceremony. He should, he added, carry Muriel with him, howsoever reluctant she should be to leave London; but he promised us



this should be a welcome piece of constraint, for that she longed to see me again more than can be told.

Verily, pleasant letters reached me that week; for my father wrote he was in better health, and in great peace and contentment of mind at Rheims, albeit somewhat sad, when he saw younger and more fortunate men (for so he styled them) depart for the English mission; and by a cipher we had agreed on he gave me to understand Edmund Genings was of that number. And Lady Arundel, to whom I had reported the conversation I had with Sir Henry Jerningham, sent me an answer which I will here transcribe.

“MY WELL-BELOVED CONSTANCE, — You do rightly read my heart, and the hope you express in my regard, with so tender a friendship and solicitous desire for my happiness, hath indeed a better foundation than idle surmises. It hath truly pleased God that Philip’s dispositions towards me should change; and albeit this change is not as yet openly manifested, he nevertheless doth oftentimes visit me, and testifies much regret for his past neglect of one whom he doth now confess to be his truest friend, his greatest lover, and best comfort. O mine own dear friend! my life has known many strange accidents, but none greater or more strange than this, that my so long indifferent husband should turn into a secret lover who doth haunt me by stealth, and looking on me with new eyes, appears to conceive so much admiration for my worthless beauty, and to find such pleasure in my poor company, that it would seem as if a new face and person had been given to me wherewith to inspire him with this love for her to whom he doth owe it. Oh, I promise thee

this husbandly wooing liketh me well, and methinks I would not at once disclose to the world this new kindness he doth show me and revival of conjugal affection, but rather hug it and cherish it like a secret treasure, until it doth take such deep root that nothing can again separate his heart from me. His fears touching the Queen's ill conception of him increase, and his enemies do wax more powerful each day. The world liath become full of uneasiness to him. Methinks he would gladly break with it; but like to one who walketh on a narrow plank, with a precipice on each side of him, his safety lieth only in advancing. The report is true — I would it were false — of the Queen's progress, and her intended visit to Kenninghall. I fear another fair estate in the north must needs pay the cost thereof; but avoidance is impossible. I am about to remove from London to Arundel Castle, where my lord doth will me for the present to reside. The sea-breezes on that coast, and the mild air of Sussex, he thinks should improve my health, which doth at this time require care. Touching religion, I have two or three times let fall words which implied an increased inclination to Catholic religion. Each time his countenance did very much alter, and assumed a painful expression. I fear he is as greatly opposed to it as heretofore. But if once resolved on what conscience doth prescribe, with God's help, I hope that neither new-found joys nor future fears shall stay me from obeying its voice.

"And so thou art to be married come the early days of July! I'faith thy Basil and thou have, like a pair of doves, cooed long enough, I ween, amidst the tall trees of Euston; which, if you are to be believed,

should be the most delectable place in the whole world. And yet some have told me it is but a huge plain building, and the country about it, except for its luxuriant trees, of no notable beauty. The sunshine of thine own heart sheddeth, I ween, a radiancy on the plain walls and the unadorned gardens greater than nature or art can bestow. I cry thee mercy for this malicious surmise, and give thee licence, when I shall write in the same strain touching my lord's castle at Arundel, to flout me in a like manner. Some do disdainfully style it a huge old fortress; others a very grand and noble pile. If that good befalleth me that he doth visit me there, then I doubt not but it will be to me the cheerfullest place in existence.

"Thy loving servant to command,

"ANN ARUNDEL AND SURREY."

This letter came to my hand at Whitsuntide, when the village folks were enacting a pastoral, the only merit of which did lie in the innocent glee of the performers. The sheep-shearing feast, a very pretty festival, ensued a few days later. A fat lamb was provided, and the maidens of the town permitted to run after it, and she which took hold of it declared the lady of the lamb. 'Tis then the custom to kill and carry it on a long pole before the lady and her companions to the green, attended with music and morisco dances. But this year I ransomed the lamb, and had it crowned with blue corn-flowers and poppies, and led to a small paddock, where for some time I visited and fed it every day. Poor little lamb! like me, it had one short happy time that summer.

In the evening I went with the lasses to the banks

of the Ouse, and scattered on the dimpling stream, as is their wont at the lamb-ale, a thousand odorous flowers, — new-born roses, the fleur-de-luce, sweet-williams, and yellow coxcombs, the small-flowered lady's-slipper, the prince's-feather and the clustered bell-flower, the sweet Basil (the saucy wenches smiled when they furnished me with a bunch thereof), and a great store of midsummer daisies. When with due observance I threw on the water a handful of these golden-tufted and silver-crowned flowerets I thought of Master Chaucer's lines:

"Above all the flowers in the mead  
These love I most, — these flowers white and red  
And in French called *la belle Margu rite*.  
O commendable flower, and most in mind!  
O flower and gracious excellence!  
O amiable Marguerite!"

The great store of winsome and graciously-named flowers used that day set me to plan a fair garden, wherein each month should yield in its turn to the altar of our secret chapel a pure incense of Nature's own furnishing. Basil was helping me thereto, and my Lady Tregony smiling at my quaint devices, when Mr. Cobham, a cousin of her ladyship, arrived, bringing with him news of the Queen's progress, which quickly diverted us from other thoughts, and caused my pencil to stand idle in mine hand.

## CHAPTER VI.

"Ah, ladies," exclaimed Mr. Cobham, — pleased, I ween, to see how eagerly we looked for his news, — "I promise you the Eastern counties do exhibit their loyalty in a very commendable fashion, and so report

saith her Majesty doth think. The gallant appearance and brave array of the Suffolk esquires hath drawn from her Highness sundry marks of her approval. What think you, my Lady Tregony, of two hundred bachelors, all gaily clad in white velvet coats, and those of graver years in black velvet coats and fair gold chains, with fifteen hundred men all mounted on horseback, and Sir William Le Spring of Lavenham at their head. I warrant you a more comely troop and a nobler sight should not often be seen. Then, in Norfolk, what great sums have been spent! Notably at Kenninghall, where for divers days not only the Queen herself was lodged and feasted, with all her household, council, courtiers, and all their company, but all the gentlemen also, and people of the country who came thither upon the occasion, in such plentiful, bountiful, and splendid manner, as the like had never been seen before in these counties. Every night she hath slept at some gentleman's seat. At Holdstead Hall I had the honour to be presented to her Highness, and see her dance a minuet. But an unlucky accident did occur that evening."

"No lives were lost, I hope?" Lady Tregony said.

"No lives," Master Cobham answered, "but a very precious fan which her Majesty let drop into the moat, — one of white and red feathers, which Sir Francis Drake had gifted her with on New-year's day. It was enamelled with a half-moon of mother-o'-pearl, and had her Majesty's picture within it."

"And at Norwich, sir?" I asked. "Methinks, by some reports we heard, the pageants there must have proved exceeding grand."

"Rare indeed," he replied. "On the 16th the

Queen did enter the town at Harford Bridge. The mayor received her with a long Latin oration, very tedious; and, moreover, presented her with a fair cup of silver, saying, "Here is one hundred pounds pure gold." To my thinking, the cup was to her liking more than the speech, and the gold most of all; for when one of her footmen advanced for to take the cup, she said sharply, "Look to it: there is one hundred pounds." Lord! what a number of pageants were enacted that day and those which followed! Deborah, Judith, Esther at one gate; Queen Martia at another; on the heights near Blancheflower Castle, King Gurgunt and his men. Then all the heathen deities in turn: Mercury driving full speed through the city in a fantastic car; Jupiter presenting her with a riding-rod, and Venus with a white dove. But the rarest of all had been designed by Master Churchyard. Where her Majesty was to take her barge, at the back-door of my Lord Arundel's town-house, he had prepared a goodly masque of water-nymphs concealed in a deep hole, and covered with green canvas, which suddenly opening as if the ground gaped, first one nymph was intended to pop up and make a speech to the Queen, and then another; and a very complete concert to sound secretly and strangely out of the earth. But when the Queen passed in her coach, a thunder-shower came down like a water-spout, and great claps of thunder silenced the concert; which some did presage to be an evil omen of the young lord's fortunes."

"I' faith," cried Basil, "I be sorry for the young nobleman, and yet more for the poor artificer of this ingenious pageant, to whom his nymphs turned into drowned rats must needs have been a distressing sight."

"He was heard to lament over it," Master Cobham said, "in very pathetic terms: 'What shall I say' (were his words) 'of the loss of velvets, silks, and cloths of gold? Well, nothing but the old adage, — Man doth propose, but God dispose.' Well, the mayor hath been knighted; and her Majesty said she should never forget his city. On her journey she looked back, and, with water in her eyes, shook her riding-whip, and cried, 'Farewell, Norwich!' Yesterday she was to sleep at Sir Henry Jerningham's at Cottessy, and hunt in his park to-day."

"Oh, poor Sir Henry!" I said, laughing. "Then he hath not escaped this dear honour?"

"Notice of it was sent to him but two days before, from Norwich," Master Cobham rejoined; "and I ween he should have been glad for to be excused."

Lady Tregony then reminded us that supper was ready, and we removed to the dining-hall; but neither did this good gentleman weary of relating, nor we of listening to the various haps of the royal progress, which he continued to describe whilst we sat at meat.

"He was yet talking, when the sound of a horse galloping under the windows surprised us, and we had scarce time to turn our heads before Basil's steward came tumbling into the room head foremost, like one demented.

"Sir, sir!" he cried, almost beside himself; "in God's name, what do you here, and the Queen coming for to sleep at your house to-morrow?"

Methinks a thunder-clap in the midst of the stilly clear evening should not have startled us so much. Basil's face flushed very deeply; Lady Tregony looked ready to faint; my heart beat as if it should burst;

Master Cobham threw his hat into the air, and cried, "Long live Queen Elizabeth, and the old house of Rookwood!"

"Who hath brought these tidings?" Basil asked of the steward.

"Marry," replied the man, "one of her Majesty's gentlemen and two footmen have arrived from Cottessy, and brought this letter from Lord Burleigh for your honour."

Basil broke the seal, read the missive, and then quietly looking up, said, "It is true; and I must lose no time to prepare my poor house for her Majesty's abode in it."

He looked not now red, but somewhat pale. Methinks he was thinking of the chapel, and what it held; and the Queen's servants now in the house. I would not stay him; but, taking my hand whilst he spoke, he said to Lady Tregony,

"Dear lady, I shall lack yours and Constance's aid to-morrow. Will you do me so much good as to come with her to Euston as early before dinner as you can?"

"Yea, we will be with you, my good Basil," she answered, "before ten of the clock."

"Tis not," he said, "that I intend to cast about for fine silks and cloths of gold, or contrive pageants, — God defend it! — or ransack the country for rare and costly meats; but such honourable cheer and so much of comfort as a plain gentleman's house can afford, I be bound to provide for my sovereign when she deigneth to use my house.

"Master Cobham, I do crave the honour of your company also," he added, turning to that gentleman,



who, with many acknowledgments of his courtesy, excused himself on the plea that he must needs be at his own seat the next day.

Then Basil, mounting his horse, which the steward had brought with him, rode away so fast that the old man could scarce keep up with him.

Not once that night did mine eyes close themselves. Either I sat bolt upright in my bed counting each time the clock struck the number of chimes, or else, unable to lie still, paced up and down my chamber. The hours seemed to pass so slowly, more than in times of deep grief. It seemed so strange a hap that the Queen should come to Euston, I almost fancied at moments the whole thing to be a dream, so fantastic did it appear. Then a fear would seize me lest the chapel should have been discovered before Basil could arrive. Minor cares likewise troubled me; such as the scantiness and bad state of the furniture, the lack of household conveniences, the difficulty that might arise to procure sufficient food at a brief notice for so great a number of persons. O, how my head did work all night with these various thinkings! and it seemed as if the morning would never come, and when it did that Lady Tregony would never ring her bell. Then I bethought myself of the want of proper dresses for her and myself to appear in before her Majesty, if so be we were admitted to her presence. Howsoever, I found she was indifferently well provided in that respect, for her old good gowns stood in a closet where dust could not reach them, and she bethought herself I could wear my wedding-dress, which had come from the sempstress a few days before; and so we should not be ashamed to be seen. I must needs confess that, though many

doubts and apprehensions filled me touching this day, I did feel some contentment in the thought of the honour conferred on Basil. If there was pride in this, I do cry God mercy for it. As we rode to Euston, the fresh air, the eager looks of the people on the road, — for now the report had spread of the Queen's coming, — the stir which it caused, the puttings up of flags and buildings of green arches, strengthened this gladness. Basil was awaiting us with much impatience, and immediately drew me aside.

"I have locked," he said, "all the books and church furniture, and our Blessed Lady's image, in Owen's hiding-place; so methinks we be quite secure. Beds and food I have sent for, and they keep coming in. Prithce, dear love, look well thyself to her Majesty's chamber, for to make it as handsome and befitting as is possible with such poor means thereunto. I pray God the lodging may be to her contentation for one night."

So I hasted to the state-chamber — for so it was called, albeit except for size it had but small signs of state about it. Howsoever, with the maids' help, I gathered into it whatsoever furniture in the house was most handsome, and the wenches made wreaths of ivy and laurel, which we hung round the bare walls. Thence I went to the kitchen, and found her Majesty's cook was arrived, with as many scullions as should have served a whole army; so, except speaking to him civilly, and inquiring what provisions he wanted, I had not much to do there. Then we went round the house with Mr. Bowyer, the gentleman-us her, for to assign the chambers to the Queen's ladies, and the lords and gentlemen and the waiting-women. There was no lack

of room, but much of proper furniture; albeit chairs and tables were borrowed on all sides from the neighbouring cottages, and Lady Tregony sent for a store from her house. Mr. Bowyer held in his hand a list of the persons of the court now journeying with the Queen; Lord Burleigh, Sir Francis Walsingham, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Walter Raleigh, and many other famous courtiers were foremost in it. When their lodgings were fixed, he glanced down the paper, and mine eye following his, I perceived amongst the minor gentlemen there set down Hubert's name, which moved me very much; for we did not of a surety know at that time he did belong to the Court, and I would fain he had not been present on this occasion, and new uneasy thoughts touching what had passed at Sir Francis Walsingham's house, and the words the Queen had let fall concerning him and me, crossed my mind in consequence. But in that same list I soon saw another name, which caused me so vehement an emotion, that Basil noticing it, pulled me by the hand into another room for to ask me the cause of that sudden passion.

"Basil," I whispered; "mine heart will break if that murdering Richard Topcliffe must sleep under your roof."

"God defend it!" he exclaimed. But pausing in his speech leant his arm against the chimney and his head on it for a brief space. Then raising it, said an altered tone, "Mine own love, be patient. We must needs drink this chalice to the dregs" (which showed me his thoughts touching this visit had been from first less hopeful than mine). Taking my pencil of mine hand, he walked straight to the door, b

ich Mr. Bowyer was standing awaiting us, and wrote ereon Master Topcliffe's name. Methought his hand ook a little in the doing of it. I then whispered ain in his ear:

"Know you that Hubert is in the Queen's revenue?"

"No, indeed!" he exclaimed; and then with his ight winning smile, "Prithee now, show him kindness for my sake. He had best sleep in my chamber to-night. It will make room, and mind us of our boyish days."

The day was waning, and long shadows falling on the grass, when tidings came that her Majesty had been hunting that morning, and would not arrive till late. About dusk, warning was given of her approach. She rode up on horseback, to the house amidst the loud cheering of the crowd, with all her train very richly attired. But it had waxed so dark their countenances could not be seen. Her master of the horse lifted her from the saddle, and she went straight to her own apartments, being exceeding tired, it was said, with her day's sport and long riding. Notice was given that her Highness would admit none to her presence that evening. Howsoever she sent for Basil, and, giving him her hand to kiss, thanked him in the customary manner for the use of his house. It had not been intended that Lady Tregony and I should sleep at Euston, where the room did scarcely suffice for the Queen's suite. So when it was signified that her Majesty should not leave her chamber that night, but after a slight refecton immediately retired to rest, and her ladies likewise, who were almost dead with fatigue, she ordered our horses to be brought to the back door.

Basil stole away from the hall where the lords and gentlemen were assembled, for to bid us good-night. After he had lifted me on the saddle, he threw his arm round the horse's neck, as if for to detain him, and addressing me very fondly, called me his own love, his sole comfort, his best treasure, with many other endearing expressions. Then I, loth to leave him alone amidst false friends and secret enemies, felt tenderness overcome me, and I gave him in return some very tender and passionate assurances of affection; upon which he kissed mine hands over and over again, and our hearts, overcharged with various emotions, found relief in this interchange of loving looks and words. But, alas! this brief interview had an unthought-of witness more than good Lady Tregony, who said once or twice, "Come, children, bestir yourselves," or "Tut, tut, we should be off;" but still lingered herself for to pleasure us. I chanced to look up; whilst Basil was fastening my horse's bit, and by the light of a lamp projecting from the wall, I saw Hubert at an open window right over above our heads. I doubt not but that he had seen the manner of our parting, and heard the significant expressions therein used; for a livid hue, and the old terrible look which I had noticed in him before, disfigured his countenance. I am of opinion that until that time he had not believed with certainty that my natural unbiassed inclination did prompt me to marry Basil, or that I loved him with other than a convenient and moderate regard, which, if circumstances reversed their positions, should not be a hindrance to his own suit. Basil having finished his management with my bridle stepped back with a smile and last good-night, all unconscious of that menacing visage

which my terrified eyes were now averted from, but which I still seemed pursued by. It made me weep to think that these two brothers should lie in the same chamber that coming night: the one so confiding and guileless of heart, the other so full of envy and enmity.

I was so tired when I reached home that I fell heavily asleep for some hours. But, awaking between five and six of the clock, and not able to rest in my chamber, dressed myself and went into the garden. Not far from the house there was an arbour, with a seat in it. Passing alongside of it, I perceived, with no small terror, a man lying asleep on this bench. And then, with increased affright, but not believing mine own eyes, but rather thinking it to be a vision, saw Basil, as it seemed to me, in the same dress he wore the day before, but with his face much paler. A cry burst from me, for methought perhaps he should be dead. But he awoke at my scream, looked somewhat wildly about him for a minute, rubbed his eyes, and then with a kind of smile, albeit an exceeding sad one, said,

"Is it you, my good angel?"

"O Basil," I cried, sitting down by his side, and taking hold of his chilled hand, "what hath happened? Why are you here?"

He covered his face with his hands. Methinks he was praying. Then he raised his pale noble visage, and said:

"About one hour after your departure, supper being just ended, I was talking with Sir Walter Raleigh and some other gentlemen, when a message was brought unto me from Lord Burleigh, who had retired to his

chamber, desiring for to speak with me. I thought it should be somewhat anent the Queen's pleasure for the ordering of the next day, and waited at once on his lordship. When I came in, he looked at me with a very severe and harsh countenance. 'Sir,' he said, in an abrupt manner, 'I am informed that you are excommunicated for Papistry. How durst you then attempt the royal presence, and to kiss her Majesty's hand? You — unfit to company with any Christian person — you are fitter for a pair of stocks, and are forthwith commanded not to appear again in her sight, but to hold yourself ready to attend her Council's pleasure.' Constance, God only knoweth what I felt; and oh, may He forgive me, that for one moment I did yield to a burning resentment, and forgot the prayers I have so often put up, that when persecution fell on me, I might meet it, as the early Christians did, with blessings, not with curses. But look you, love; a judicial sentence, torture, death methinks, should be easier to bear than this insulting, crushing, brutal tone, which is now used towards Catholics. Yet if Christ was for us struck by a slave and bore it, we should also be able for to endure their insolent scorn. Bitter words escaped me, I think; albeit I know not very well what I said; but his lordship turned his back on the man he had insulted, and left the room without listening to me. I be glad of it now. What doth it avail to remonstrate against injuries done under pretence of law, or bandy words with a judge which can compel you to silence?"

"Basil," I cried, "you may forgive that man; I cannot."

"Yea, but if you love me, you shall forgive him,"

he cried. "God defend mine injuries should work in thee an unchristian resentment! Nay, nay, love, weep not; think for what cause I am ill-used, and thou wilt presently rejoice thereat rather than grieve."

"But what happened when that lord had left you?" I asked, not yet able to speak composedly.

Then he: "I stood stock-still for a while in a kind of bewilderment, hearing loud laughter in the hall below, and seeing, as it did happen, a man the worse for liquor staggering about the court. To my heated brain it did seem as if hell had been turned loose in my house, where some hours before —" Then he stopped, and again sinking his head on his hands, paused a little, and then continued without looking up: "Well, I came down the stairs and walked straight out at the front door. As I passed the hall I heard some one ask, 'Which is the master of this huge house?' and another, whom by his voice I knew to be Topcliffe, answered, 'Rookwood, a papist, newly crept out of his wardship. As to his house, 'tis most fit for the blackguard, but not for her gracious Majesty to lodge in. But I hope she will serve God with great and comfortable examples, and have all such notorious papists presently committed to prison.' This man's speech seemed to restore me to myself, and a firmer spirit came over me. I resolved not to sleep under mine own roof, where in the Queen's name, such ignominious treatment had been awarded me, and went out of my house, reciting those verses of the Psalms, 'O God, save me in Thy name, and in Thy strength judge me. Because strangers have risen up against me, and the strong have sought my soul.' I came here almost unwittingly, and not choosing to disturb any one in



the midst of the night, lay down in this place, and, I thank God, soon fell asleep."

"You did not see Hubert?" I timidly inquired.

"No," he said, "neither before or after my interview with Lord Burleigh. I hope no one hath accused him of papistry, and so this time he may escape."

"And who did accuse you?" I asked.

"I know not," he answered; "we are never safe for one hour. A discontented groom or covetous neighbour may ruin us when they list."

"But are you not in danger of being called before the Council?" I said.

"Yea, more than in danger," he answered. "But I should hope a heavy fine shall this time satisfy the judges; which, albeit we can ill afford it, may yet be endured."

Then I drew him into the house, and we continued to converse till good Lady Tregony joined us. When I briefly related to her what Basil had told me, the colour rose in her pale, aged cheek; but she only clasped her hands and said,

"God's holy will be done."

"Constance," Basil exclaimed, whilst he was eating some breakfast we had set before him, "prithee get me paper and ink for to write to Hubert."

I looked at him inquiringly as I gave him what he asked for.

"I am banished from mine own house," he said; "but as long as it is mine the Queen should not lack anything I can supply for her comfort. She is my guest, albeit I am deemed unworthy to come into her

Presence; I must needs charge Hubert to act the host in my place, and see to all hospitable duties."

My heart swelled at this speech. Methought, though I dared not utter my thinking for more reasons than one, that Hubert had most like not waited for his brother's licence to assume the mastership of his house. The messenger was despatched, and then a long silence ensued, Basil walking to and fro before the house, and I embroidering, with mine eyes often raised from my work to look towards him. When nine o'clock struck I joined him, and we strolled outside the gate, and without forecasting to do so walked along the well-known path leading to Euston. When we reached a turn of the road whence the house is to be seen, we stopped and sat down on a bank under a sycamore-tree. We could discern from thence persons going in and out of the doors, and the country-folk crowding about the windows for to catch a glimpse of the Queen, the guard ever and anon pushing them back with their halberds. The numbers of them continually increased, and deputations began to arrive with processions and flags. It was passing strange for to be sitting there gazing as strangers on this turmoil and folks crowding about that house, the master of which was banished from it. At last we noticed an increased agitation amongst the people, which seemed to presage the Queen's coming out. Sounds of shouting proceeded from inside the building, and then a number of men issued from the front door, and pushing back the crowd advanced to the centre of the green plot in front and made a circle there with ropes.

"What sport are they making ready for?" I said, turning to Basil.

"God knoweth," he answered in a despondent tone. Then came others carrying a great armed-chair, which they placed on one side of the circle and other chairs beside it, and some country people brought in their arms loads of fagots, which they piled up in the midst of the green space. A painful suspicion crossed my mind, and I stole a glance at Basil for to see if the same thought had come to him. He was looking another way. I cast about if it should be possible on some pretence to draw him off from that spot, whence it misgave me a sorrowful sight should meet his eyes. But at that moment both of us were roused by loud cries of "God save the Queen!" "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" and we beheld her issue from the house bowing to the crowd, which filled the air with their cries and vociferous cheering. She seated herself in the armed-chair, her ladies and the chief persons of her train on each side of her. On the edge of this half-circle I discerned Hubert. The straining of mine eyes was very painful; they seemed to burn in their sockets. Basil had been watching the forth-coming of the Queen. but his sight was not so quick as mine, and as yet no fear such as I entertained had struck him.

"What be they about?" he said to me with a good-natured smile. Before I could answer — "Good God!" he exclaimed in an altered voice; "what sound is that?" for suddenly yells and hooting noises arose, such as a mob do salute criminals with, and a kind of procession issued from the front door. "What, what is it?" cried Basil, seizing my hand with a convulsive grasp; "what do they carry? — not Blessed Mary's Image?"

"Yea," I said, "I see Topcliffe walking in front of

them. They will burn it. There, there — they do lift it in the air in mockery. Oh, some people do avoid and turn away; now they lay it down and light the fagots." Then I put my hand over his eyes for that he should not see a sort of dance which was performed around the fire, mixed with yells and insulting gestures, and the Queen sitting and looking on. He forced my hand away; and when I said, "O, prithee, Basil, stay not here — come with me;" he exclaimed:

"Let me go, Constance! let me go! Shall I stand aloof when at mine own door the Blessed Mother of God is outraged? Am I a Jew or a heretic that I should endure this sight and not smite this Queen of Earth, which dareth to insult the Queen of Saints? Yea, if I should be torn to pieces, I will not suffer them to proceed."

I clung to him affrighted, and cried out, "Basil, you shall not go. Our Blessed Lady forbids it; your passion doth blind you. You will offend God and lose your soul if you do. Basil, dearest Basil, 'tis human anger, not godly sorrow only, moves you now." Then he cast himself down with his face on the ground and wept bitterly; which did comfort me, for his inflamed countenance had been terrible, and these tears came as a relief.

Meantime this disgusting scene ended, and the Queen withdrew; after which the crowd slowly dispersed, smouldering ashes alone remaining in the midst of the burnt-up grass. Then Basil rose, folded his arms, and gazed on the scene in silence. At last he said:

"Constance, this house shall no longer be mine. God knoweth I have loved it well since my infancy.

More dearly still since we forecasted together to serve God in it. But this scene would never pass away from my mind. This outrage hath stained the home of my fathers. This people, whose yells do yet ring in mine ears, can no longer be to me neighbours as heretofore, or this Queen my Queen. God forgive me if I do err in this. I do not curse her. No, God defend it! I pray that on her sad deathbed — for surely a sad one it must be — she shall cry for mercy and obtain it; but her subject I will not remain. I will compound my estate for a sum of money, and will go beyond seas, where God is served in a Catholic manner and His Holy Mother not dishonoured. Wilt thou follow me there, Constance?"

I leant my head on his shoulder, weeping. "O Basil," I cried, "I can answer only in the words of Ruth: 'Whithersoever thou shalt go, I will go; and where thou shalt dwell, I also will dwell. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

He drew my arm in his, and we walked slowly away towards Fakenham. Wishing to prepare his mind for a possible misfortune, I said: "We be a thousand times happier than those which shall possess thy lands."

"What say you?" he quickly answered; "who shall possess them?"

"God knoweth," I replied, afraid to speak further.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed; "a dreadful thought cometh to me; where was Hubert this morning?"

I remained silent.

"Speak, speak! O Constance, God defend he was there!"

His grief and horror were so great I durst not

reveal the truth, but made some kind of evasive answer. To this day methinks he is ignorant on that point.

The Queen and the Court departed from Euston soon after two of the clock; not before, as I since heard, the church furniture and books had been all destroyed, and a malicious report set about that a piece of her Majesty's plate was missing, as an excuse for to misuse the poor servants which had showed grief at the destruction carried on before their eyes. When notice of their departure reached Banham Hall, whither we had returned, Basil immediately went back to Euston. I much lamented he should be alone that evening, in the midst of so many sad sights and thoughts as his house now should afford him, little forecasting the event which, by a greater mishap, surmounted minor subjects of grief.

About six of the clock, Sir Francis Walsingham, attended by an esquire and two grooms, arrived at Lady Tregony's seat, and was received by her with the courtesy she was wont to observe with every one. After some brief discoursing with her on indifferent matters, he said his business was with young Mistress Sherwood, and he desired to see her alone. Thereupon I was fetched to him, and straightway he began to speak of the Queen's good opinion of me, and that her highness had been well contented with my behaviour when I had been admitted into her presence at his house; and that it should well please her Majesty I should marry a faithful subject of her Majesty's, whom she had taken into her favour, and then she would do us both good.

I looked in a doubtful manner at Sir Francis, feign-

ing to misapprehend his meaning, albeit too clear did it appear to me. Seeing I did not speak, he went on:

"It is her Majesty's gracious desire, Mistress Sherwood, that you should marry young Rookwood, her newly-appointed servant, and from this time possessor of Euston House, and all lands appertaining unto it, which have devolved upon him in virtue of his brother's recusancy and his own recent conformity."

"Sir," I answered, "my troth is plighted to his brother, a good man and an honourable gentleman, up to this time master of Euston and its lands; and whatever shall betide him or his possessions, none but him shall be my husband, if ten thousand queens as great as this one should proffer me another."

"Madam," said Sir Francis, "be not too rash in your pledges. I should be loth to think one so well trained in virtue and loyalty should persist in maintaining a troth-plight with a convicted recusant, an exceeding malignant Papist, who is at this moment in the hands of the pursuivants, and by order of her Majesty's council committed to Norwich gaol. If he should (which is doubtful) escape such a sentence as should ordain him to a lasting imprisonment or perpetual banishment from this realm, his poverty must needs constrain him to relinquish all pretensions to your hand; for his brother, a most learned, well-disposed, commendable young gentleman, with such good parts as fit him to aspire to some high advancement in the state and at court, having conformed some days ago to the established religion, and given many proofs of his zeal and sincerity therein, his brother's estates, as is most just, have devolved on him, and a more worthy,

and I may add, from long and constant devotion and fervent humble passion long since entertained for yourself, more desirable candidate for your hand could not easily be found."

I looked fixedly at Sir Francis, and then said, subduing my voice as much as possible, and restraining all gestures:

"Sir, you have, I ween, a more deep knowledge of men's hearts, and a more piercing insight into their thoughts than any other person in the world. You are wiser than any other statesman, and your wit and sagacity are spoken of all over Christendom. But methinketh, sir, there are two things which, wise and learned as you are, you are yet ignorant of, and these are, a woman's heart and a Catholic's faith. I would as soon wed the meanest clown which yelled this day at Blessed Mary's image, as the future possessor of Euston, the apostate Hubert Rookwood. Now, sir, I pray you, send for the pursuivants, and let me be committed to gaol for the same crime as my betrothed husband. God knoweth I will bless you for it."

"Madam," Sir Francis coldly answered, "the law taketh no heed of persons out of their senses. A frantic passion and an immoderate fanaticism have distracted your reason. Time and reflection will, I doubt not, recall you to better and more conformable sentiments; in which case I pray you to have recourse to my good offices, which shall ever be at your service."

Then bowing, he left me; and when he was gone, and the tumult of my soul had subsided, I lamented my vehemency, for methought if I had been more cunning in my speech, I could have done Basil some good; but now it was too late, and verily, if again exposed



to the same temptation, I doubt if I could have dissembled the indignant feelings which Sir Francis's advocacy of Hubert's suit worked in me.

Lady Tregony, pitying my unhappy plight, proposed to travel with me to London, where I was now desirous to return, for there I thought some steps might be taken to procure Basil's release, with more hope of success than if I tarried in the scene of our late happiness. She did me also the good to go with me in the first place to Norwich, where, by means of that same governor to whom Sir Hammond l'Estrange had once written in my father's behalf, we obtained for to see Basil for a few minutes. His brother's apostasy, and the painful suspicion that it was by his means the secret of Owen's cell at Euston had been betrayed, gave him infinite concern; but his own imprisonment and losses he bore with very great cheerfulness; and we entertained ourselves with the thought of a small cottage beyond seas, which henceforward became the theme of such imaginings as lovers must needs cherish to keep alive the flame of hope. Two days afterwards I reached London, having travelled very fast, and only slept one night on the road.

It sometimes happens that certain misfortunes do overtake us, which had we foreseen, we should well nigh have despaired, and misdoubted with what strength we should meet them: but God is very merciful, and fitteth the back to the burthen. If at the time that Basil left me at four of the clock to return to Euston, without any doubt on our minds to meet the next day, I should have known how long a parting was at hand, methinks all courage would have failed me. But hope worketh patience, and patience in return breedeth

hope, and the while the soul is learning lessons of resignation, which at first would have seemed too hard. At the outset of this trouble, I expected he should have soon been set at liberty on the payment of a fine; but I had forgot he was now a poor man, well nigh beggared by the loss of his inheritance. Mr. Swithin Wells, one of the best friends he and myself had, — for, alas, good Mr. Roper had died during my absence, — told me that, when Hubert heard of his brother's arrest, he fell into a great anguish of mind, and dealt earnestly with his new patrons to procure his release, but with no effect. Then, in a letter which he sent him, he offered to remit unto him whatever moneys he desired out of his estates; but Basil steadfastly refused to receive from him so much as one penny, and to this day has persisted in this resolve. I have since seen the letter which he wrote to him on this occasion, in which this resolution was expressed, but in no angry or contumelious terms, freely yielding him his entire forgiveness for his offence against him, if indeed any did exist, but such as was next to nothing in comparison of the offence towards God committed in the abandonment of his faith; and with all earnestness beseeching him to think seriously upon his present state, and to consider if the course he had taken, contrary to the breeding and education he had received, should tend to his true honour, reputation, contentment of mind, and eternal salvation. This he said he did plainly, for the discharge of his own conscience, and the declaration of an abiding love for him.

For the space of a year and two months he remained in prison at Norwich, Mr. Wells and Mr. Lacy

furnishing him with assistance, without which he should have lacked almost the necessaries of life; leastways such conveniences as made his sufferings tolerable. At the end of that time, it may be by Hubert's, or some other friend's efforts, a sentence of banishment was passed upon him, and he went beyond seas. I would fain have then joined him, but it pleased not God it should be at that time possible. Some moneys which were owing to him by a well-disposed debtor he looked for to recover, but till that happened he had not means for his own subsistence, much less wherewith to support a wife in howsoever humble a fashion. Dr. Allen (now Cardinal) invited him to Rheims, and received him there with open arms. My father, during the last years of his life, found in him a most dutiful and affectionate son, who closed his eyes with a truly filial reverence, and apprised me of his last passage in a brief but withal affecting letter, which to this day I keep as a memorial of his solicitous regard for that dear parent. Our love waxed not for this long separation less ardent or less tender; only more patient, more exalted, more inwardly binding now so much the more outwardly impeded. The greatest excellency I found in myself was the power of apprehending and the virtue of loving his. If his name appear not so frequently in this my writing as it hath hitherto done, even as his visible presence was lacking in that portion of my life which followed his departure, the thought of him never leaves me. If I speak of virtue in any one else, my mind turns to him, the most perfect exemplar I have met with of self-forgetting goodness; if of love, my heart recalls the perfect exchange of affection which doth link his soul with mine; if of joy, the

memory of that pure happiness I found in his society; if of sorrow, of the perpetual grief his absence did cause me; if of hope, the abiding anchor whereon I rested mine during the weary years of separation. Yea, when I do write the words faith, honour, nobility, firmness, tenderness, then I think I am writing my dear Basil's name.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE year which followed Basil's arrest, and during which he was in the prison at Norwich, I wholly spent in London; not with any success touching the procuring of his release, as I had expected, but with a constant hope thereof, which had its fulfilment later, albeit not by any of the means I had looked to. I shared the while with Muriel the care of her now aged and very infirm parents, taking her place at home when she went abroad on her charitable errands, or employed by her in the like good works when my ability would serve. A time cometh in most persons' lives, when maturity doth supplant youthfulness. I say most persons, because I have noticed that there are some who never do seem to attain unto any maturity of mind, and do live and die with the same childish spirit they had in youth. To others this change, albeit real, is scarcely perceptible, so gradual are its effects; but some again, either from a natural thoughtfulness, or by the influence of circumstances tending to sober in them the exuberance of spirits which appertaineth to early age, do wax mature in disposition before they grow old in years; and this befell me at that time

The eager temper, the intense desire and pursuit of enjoyment (of a good and innocent sort, I thank God) which had belonged to me till then, did so much and visibly abate, that it caused me some astonishment to see myself so changed. Joyful hours I have since known, happy days wherein mine heart hath been raised in adoring thankfulness to the Giver of all good; but the colour of my mind hath no more resembled that of former years, than the hues of the evening sky can be likened to the roseate flush of early morning. The joys have been tasted, the happiness relished, but not with the same keenness as heretofore. Mine own troubles, the crowning one of Basil's misfortunes, and what I continued then to witness in others of mine own faith, wrought in me these effects. The life of a Catholic in England in these days must needs, I think, produce one of two frames of mind. Either he will harbour angry passions, which religion reproves, which change a natural indignation into an unchristian temper of hatred, and lead him into plots and treasons; or else he becomes detached from the world, very quiet, given to prayer, ready to take at God's hands, and as from Him at men's also, sufferings of all kinds; and even those as yet removed from so great perfection learn to be still, and to bethink themselves rather of the next world than of the present one, more than even good people did in old times.

The only friends I haunted at that time were Mr. and Mrs. Swithin Wells. In the summer of that year I heard, one day when in their company, that Father Edmund Campion was soon to arrive in London. Father Parsons was then lodging at Master George Gilbert's house, and much talk was ministered touching this

other priest's landing, and how he should be conducted thither in safety. Bryan Lacy, Thomas James, and many others, took it by turns to watch at the landing-place where he was expected to disembark. Each evening Mr. Wells's friends came for to hear news thereof. One day, when no tidings of it had yet transpired, and the company was leaving, Mr. James comes in, and having shut the door, and glanced round the room before speaking, says, with a smile,

"What think you, sirs and ladies?"

"Master Campion is arrived," cries Mistress Wells.

"God be praised!" cries her husband, and all giving signs of joy do gather round Mr. James for to hear the manner of his landing.

"Well," quoth he, "I had been pacing up and down the quay for well nigh five hours, when I discerned a boat, which (God only knoweth wherefore) I straightway apprehended to be the one should bring Master Campion. And when it reached the landing-place, beshrew me if I did not at once see a man dressed in some kind of a merchant-suit, which, from the marks I had of his features from Master Parsons, I made sure was the reverend Father. So when he steps out of the boat I stand close to him, and in an audible voice, 'Good morrow, Edmund,' says I, which he hearing, turns round and looks me in the face. We both smile and shake hands, and I lead him at once to Master Gilbert's house. Oh, I promise you, it was with no small comfort to myself I brought that work to a safe ending. But now, sir," he continued, turning to Mr. Wells, "what think you of this? Nothing will serve Master Campion but a place must be immediately hired, and a spacious one also, for him to begin at once

to preach, for he saith he is here but for that purpose, and that he would not the pursuivants should catch him before he hath opened his lips in England; albeit, if God will grant him for the space of one year to exercise his ministry in this realm, he is most content to lay down his life afterwards. And methinks he considers Almighty God doth accept this bargain, and is in haste for to begin."

"Hath Master Gilbert called his friends together for to consider of it?" asked Mr. Wells.

"Yea," answered Mr. James. "To-morrow, at ten of the clock, a meeting will be held, not at his house, for greater security, but at Master Brown's shop in Southwark, for this purpose, and he prayeth you to attend it, sir, and you, and you, and you," he continued, turning to Bryan Lacy, William Gresham, Godfrey Fuljambe, Gervase Pierpoint, and Philip and Charles Bassett, which were all present.

The next day I heard from Mrs. Wells that my Lord Paget, at the instigation of his friends which met at Mr. Brown's, had hired, in his own name, Noel House, in the which one very large chamber should serve as a chapel, and that on the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, which fell on the coming Sunday, Father Campion would say Mass there, and for the first time preach. She said the chief Catholics in London had combined for to send there, in the night, vestments, ornaments for the altar, books, and all that should be needful for divine worship. And the young noblemen and gentlemen which had been at her house the night before, and many others also, such as Lord Vaux, William and Richard Griffith, Arthur Cresswell, Charles Tilney, Stephen Berkeley, James Hill, Thomas de Salis-

bury, Thomas Fitzherbert, Jerom Bellamy, Thomas Pound, Richard Stanyhurst, Thomas Abington, and Charles Arundel (this was one of the Queen's pages, but withal a zealous Catholic), had joined themselves in a company, for to act, some as sacristans of this secret chapel, some as messengers, to go round and give notice of the preachments, and some as porters, which would be a very weighty office, for one unreliable person admitted into that oratory should be the ruin of all concerned.

Muriel and I, with Mr. Wells, went at an early hour on the Sunday to Noel House. Master Philip Bassett was at the door. He smiled when he saw us, and said he supposed he needed not to ask us for the password. The chamber into which we went was so large, and the altar so richly adorned, that the like, I ween, had not been seen since the Queen had changed the religion of the country.

Mass was said by Father Campion, and that noble company of devout gentlemen aforementioned almost all communicated thereat, and many others besides, and ladies not a few. When Mass was ended, and Father Campion stood up for to begin his sermon, so deep a silence reigned in that crowded assembly, — for the chamber was more full than it could well hold, that a pin should have been heard to drop. Some thirsting for to hear Catholic preaching, so rare in these days, some eager to listen to the words of a man famous for his learning and parts, both before and after his conversion, beyond any other in this country. For mine own part, methought his very countenance was a preachment. When his eyes addressed themselves to Heaven, it seemed as if they did verily see



God, so piercing, so awed, so reverent was their gaze. He took for his text the words, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." My whole soul was fastened on his words; and albeit I have had but scant occasion to compare one preacher with another, I do not think it should be possible for a more pathetic and stirring eloquence to flow from human lips than his who that day gave God's message to a suffering and persecuted people. I had not taken mine eyes off his pale yet glowing face not for so much as one instant, until, near the close of his discourse, I chanced to turn them to a place almost hidden by the curtain of an altar, where some gentlemen were standing, concealing themselves from sight. Alas! in one instant the inflamed fervour of my heart, the staid, rapt intentness with which I had listened, the heavenward lifting-up of my soul, vanished as if a vision of death had risen before me. I had seen Hubert Rookwood's face, that face so like — oh, what anguish was that likeness to me then! — to my Basil's. No one but me could perceive him, he was so hid by the curtain; but where I sat it opened a little, and disclosed the stern, melancholy, beautiful visage of the apostate, the betrayer of his own brother, the author of our ruin, the destroyer of our happiness. I thank God that I first beheld him again, by the side of the altar whereon Jesus had lately descended, whilst the words of His servant were in mine ears, speaking of love and patience. It was not any angry resentment I then felt, nor any kind of hatred towards Basil's brother, but only terror, for all present, and for him also, if peradventure he was there with an evil intent. Mine eyes were fixed as by a spell

on his pale face, the while Father Campion's closing words were uttered, which spoke of St. Peter, of his crime and of his penance, of his bitter tears and his burning love. "If," he cried, "there be one here present on whose soul doth lie the guilt of a like sin; one peradventure yet more guilty than Peter; one like Judas in his crime; one like Judas in his despair — to him I say, There is mercy for thee; there is hope for thee; there is heaven for thee, if thou wilt have it. Doom not thyself, and God will never doom thee." These or the like words (for memory doth ill serve me to recall the fervent adjurations of that apostolical man) he used; and, lo, I beheld tears running down like rain from Hubert's eyes — an unchecked vehement torrent which seemed to defy all restraint. How I blessed those tears! what a yearning pity seized me for him who did shed them! How I longed to clasp his hand and to weep with him! I lost sight of him when the sermon was finished; but in the street, when we departed — which was done slowly and by degrees, for to avoid notice, four or five only going out at a time — I saw him on the other side of the pavement. Our eyes met; he stopped in a hesitating manner, and I also doubted what to do, for I thought Mistress Wells and Muriel would be averse to speak to him. Then he rapidly crossed over, and said, in a whisper:

"Will you see me, Constance, if I come to you this evening?"

I pondered; I feared to quench, it might be, a good resolve, or precipitate an evil one by a refusal; and building hopes of the former on the tears I had seen him shed, I said:

"Yea, if you come as Basil's brother and mine."

He turned and walked hastily away.

Mistress Wells and Muriel asked me with some affright if it was Hubert had spoken to me, for they had scarce seen his face, although from his figure they had judged it was him; and when I told them he had been at Noel House, "Then we are undone!" the one exclaimed; and Muriel said: "We must straightway apprise Mr. Wells thereof; but there should be hopes, I think, he came there in some good disposition."

"I think so too," I answered; and told them of the emotion which I had noticed in him at the close of the sermon, which comforted them not a little. But he came not that evening; and Mr. Wells discovered the next day that it was Thomas Fitzherbert, who had lately arrived in London, and was not privy to his late conformity, which had invited him to come to Noel House. Father Campion continued to preach once a day at the least, often twice, and sometimes thrice, and very marvellous effects ensued. Each day greater crowds did seek admittance for to hear him, and Noel House was as openly frequented as if it had been a public church. Numbers of well-disposed Protestants came for to hear him, and it was bruited at the time that Lord Arundel had been amongst them. He converted many of the best sort, besides young gentlemen students, and others of all conditions, which by day, and some by night, sought to confer with him. I went to the preachments as often as possible. We could scarce credit our eyes and ears, so singular did it appear that one should dare to preach, and so many to listen to Catholic doctrine, and to seek to be reconciled in the midst of so great dangers, and under the pressure of tyrannic laws. Every day some new-comer

was to be seen at Noel House, sometimes their faces concealed under great hats, sometimes stationed behind curtains or open doors, for to escape observation.

After some weeks had thus passed, when I ceased to expect Hubert should come, he one day asked to see me, and having sent for Kate, who was then in the house, I did receive him. Her presence appeared greatly to displease him, but he began to speak to me in Italian; and first he complained of Basil's pride, which would not suffer him to receive any assistance from him who should be so willing to give it.

"Would you,—" I began, and was about to add some cutting speech, but I resolved to restrain myself and by no indiscreet words to harden his soul against remorse, or perhaps endanger others. Then after some other talking he told me, in a cunning manner, making his meaning clear, but not couching it in direct terms, that if I would conform to the Protestant religion and marry him, Basil should be, he could warrant it, set at liberty, and he would make over to him more than one-half of the income of his estates yearly, which being done in secret, the law could not then touch him. I made no answer thereunto, but fixing mine eyes on him, said, in English:

"Hubert, what should be your opinion of the sermon on St. Peter and St. Paul's day?" He changed colour. "Was it not," I said, "a moving one?" Biting his lip, he replied:

"I deny not the preacher's talent."

"O Hubert," I exclaimed, "fence not yourself with evasive answers. I know you believe as a Catholic."

"The devils believe," he answered.

"Hubert," I then said, with all the energy of my

soul, "if you would not miserably perish — if you would not lose your soul — promise me this night to retrace your steps; to seek Father Campion and be reconciled." His lip quivered; methought I could almost see his good angel on one side of him and a tempting fiend on the other. But the last prevailed, for with a bitter sneer he said:

"Yea, willingly, fair saint, if you will marry me."

Kate, who till then had not much understood what had passed, cried out: "Fie, Hubert, fie on thee to tempt her to abandon Basil, and he a prisoner."

"Madam," he said, turning to her, "recusants should not be so bold in their language. The laws of the land are transgressed in a very daring manner now-a-days, and those who obey them taunted for the performance of their duty to the Queen and the country."

Oh, what a hard struggle it proved to be patient; to repress the vehement reproaches which hovered on my lips! Kate looked at me affrighted. I trembled from head to foot. Father Campion's life and the fate of many others, it might be, were in the hands of this man, this traitor, this spy. To upbraid him I dared not, but wringing my hands, exclaimed:

"O Hubert, Hubert! for thy mother's sake, who looks down on us from heaven, listen to me. There be no crimes which may not be forgiven; but some there be which if one doth commit them he forgiveth not himself, and is likely to perish miserably."

"Think you I know this not," he fiercely cried; "think you not that I suffer even now the torment you speak of, and envy the beggar in the street his stupid apathy?" He drew a paper from his bosom and un-

folded it. A terrible gleam shot through his eyes. "I could compel you to be my wife."

"No," I said, looking him in the face; "neither men nor fiends can give you that power. God alone could do it, and He will not."

"Do you see this paper?" he asked. "Here are the names of all the recusants who have been reconciled by the Pope's champion. I have but to speak the word, and to-morrow they are lodged in the Marshalsea or the Tower, and the priest first and foremost."

"But you will not do it," I said, with a singular calmness. "No, Hubert; as God Almighty liveth, you will not. You cannot commit this crime, this foul murder."

"If it should come to that," he fiercely cried, "if blood should be shed, on your head it will fall. You can save them if you list."

"Would you compel me by a bloody threat to utter a false vow?" I said. "O Hubert, Hubert! that you, you should threaten to betray a priest, to denounce Catholics! There was a day — have you forgot it? — when at the chapel at Euston, your father at your side, you knelt, an innocent child, at the altar's rail, and a priest came to you and said: 'Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam ad vitam æternam.' If any one then had told you —"

"Oh, for God's sake speak not of it!" he wildly cried; "that way madness doth lie."

"No, no," I cried, "not madness, but hope and return."

A change came over his face; he thrust the paper in my hand. "Destroy it," he cried; "destroy it, Con-

stance!" And then bursting into tears, "God knoweth I never meant to do it."

"O Hubert, you have been mad, dear brother; more mad than guilty. Pray, and God will bless you."

"Call me not brother, Constance. Would to God I had been *only* mad! But it is too late now to think on it."

"Nay, nay," I cried, "it never is too late."

"Pray for me then," he said, and went to the door; but, turning suddenly, whispered in a scarce audible manner, "Ask Father Campion to pray for me;" and then rushed out.

Kate had now half-fainted, and would have it we were all going to be killed. I pacified and sent her home, lest she should fright her parents with her rambling speeches.

Albeit Hubert's last words had seemed to be sincere, I could not but call to mind how, after he had been apparently cut to the heart and moved even to tears by Father Campion's preaching, he had soon uttered threats which, howsoever recalled, left me in doubt if it should be safe to rely on his silence; so I privately informed Mr. Wells, and he Master George Gilbert and Father Parsons, of what had passed between us. At the same time I have never known whether by Hubert's means, or in any other way, her Majesty's Council got wind of the matter, and gave out that great confederacies were made by the Pope and foreign princes for the invasion of this country, and that Jesuits and seminary priests were sent to prepare their ways. Exquisite diligence was used for the apprehension of all such, but more particularly the

Pope's champion, as Master Campion was called. So in the certainty that Hubert was privy to the existence of the chapel at Noel House, and that many Protestants were also acquainted with it, and likewise with his lodging at Master Elliot's, where not a few resorted to him in the night, he was constrained by Father Parsons to leave London, to the no small regret of Catholics and others also which greatly admired his learning and eloquence, the like of which was not to be found in any other persons at that time. None of those which had attended the preachments at Noel House were accused, nor the place wherein they had met disclosed, which inclineth me to think Hubert did not reveal to her Majesty's government his knowledge thereof. About two months afterwards Basil's release and banishment happened. I would fain have seen him on his way to the coast; but the order for his departure was so sudden and peremptory, the Queen's officers not losing sight of him until he was embarked on a vessel going to France, that I was deprived of that happiness. That he was no longer a prisoner I rejoiced; but it seemed as if a second and more grievous separation had ensued, now that the sea did divide me from the dear object of my love.

Lady Arundel, whose affectionate heart resented with the most tender pity the abrupt interruption of our happiness, had often written to me during this year to urge my coming to Arundel Castle; "for," said she, "methinks, my dear Constance, a third turtle-dove might now be added to the two on the Queen of Scotland's design; but on thy tree, sweet one, the leaves are, I warrant thee, very green yet, and future joys shall blossom on its wholesome branches, which are



pruned but not destroyed, injured but not withered." She spoke with no small contentment of her then residence, that noble castle, her husband's worthiest possession (as she styled it), and the grandest jewel of his earldom. "For albeit" (thus she wrote) "Kenninghall is larger in the extent it doth cover and embrace, and far more rich in its decorations and adornments, I hold it not to be comparable in true dignity to this castle, which, for the strength of its walls, the massive grandeur of its keep, the vast forests which do encircle it, the river which bathes its feet, the sea in its vicinity and visible from its tower, the stately trees about it, and the clinging ivy, which softens with abundant verdure the stern frowning walls, hath not its like in all England." But a letter I had from this dear lady a few months after this one contained the most joyful news I could receive, as will be seen by those who read it.

"My good Constance" (her ladyship wrote), "I would I had you a prisoner in this fortress, to hold and detain at my pleasure. Methinks I will present thee as a recusant, and sue for the privilege of thy custody. Verily, I should keep good watch over thee. There be dungeons enough, I warrant you, in the keep, wherein to enprison runaway friends. Master Bayley doth take great pains to explain to me the names and old uses of the towers, chapels, and buildings within and without the castle, which do testify to the zeal and piety of past generations: the Chapel of St. Martin, in the keep, which was the oratory of the garrison; the old collegiate buildings of the College of the Holy Trinity; the Maison-Dieu, designed by Richard Earl of Arundel, and built by his son on the right bank of the river,

for the harbouring of twenty aged and poor men, either unmarried or widowers, which from infirmity were unable to provide for their own support; the Priory of the Friars Preachers, with the rising gardens behind it; the Chapel of Blessed Mary, over the gate; that of St. James ad Leprosos, which was attached to the Lepers' Hospital; and St. Lawrence's, which standeth on the hill above the tower; and in the valley below, the Priory of St. Bartholomew, built by Queen Adeliza for the monks of St. Austin. Verily the poor were well cared for when all these monasteries and hospitals did exist; and it doth grieve me to think that the moneys which were designed by so many pious men of past ages for the good of religion should now be paid to my lord, and spent in worldly and profane uses. Howsoever, I have better hopes than heretofore that he will one day serve God in a Christian manner. And now, methinks, after much doubting if I should dare for to commit so weighty a secret unto paper, that I must needs tell thee, as this time I send my letter by a trusty messenger, what, if I judge rightly, will prove so great a comfort to thee, my dear Constance, that thine own griefs shall seem the lighter for it. Thou dost well know how long I have been well-affected to Catholic religion, increasing therein daily more and more, but yet not wholly resolved to embrace and profess it. But by reading a book treating of the danger of schism, soon after my coming here, I was so efficaciously moved, that I made a firm purpose to become a member of the Catholic and only true Church of God. I charged Mr. Bayley to seek out a grave and ancient priest, and to bring him here privately; for I desired very much that my reconciliation, and meeting with

this priest to that intent, should be kept as secret as was possible, for the times are more troublesome than ever, and I would fain have none to know of it until I can disclose it myself to my lord in a prudent manner. I have, as thou knowest, no Catholic women about me, nor any one whom I durst acquaint with this business; so I was forced to go alone at an unseasonable hour from mine own lodging in the castle, by certain dark ways and obscure passages, to the chamber where this priest (whose name, for greater prudence, I mention not here) was lodged, there to make my confession, — it being thought, both by Mr. Bayley and myself, that otherwise it could not possibly be done without discovery, or at least great danger thereof. Oh, mine own dear Constance, when I returned by the same way I had gone, lightened of a burthen so many years endured, cheered by the thought of a reconcilment so long desired, strengthened and raised, leastways for a while, above all worldly fears, darkness appeared light, rough paths smooth; the moon, shining through the chinks of the secret passage, which I thought had shed before a ghastly light on the uneven walls, now seemed to yield a mild and pleasant brightness, like unto that of God's grace in a heart at peace. And this exceeding contentment and steadfastness of spirit have not — I praise Him for it — since left me; albeit I have much cause for apprehension in more ways than one; for what in these days is so secret it becometh not known? But whatever now shall befall me, — public dangers or private sorrows, — my feet do rest on a rock, not on the shifting sands of human thinkings, and I am not afraid of what man can do unto me. Yea, Philip's displeasure I can now

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endure, which of all things in the world I have heretofore most apprehended."

The infinite contentment this letter gave me distracted me somewhat from the anxious thoughts that filled my mind at the time it reached me, which was soon after Hubert's visit. A few days afterwards Lady Arundel wrote again:

"My lord has been here, but stayed only a brief time. I found him very affectionate in his behaviour, but his spirits so much depressed that I feared something had disordered him. Conversation seemed a burthen to him, and he often shut himself up in his own chamber, or walked into the park with only his dog. When I spoke to him he would smile with much kindness, uttering such words as 'sweet wife,' or 'dearest Nan,' and then fall to musing again, as if his mind had been too oppressed with thinking to allow of speech. The day before he left I was sorting flowers at one end of the gallery in a place which the wall projecting doth partly conceal. I saw him come from the hall up the stairs into it, and walk to and fro in an agitated manner, his countenance very much troubled, and his gestures like unto those of a person in great perplexity of mind. I did not dare so much as to stir from where I stood, but watched him for a long space of time with incredible anxiety. Sometimes he stopped and raised his hand to his forehead. Another while he went to the window and looked intently now at the tower and the valley beyond it, now up at the sky, on which the last rays of the setting sun were throwing a deep red hue, as if the world had been on fire. Then turning back, he joined his hands together and anon sundered them again,

pace up and down the while more rapidly than before, as if an inward conflict urged this unwitting speed. At last I saw him stand still, lift up his hands and eyes to heaven, and move his lips as if in prayer. What passed in his mind then, God only knoweth. He is the most reluctant person in the world to disclose his thoughts.

"When an hour afterwards we met in the library his spirits seemed somewhat improved. He spoke of his dear sister Meg with much affection, and asked me if I had heard from Bess. Lord William, he said, was the best brother a man ever had; and that it should like him well to spend his life in any corner of the world God should appoint for him, so that he had to keep him company Will and Meg and his dear Nan, 'which I have so long ill-treated,' he added, 'that as long as I live I shall not cease to repent of it; and God He knoweth I deserve not so good a wife;' with many other like speeches which I wish he would not use, for it grieveth me he should disquiet himself for what is past, when his present kindness doth so amply recompense former neglect. Mine own Constance, I pray you keep your courage alive in your afflictions. There be no lane so long but it hath a turning, the proverb saith. My sorrows seemed at one time without an issue. Now light breaketh through the yet darksome clouds which do environ us. So will it be with thee. Burn this letter, seeing it doth contain what may endanger the lives of more persons than one. — Thy loving faithful friend,

"ANN ARUNDEL AND SURREY."

A more agitated letter followed this one, written

at different times, and detained for some days for lack of a safe messenger to convey it.

"What I much fear," so it began, "is the displeasure of my lord when he comes to know of my reconciliation, for it cannot, I think, be long concealed from him. This my fear, dear Constance, hath been much increased by the coming down from London of one of his chaplains, who affirms he was sent on purpose by the earl to read prayers and to preach to me and my family; and on last Sunday he came into the great chamber of the castle, expecting and desiring to know my pleasure therein. I thought best for to send for him to my chamber, and I desired him not to trouble himself nor me in that matter, for I would satisfy the earl therein. But oh, albeit I spoke very composedly, my apprehensions are very great. For see, my dear friend, Philip hath been but lately reconciled to me, and his fortunes are in a very desperate condition, so that he may think I have given the last blow to them by this act, which his enemies will surely brave at. Think not I do repent of it. God knoweth I should as soon repent of my baptism as of my return to His true Church; but though the spirit is stedfast, the flesh is weak, and the heart also. What will he say to me when he cometh! He did once repulse me, but hath never upbraided me. How shall I bear new frowns after recent caresses! — peradventure an eternal parting after a late reunion. O Constance, pray for me. But I remember I have no means for to send this letter. But God be praised, I have now friends in heaven which I may adjure to pray for me, who have at hand no earthly ones."

Four or five days later, her ladyship thus finished her letter:

"God is very merciful; oh, let His holy name be praised and magnified for ever! Now the weight of a mountain is off my heart. Now I care not for what man may do unto me. Phil has been here, and I promise thee, dear Constance, when his horse stopped at the castle-door, my heart almost stopped its beating so great was my apprehension of his anger. But, to my great joy and admiration, he kissed me very tenderly, and did not speak the least word of the chaplain's errand. And when we did walk out in the evening, and mounting to the top of the keep, stood there looking on the fine trees and the sun sinking into the sea, my dear lord, who had been some time silent, turned to me and said, 'Meg has become Catholic.' Joy and surprise almost robbed me of my breath; for next to his reconciliation his sister's was what I most desired in the world, and also I knew what a particular love he had ever shown for her, a being his only sister, by reason whereof he would not seem to be displeased with her change, and consequently he could not in reason be much offended with myself for being what she was; so when he said 'Meg has become Catholic,' I leant my face against his shoulder, and whispered, 'So hath Nan.' He spoke not nor moved for some minutes. Methinks he could have heard the beatings of my heart. I was comforted that, albeit he uttered not so much as one word, he made no motion for to withdraw himself from me whose head still rested against his bosom. Suddenly he threw his arms about me, and strained me to his

breast. So tender an embrace I had never before had from him, and I felt his tears falling on my head. But speech there was none touching my change. However, before he left me I said to him, 'My dear Phil, Holy Scripture doth advise those who enter into the service of Almighty God to prepare themselves for temptation. As soon as I resolved to become Catholic, I did deeply imprint this in my mind; for the times are such that I must expect to suffer for that cause.' 'Yea, dearest Nan,' he answered, with great kindness, 'I doubt not thou hast taken the course which will save thy soul from the danger of shipwreck, although it doth subject thy body to the peril of misfortune.' Then waxing bolder, I said, 'And thou, Phil —' and there stopped short, looking what I would speak. He seemed to struggle for a while with some inward difficulty of speaking his mind, but at last he began, 'Nan, I will not become Catholic before I can resolve to live as a Catholic, and I defer the former until I have an intent and resolute purpose to perform the latter. O Nan, when I think of my vile usage of thee, whom I should have so much loved and esteemed for thy virtue and discretion; of my wholly neglecting, in a manner, my duty to the earl my grandfather, and my aunt Lady Lumley; of my wasting, by profuse expenses of great sums of money in the following of the courts, the estate which was left me, and a good quantity of thine own lands also, but far more than all, my total forgetting of my duty to Almighty God, — for, carried away with company, youthful entertainments, pleasures, and delights, my mind being wholly possessed with them, I did scarce so much as think of God, or of anything concerning religion or



the salvation of my soul, — I do feel myself unworthy of pardon, and utterly to be condemned.'

"So much goodness, humility, and virtuous intent was apparent in this speech, and such comfortable hopes of future excellence, that I could not forbear from exclaiming, 'My dear Phil, I ween thou wilt be one of those who shall love God much, forasmuch as He will have forgiven thee much.' And then I asked him how long it was since this change in his thinking, albeit not yet acted upon, had come to him. He said, it so happened that he was present, the year before, at a disputation held in the Tower of London, between Mr. Sherwin and some other priests on the one part, Charles Fulk, Whitakers, and some other Protestant ministers on the other; and, by what he heard and saw there, he had perceived, he thought, on which side the truth and true religion was, though at the time he neither did intend to embrace or follow it. But, he added, what had moved him of late most powerfully thereunto was a sermon of Father Campion's which he had heard at Noel House, whither Charles Arundel had carried him, some days before his last visit to me. 'The whole of those days,' he said, 'my mind was so oppressed with remorse and doubt, that I knew no peace, until one evening, by a special grace of God, when I was walking alone in the gallery, I firmly resolved — albeit I knew not how or when to accomplish this purpose — to become a member of His Church, and to frame my life according to it; but I would not acquaint thee, or any other person living, with this intention, until I had conferred thereof with my brother William. Thou knowest, Nan, the very special love I bear him, and which he hath ever shown to me. Well,

a few days after I returned to London, I met him accidentally in the street, he having come from Cumberland touching some matter of Bess's lands; and taking him home with me, I discovered to him my determination, somewhat covertly at first; and after I lent him a book to read, which was written not long ago by Dr. Allen, and have dealt with him so efficaciously, that he has also resolved to become Catholic. He is to meet me again next week, for further conference touching the means of putting this intent into execution, which verily I see not how to effect, being so watched by servants and so-called friends, which besiege my doors and haunt mine house in London on all occasions.'

"This difficulty, dear Constance, I sought to remedy by acquainting my lord that his secretary, Mr. Mumford, was Catholic, and he could therefore disclose his thought with safety to him. And I also advised him to seek occasion to know Mr. Wells and some other zealous persons, which would confirm him in his present resolution and aid him in the execution thereof. It may be, therefore, you will soon see him, and fervently do I commend him to thy prayers and whatever service in the one thing needful should be in thy power to procure for him. My heart is so transported with joy that I never remember the like motions to have filled it. My most hope for this present time at least had been he should show no dislike to my being Catholic; and lo, I find him to be one in heart, and soon to be so in effect; and the great gap between us, which so long hath been a yawning chasm of despair, now filled up with a renewed love, and yet more by a

parity of thinking touching what it most behoveth us to be united in. Deo gratias!"

Here this portion of my lady's manuscript ended but these few hasty lines were written below visibly by a trembling-hand, and the whole closed, I ween, abruptly. Methinks it was left for me at Mr. Wells's where I found it, by Mr. Mumford, or some other Catholic in the earl's household:

"The inhabitants of Arundel have presented me for a recusant, and Mr. Bayley has been committed and accused before the Bishop of Chichester as a seminary priest. He hath, of course, easily cleared himself of this; but because he will not take the oath of supremacy, he is forced to quit the country. He hath passed into Flanders."

And then for many weeks I had no tidings of the dear writer, until one day it was told us that when the Queen had notice of her reconciliation, she disliked of it to such a degree that presently she ordered her being then with child, to be taken from her own house and carried to Wiston, Sir Thomas Shirley's dwelling-place, there to be kept prisoner till further orders. Alas! all the time she remained there I received not so much as one line from her ladyship, nor did her husband either, as I afterwards found. So straitly was she confined and watched that none could serve or have access to her but the knight and his lady, and such as were approved by them. Truly, as she since told me, they courteously used her, but special care was taken that none that was suspected for a priest should come within sight of the house, which was no small addition to her sufferings. Lady Margaret Sackville was at that time also thrown into prison.

# CHAPTER VIII.

DURING the whole year of Lady Arundel's imprisonment, neither her husband, nor her sister, nor her most close friends, such as my poor unworthy self, had tidings from her, in the shape of any letter or even message, so sharply was she watched and hindered from communicating with any one. Only Sir Thomas Shirley wrote to the earl her husband to inform him of his lady's safe delivery, and the birth of a daughter, which, much against her will, was baptized according to the Protestant manner. My Lord Arundel, mindful of her words in the last interview he had with her before her arrest, began to haunt Mr. Wells's house in a private way, and there I did often meet with him, who being resolved, I ween, to follow his lady's example in all things, began to honour me with so much of his confidence, that I had occasion to discern how true had been Sir Henry Jerningham's forecasting that this young nobleman, when once turned to the ways of virtue and piety, should prove himself by so much the more eminent in goodness as he had heretofore been distinguished for his reckless conduct. One day that he came to Holborn, none others being present but Mr. and Mrs. Wells, and myself, he told us that he and his brother Lord William having determined to become Catholics, and apprehending great danger in declaring themselves as such within the kingdom, had resolved secretly to leave the land, to pass into Flanders, and there to remain till more quiet times.

"What steps," Mr. Wells asked, "hath your lordship disposed for to effect this departure?"

"In all my present doings," quoth the earl, "the mind of my dear wife doth seem to guide me. The last time I was with her she informed me that my secretary, John Mumford, is a Catholic, and I have since greatly benefited by this knowledge. He is gone to Hull, in Yorkshire, for to take order for our passage to Flanders, and I do wait tidings from him before I leave London."

Then, turning to me, he inquired in a very earnest manner if my thinking agreed with his, that his sweet lady should be contented he should forsake the realm, for the sake of the religious interests which moved him thereunto, joined with the hope that when he should be abroad and his lands confiscated, which he doubted not would follow, she would be presently set at liberty, and with her little wench join him in Flanders. I assented thereunto, and made a promise to him that as soon as her ladyship should be released I would hasten to her, and feast her ears with the many assurances of tender affection he had uttered in her regard, and aid her departure; which did also Mr. Wells. Then, drawing me aside, he spoke for some time, with tears in his eyes, of his own good wife, as he called her.

"Mistress Sherwood," he said, "I do trust in God that she shall find me henceforward as good a husband, to my poor ability, by His grace, as she has found me bad heretofore. No sin grieves me any thing so much as my offences against her. What is past is a nail in my conscience. My will is to make satisfaction; but though I should live never so long, I can never do so further than by a good desire to do it, which, while I have any spark of breath, shall never be wanting."

And many words like these, which he uttered in so heartfelt a manner that I could scarce refrain from weeping at the hearing of them. And so we parted that day: he with a confident hope soon to leave the realm; I with some misgivings thereon, which were soon justified by the event. For, a few days afterwards, Mr. Lacy brought us tidings he had met Mr. Mumford in the street, who had told him — when he expressed surprise at his return — that before he could reach Hull he had been apprehended and carried before the Earl of Huntingdon, president of York, and examined by him, without any evil result at that time, having no papers or suspicious things about him; but being now watched, he ventured not to proceed to the coast, but straightway came to London, greatly fearing Lord Arundel should have left it.

“He hath not done so?” I anxiously inquired.

“Nay,” answered Mr. Lacy, “so far from it, that I pray you to guess how the noble earl — much against his will, I ween — is presently employed.”

“He is not in prison?” I cried.

“God defend it!” he replied. “No; he is preparing for to receive the Queen at Arundel House; upon notice given him that her Majesty doth intend on Thursday next to come thither for her recreation.”

“Alack!” I cried, “her visits to such as be of his way of thinking bode no good to them. She visited him and his wife at the Charterhouse at the time when his father was doomed to death, and now when she is a prisoner, her Highness doth come to Arundel House. When she set her foot in Euston, the whole fabric of my happiness fell to the ground. Heaven shield the like doth not happen in this instance; but I do greatly

apprehend the issue of this sudden honour conferred on him."

On the day fixed for the great and sumptuous banquet which was prepared for the Queen at Arundel House, I went thither, having been invited by Mrs. Fawcett to spend the day with her on this occasion, which minded me of the time when I went with my cousins and mine own good Mistress Ward for to see her Majesty's entertainment at the Charterhouse, wherein had been sowed the seeds of a bitter harvest, since reaped by his sweet lady and himself. Then pageants had charms in mine eyes; now, none — but rather the contrary. Howsoever, I was glad to be near at hand on that day, so as to hear such reports 'as reached us from time to time of her Majesty's behaviour to the earl. From all I could find, she seemed very well contented; and Mr. Mumford, with whom I was acquainted, came to Mrs. Fawcett's chamber, hearing I was there, and reported that her Highness had given his lordship many thanks for her entertainment, and showed herself exceeding merry all the time she was at table, asking him many questions, and relating anecdotes which she had learnt from Sir Fulke Greville, whom the maids-of-honour were wont to say brought her all the tales she heard; at which Mrs. Fawcett said that gentleman had once declared that he was like Robin Goodfellow; for that when the dairy-maids upset the milk-pans, or made a romping and racket, they laid it all on Robin; and so, whatever gossip-tales the Queen's ladies told her, they laid it all upon him, if he was ever so innocent of it."

"Sir," I said to Mr. Mumford, "think you her

Majesty hath said aught to my lord touching his lady or his lately-born little daughter?"

"Once," he answered, "when she told of the noble trick she hath played Sir John Spencer touching his grandson, whom he would not see because his daughter did decamp from his house in a baker's basket for to marry Sir Henry Compton, and her Majesty invited him to be her gossip at the christening of a fair boy to whom she did intend to stand godmother, for that he was the first-born child of a young couple who had married for love and lived happily; and so the old knight said, as he had no heir, he should adopt this boy, for he had disinherited his daughter. So then, at the font, the Queen names him Spencer, and when she leaves the church, straightway reveals to Sir John that his godson is his grandson, and deals so cunningly with him that a reconciliation doth ensue. Well, when she related this event, my lord said in a low voice, 'Oh, madame, would it might please your Majesty for to place another child now at its mother's breast, a first-born one also, in its father's arms! and as by your gracious dealing your Highness wrought a reconciliation between a father and a daughter, so likewise now to reunite a parted husband from a wife which hath too long languished under your royal displeasure.'"

"What answered her grace?" I asked.

"A few words, the sense of which I could not catch," Mr. Mumford answered; "being placed so as to hear my lord's speaking more conveniently than her replies. He said again, 'The displeasure of a prince is a heavy burthen to bear.' And then, methinks, some other talk was ministered of a lighter sort. But



be of good heart, Mistress Sherwood; I cannot but think our dear lady shall soon be set at liberty."

Mr. Mumford's words were justified in a few days; for, to my unspeakable joy, I heard Lady Arundel had been released by order of the Queen, and had returned to Arundel Castle. It was her lord himself who brought me the good tidings, and said he should travel thither in three days, when his absence from court should be less noted, as then her Majesty would be at Richmond. He showed me a letter he had received from his lady, the first she had been able to write to him for a whole year. She did therein express her contentment, greater, she said, than her pen could describe, at the sight of the grey ivied walls, the noble keep, her own chamber and its familiar furniture, and mostly at the thought of his soon coming; and that little Bess had so much sense already, that when she heard his name, nothing would serve her but to be carried to the window, "whence, methinks," the sweet lady said, "she doth see me always looking towards the entrance-gate, through which all my joy will speedily come to me. When, for to cheat myself and her, I cry, 'Hark to my lord's horse crossing the bridge!' she cooes, so much as to say she is glad also, and stretcheth her arms out, the pretty fool, as if to welcome her unseen father, who methinks, when he doth come, will be no stranger to her, so often doth she kiss the picture which hangeth about her mother's neck."

But, alas! before the Queen went to Richmond, she sent a command that my Lord Arundel should not go any whither out of his house (so Mr. Mumford informed me), but remain there a prisoner; and my Lord Huns-

don, who had been in former times his father's page, and now was his great enemy, was given commission to examine him about his religion, and also touching Dr. Allen and the Queen of Scots. Now was all the joy of Lady Arundel's release at an end. Now the sweet cooings of her babe moved her to bitter tears. "In vain," she wrote to me then, "do we now look for him to come! in vain listen for the sound of his horse's tread, or watch the gateway which shall not open to admit him! I sigh for to be once more a prisoner, and he, my sweet life, at liberty. Alas! what kind of a destiny does this prove, if one is free only when the other is shut up, and the word 'parting' is written on each page of our lives?"

About a month afterwards, Mr. Mumford was sent for by Sir Christopher Hatton, who asked him divers dangerous questions concerning the earl, the countess, and Lord William Howard, and also himself, — such as, if he was a priest or no; which indeed I did not wonder at, so staid and reverend was his appearance. But he answered he never knew nor ever heard any harm of these honourable persons, and that he himself was not a priest, nor worthy of so great a dignity. He hath since told me, that on the third day of his examination the Queen, the Earl of Leicester, and divers others of the Council came into the house for to understand what we had confessed. Sir Christopher told them what answers he had made; but they, not resting satisfied therewith, caused him, after many threats of racking and other tortures, to be sent prisoner to the Gate-house, where he was kept for some months so close that none might speak or come to him. But by the steadfastness of his answers he at last so cleared

himself, and declared the innocency of the earl, and his wife, and brother, that they were set at liberty.

Soon after her lord's release, I received this brief letter from Lady Arundel:

"MINE OWN GOOD CONSTANCE, — I have seen my lord, who came here the day after he was set free. He very earnestly desires to put in execution his reconciliation to the Church, now that his troubles are a little overpast. I have bethought myself that, since Father Campion hath left London, diligence might be used for to procure him a meeting with Father Edmonds, whom I have heard commended for a very virtuous and religious priest, much esteemed both in this and other countries. Prithee, ask Mr. Wells if in his thinking this should be possible, and let my lord know of the means and opportunities thereunto. I shall never be so much indebted, nor he either, to any one in this world, my dear Constance, as to thee and thy good friends, if this interview shall be brought to pass, and the desired effect ensue.

"My Bess doth begin to walk alone, and hath learned to make the sign of the Cross; but I warrant thee I am sometimes frightened that I did teach her to bless herself, until such time as she can understand not to display her piety so openly as she now doeth. For when many lords and gentlemen were here last week for to consider the course her Majesty's progress should take through Kent and Sussex, and she, sitting on my knee, was noticed by some of them for her pretty ways, the clock did strike twelve; upon which, what doth she do but straightway makes the sign of the Cross before I could catch her little hand. Lord Cobham

frowned, and my Lord Burleigh shook his head; but the Bishop of Chichester stroked her head, and said, with a smile, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense;' for which I pray God to bless him. Oh, but what fears we do daily live in! I would sometimes we were beyond seas. But if my lord is once reconciled, methinks I can endure all that may befall us.

"Thy true and loving friend,

"ANN, ARUNDEL AND SURREY."

I straightway repaired to Mr. Wells, and found him to be privy to Father Edmonds' abode. At my request, he acquainted Lord Arundel with this secret, who speedily availed himself thereof: and after a few visits to this good man's garret, wherein he was concealed, was by him reconciled, as I soon learnt by a letter from his lady. She wrote in such perfect contentment and joy thereunto, that nothing could exceed it. She said her dear lord had received so much comfort in his soul as he had never felt before in all his life, and such directions from Father Edmonds for the amending and ordering of it as did greatly help and further him therein. Ever after that time, from mine own hearing and observation, his lady's letters, and the report of such as haunted him, I learnt that he lived in such a manner that he seemed to be changed into another man, having great care and vigilance over all his actions, and addicting himself much to piety and devotion. He procured to have a priest ever with him in his own house, by whom he might frequently receive the Holy Sacrament, and daily have the comfort to be present at the Holy Sacrifice, whereto, with great humility and reverence, he himself in person many times would serve.

His visits to his wife were, during the next years, as frequent as he could make them and as his duties at the Court and the Queen's emergencies would allow of; who, albeit she looked not on him with favour as heretofore, did nevertheless exact an unremitting attendance on his part on all public occasions, and jealously noted every absence he made from London. Each interview between this now loving husband and wife was a brief space of perfect contentment to both, and a respite from the many cares and troubles which did continually increase upon him; for the great change in his manner of life had bred suspicion in the minds of some courtiers and potent men, who therefore began to think him what he was indeed, but of which no proof could be alleged.

During the year which followed these haps mine aunt died, and Mr. Congleton sold his house in Ely Place, and took a small one in Gray's Inn Lane, near to Mr. Wells's and Mr. Lacy's. It had no garden, nor the many conveniences the other did afford; but neither Muriel nor myself did lament the change, for the vicinity of these good friends did supply the place of other advantages; and it also liked me more, whilst Basil lived in poverty abroad, to inhabit a less sumptuous abode than heretofore, and dispense with accustomed luxuries. Of Hubert I could hear but scanty tidings at that time — only that he had either lost or resigned his place at Court. Mr. Hodgson was told, by one who had been his servant, that he had been reconciled; others said he did lead a very disordered life, and haunted bad persons. The truth or falsity of these statements I could not then discern; but methinks, from what I have since learnt, both might be partly true;

for he became subject to fits of gloom, and so discomfortable a remorse, as almost unsettled his reason; and then at other times, plunged into worldly excesses for to drown thoughts of the past. He was frightened, I ween, or leastways distrustful of the society of good men, but consorted with Catholics of somewhat desperate character and fortunes, and such as dealt in plots and treasonable schemes.

Father Campion's arrest for a very different cause — albeit his enemies did seek to attach to him the name of traitor — occurred this year, at Mrs. Yates' house in Worcestershire, and consternated the hearts of all recusants; but when he came to London, and speech was had of him by many amongst them which gained access to him in prison, and reported to others his great courage and joyfulness in the midst of suffering, then, methinks, a contagious spirit spread amongst Catholics, and conversions followed which changed despondency into rejoicing. But I will not here set down the manner of his trial, nor the wonderful marks of patience and constancy which he showed under torments and rackings, nor his interview with her Majesty at my Lord Leicester's house, nor the heroic patience of his death; for others with better knowledge thereof, and pens more able for to do it, have written this martyr's life and glorious end. But I will rather relate such events as took place, as it were, under mine own eye, and which are not, I ween, so extensively known. And first, I will speak of a conversation I held at that time with a person then a stranger, and therefore of no great significance when it occurred, but which later did assume a sudden importance, when it became linked with succeeding events.

One day that I was visiting at Lady Ingoldby's, where Polly and her husband had come for to spend a few weeks, and much company was going in and out, the faces and names of which were new to me, some gentlemen came there, whose dress attracted notice from the French fashion thereof. One of them was a young man of very comely appearance and pleasant manners, albeit persons might have judged somewhat of the bravado belonged to his attitudes and speeches, but withal tempered with so much gentleness and courtesy, that no sooner had the eye and mind taken notice of the defect than the judgment was repented of. What in one of less attractive face and behaviour should have displeased, in this youth did not offend. It was my hap to sit beside him at supper, which lasted a long time; and as his behaviour was very polite, I freely conversed with him, and found him to be English, though, from long residence abroad, his tongue had acquired a foreign trick. When I told him I had thought he was a Frenchman, he laughed, and said if the French did ever try to land in England, they should find him to be a very Englishman for to fight against them; but in the matter of dinners and beer and the liking of a clear sunny sky over above a cloudy one, he did confess himself to be so much of a traitor as to prefer France to England, and he could not abide the smoke of coal fires which are used in this country.

"And what say you, sir," I answered, "to the form of smoke which Sir Walter Raleigh hath introduced since his return from the late discovered land Virginia?"

He said he had learnt the use of it in France

must needs confess he found it to be very pleasant. Monsieur Nicot had brought some seeds of tobacco into France, and so much liking did her Majesty Queen Catherine conceive for this practice of smoking, that the new plant went by the name of the Queen's herb. "It is not gentlemen alone who do use a pipe in France," he said, "but ladies also. What doth the fair sex in England think on it?"

"I have heard," I answered, "that her Majesty herself did try for to smoke, but presently gave it up, for that it made her sick. Her Highness is also reported to have lost a wager concerning that same smoking of tobacco."

"What did her Grace bet?" the gentleman asked.

"Why, she was one day," I replied, "inquiring very exactly of the various virtues of this herb, and Sir Walter did assure her that no one understood them better than himself, for he was so well acquainted with all its qualities, that he could even tell her Majesty the weight of the smoke of every pipeful he consumed. Her Highness upon this said, 'Monsieur Traveller, you do go too far in putting on me the licence which is allowed to such as return from foreign parts;' and she laid a wager of many pieces of gold he should not be able for to prove his words. So he weighed in her presence the tobacco before he put it into his pipe, and the ashes after he had consumed it, and convinced her Majesty that the deficiency did proceed from the evaporation thereof. So then she paid the bet, and merrily told him 'that she knew of many persons who had turned their gold into smoke, but he was the first who had turned smoke into gold.'"

The young gentleman being amused at this story,



I likewise told him of Sir Walter's hap when he first returned to England, and was staying in a friend's house: how a servant coming into his chamber with a tankard of ale and nutmeg toast, and seeing him for the first time with a lighted pipe in his mouth puffing forth clouds of smoke, flung the ale in his face for to extinguish the internal conflagration, and then running down the stairs, alarmed the family with dismal cries that the good knight was on fire, and would be burnt into ashes before they could come to his aid.

My unknown companion laughed; and said he had once on his travels been taken for a sorcerer, so readily doth ignorance imagine wonders. "Near unto Metz, in France," quoth he, "I fell among thieves. My money I had quilted within my doublet, which they took from me, howsoever leaving me the rest of my apparel, wherein I do acknowledge their courtesy, since thieves give all they take not; but twenty-five French crowns, for the worst event, I had lapped in cloth, and whereupon did wind divers-coloured threads, wherein I stick'd needles, as if I had been so good a husband as to mend mine own clothes. Messieurs the thieves were not so frugal to take my ball to mend their hose, but did tread it under their feet. I picked it up with some spark of joy, and I and my guide (he very sad, because he despaired of my ability to pay him his hire) went forward to Chalons, where he brought me to a poor ale-house, and when I expostulated, he replied that stately inns were not for men who had never a penny in their purses; but I told him that I looked for comfort in that case more from gentlemen than clowns whereupon he, sighing, obeyed me, and with a dejected and fearful countenance brought me to the chief

inn, where he ceased not to bewail my misery as if it had been the burning of Troy; till the host, despairing of my ability to pay him, began to look disdainfully on me. The next morning, when, he being to return home, I paid him his hire, which he neither asked nor expected, and likewise mine host for lodgings and supper, he began to talk like one mad for joy, and professed I could not have had one penny except I were an alchemist or had a familiar spirit."

I thanked the young gentleman for this entertaining anecdote, and asked him if France was not a very disquieted country, and nothing in it but wars and fighting.

"Yea," he answered; "but men fight there so merrily, that it appears more a pastime than aught else. Not always so, howsoever. When Frenchman meets Frenchman in the fair fields of Provence, and those of the League and those of the Religion — God confound the first and bless the last! — engage in battle, such encounters ensue as have not their match for fierceness in the world. By my troth, the sight of dead bodies doth not ordinarily move me; but the Valley of Allemagne on the day of the great Huguenot victory was a sight the like of which I would not choose to look on again, an I could help it."

"Were you, then, present at that combat, sir?" I asked.

"Yea," he replied; "I was at that time with Lesdiguières, the Protestant general, whom I had known at La Rochelle, and beshrew me if a more valiant soldier doth live, or a worthier soul in a stalwart frame. I was standing by his side when Tourves the butcher came for to urge him, with his three hundred men, to

ride over the field and slay the wounded Papists. 'No, sir,' quoth the general, 'I fight men, but hunt them not down.' The dead were heaped many feet thick on the plain, and the horses of the Huguenots waded to their haunches in blood. Those of the Religion were mad at the death of the Baron of Allemagne, the general of their Southern churches, brave Castellane, who, when the fight was done, took off his helmet for to cool his burning forehead; and lo, a shot sent him straight into eternity."

"The Catholics were then wholly routed?" I asked.

"Yea," he answered; "mowed down like grass in the hay-harvest. De Vins, however, escaped. He thought to have had a cheap victory over those of the Religion; but the saints in heaven, to whom he trusted, never told him that Lesdiguières on the one side and D'Allemagne on the other were hastening to the rescue, nor that his Italian horsemen should fail him in his need. So, albeit the Papists fought like devils, as they are, his pride got a fall, which well-nigh killed him. He was riding frantically back into the fray for to get himself slain, when St. Cannat seized his bridle, and called him a coward, so I have heard, to dare for to die when his scattered troops had need of him; and so carried him off the field. D'Oraison, Janson, Pontmez, hotly pursued them, but in vain; and all the Protestant leaders, except Lesdiguières, returned that night to the Castle of Allemagne for to bury the baron."

A sort of shiver passed through the young gentleman's frame as he uttered these last words.

"A sad burial you then witnessed?" I said.

"I pray God," he answered, "never to witness another such."

"What was the horror of it?" I asked.

"Would you hear it?" he inquired.

"Yea," I said, "most willingly; for methinks I see what you describe."

Then he. "If it be so, peradventure you may not thank me for this describing; for I warrant you it was a fearful sight. I had lost mine horse, and so was forced to spend the night at the castle. When it grew dark I followed the officers, which, with a great store of the men, also descended into the vault, which was adorned all round with white and warlike sculptured arms on tombstones, most grim in their aspect; and midst those stone images, grim and motionless, the soldiers ranged themselves, still covered with blood and dust, and leaning on their halberds. In the midst was an uncovered coffin of the baron, his livid visage exposed to view, — menacing even in death. Torches threw a fitful red-coloured light over the scene. A minister which accompanied the army stood and preached at the coffin's head, and when he had ended his sermon, sang in a loud voice, in French verse, the psalm which doth begin,

*'Du fond de ma pensée,  
Du fond de tous ennuis,  
A toi s'est adressé  
Ma clameur jour et nuit.'*

When this singing began two soldiers led up to the tomb a man with bound hands and ghastly pale face, and when the verse ended, shot him through the head. The corpse fell upon the ground, and the singing began anew. Twelve times this did happen, till my head

waxed giddy, and I became faint. I was led out of that vault, with the horrible singing pursuing me, as if I should never cease to hear it."

"Oh, 'tis fearful," I exclaimed, "that men can do such deeds, and the while have God's name on their lips."

"The Massacre of St. Bartholomew," he answered "hath driven those of the Religion mad against the Papists."

"But, sir," I asked, "is it not true that thousands of Catholics in Languedoc had been murdered in cold blood, and a store of them in other places, before that massacre?"

"May be so," he answered, in a careless tone. "The shedding of blood, except in a battle or a lawful duel, I abhor; but verily I do hate Papists with as great a hate as any Huguenot in France, and most of all those in this country — a set of knavish traitors, which would dethrone the Queen and sell the realm to the Spaniards."

I could not but sigh at these words, for in this young man's countenance a quality of goodness did appear which made me grieve that he should utter these unkind words touching Catholics. But I dared not for to utter my thinking or disprove his accusations, for being ignorant of his name, I had a reasonable fear of being ensnared into some talk which should show me to be a Papist, and he should prove to be a spy. But patience failed me when, after speaking of the clear light of the Gospel which England enjoyed, and to lament that in Ireland none are found of the natives to have cast off the Roman religion, he said:

"I ween this doth not proceed from their con-

stancy in religion, but rather from the lenity of Protestants, which think that the conscience must not be forced, and seek rather to touch and persuade than to oblige by fire and sword, like those of the South, who persecute their own subjects differing from them in religion."

"Sir," I exclaimed, "this is a strange thing indeed, that Protestants do lay a claim to so great mildness in their dealings with recusants, and yet such strenuous laws against such are framed, that they do live in fear of their lives, and are daily fined and tormented for their profession."

"How so?" he said, quickly. "No Papist hath been burnt in this country."

"No, sir," I answered; "but a store of them have been hanged and cut to pieces whilst yet alive."

"Nay, nay," he cried, "not for their religion, but for their many treasons."

"Sir," I answered, "their religion is made treason by unjust laws, and then punished with the penalties of treason; and they die for no other cause than their faith, by the same token that each of those which have perished on the scaffold had his life offered to him if so be he would turn Protestant."

In the heat of this argument, I had forgot prudence; and some unkindly ears and eyes were attending to my speech, which this young stranger perceiving, he changed the subject of discourse — I ween with a charitable intent — and merrily exclaimed, "Now I have this day transgressed a wise resolve."

"What resolve?" I said, glad also to retreat from dangerous subjects.

"This," he answered: "that after my return I would

sparingly, and not without entreaty, relate my journeys and observations."

"Then, sir," I replied, "methinks you have contrariwise observed it, for your observations have been short and pithy, and withal uttered at mine entreaty."

"Nothing," he said, "I so much fear as to resemble men — and many such I have myself known — who have scarce seen the lions of the Tower and the bears of Parish Garden, but they must engross all a table in talking of their adventures, as if they had passed the Pillars of Hercules. Nothing could be asked which they could not resolve of their own knowledge."

"Find you, sir," I said, "much variety in the manners of French people and those you see in this country?"

He smiled and answered, "We must not be too nice observers of men and manners, and too easily praise foreign customs, and despise our own, — not so much that we may not offend others, as that we may not be ourselves offended by others. I will yield you an example. A Frenchman, being a curious observer of ceremonious compliments, when he hath saluted one, and begun to entertain him with speech, if he chance to espy another man, with whom he hath very great business, yet will he not leave the first man without a solemn excuse. But an Englishman discoursing with any man — I mean in a house or chamber of presence, not merely in the street — if he spy another man with whom he hath occasion to speak, will suddenly, without any excuse, turn from the first man and go and converse with the other, and with like negligence will leave and take new men for discourse; which a Frenchman would take in ill part, as an ar-

gument of disrespect. This fashion, and many other like niceties and curiosities in use in one country, we must forget when we do pass into another. For lack of this prudence I have seen men on their return home tied to these foreign manners themselves, and finding that others observe not the like towards them, take everything for an injury, as if they were disrespected, and so are often enraged."

"What think you of the dress our ladies do wear?" I inquired of this young traveller.

He smiled, and answered:

"I like our young gentlewomen's gowns, and their aprons of fine linen, and their little hats of beaver; but why have they left wearing the French sleeves, borne out with hoops of whalebone, and the French hood of velvet, set with a border of gold buttons and pearls? Methinks English ladies are too fond of jewels and diamond rings. They scorn plain gold rings, I find, and chains of gold."

"Yea," I said, "ladies of rank wear only rich chains of pearl, and all their jewels must needs be oriental and precious. If any one doth choose to use a simple chain or a plain-set brooch, she is marked for wearing old-fashioned gear."

"This remindeth me," he said, "of a pleasant fable, that Jupiter sent a shower, wherein whosoever was wet became a fool, and that all the people were wet in this shower, excepting one philosopher, who kept his study; but in the evening coming forth into the market-place, and finding that all the people marked him as a fool, who was only wise, he was forced to pray for another shower, that he might become a fool, and so live



quietly among fools rather than bear the envy of his wisdom."

With this pleasant story our conversation ended, for supper was over, and the young gentleman soon went away. I asked of many persons who he should be, but none could tell me. Polly, the next day, said he was a youth lately returned from France (which was only what I knew before), and that Sir Nicholas Throckmorton had written a letter to Lady Ingoldby concerning him, but his name she had forgot. O what strange haps, more strange than any in books, do at times form the thread of a true history! what presentiments in some cases, what ignorance in others, beset us touching coming events!

The next pages will show the ground of these reflections.

## CHAPTER IX.

ONE day that Mrs. Wells was somewhat disordered, and keeping her room, and I was sitting with her, her husband came to fetch me into the parlour to an old acquaintance, he said, who was very desirous for to see me. "Who is it?" I asked; but he would not tell me, only smiled; my foolish thinking supposed for one instant that it might be Basil he spoke of, but the first glance showed me a slight figure and pale countenance, very different to his whom my witless hopes had expected for to see, albeit without the least shadow of reason. I stood looking at this stranger in a hesitating manner, who perceiving I did not know him held out his hand, and said,

"Has Mistress Constance forgotten her old play-fellow?"

"Edmund Genings!" I exclaimed, suddenly guessing it to be him.

"Yea," he said, "your old friend Edmund."

"Mr. Ironmonger is this reverend gentleman's name now-a-days," Mr. Wells said; and then we all three sat down, and by degrees in Edmund's present face I discerned the one I remembered in former years. The same kind and reflective aspect, the pallid hue, the upward-raised eye, now with less of searching in its gaze, but more, I ween, of yearning for an unearthly home.

"O dear and reverend sir," I said, "strange it doth seem indeed thus to address you, but God knoweth I thank Him for the honour he hath done my old playmate in the calling of him unto His service in these perilous times."

"Yea," he answered, with emotion, "I do owe Him much, which life itself should not be sufficient to repay."

"My good father," I said, "some time before his death gave me a token in a letter that you were in England. Where have you been all this time?"

"Tell us the manner of your landing," quoth Mr. Wells; "for this is the great ordeal which, once overpassed, lets you into the vineyard, for to work for one hour only sometimes, or else to bear many years the scorching heat and nipping frosts which labourers like unto yourself have to endure."

"Well," said Edmund, "ten months ago we took shipping at Honfleur, and wind and weather being propitious, sailed along the coast of England, meaning

to have landed in Essex; but for our sakes the master of the bark lingered, when we came in sight of land, until two hours within night, and being come near unto Scarborough, what should happen but that a boat with pirates or rovers in it comes out to surprise us, and shoots at us divers times with muskets. But we came by no harm; for the wind being then contrary, the master turned his ship and sailed back into the main sea, where in very foul weather we remained three days, and verily I thought to have then died of sea-sickness; which ailment should teach a man humility, if any thing in this world can do it, stripping him as it does of all boastfulness of his own courage and strength, so that he would cry mercy if any should offer only to move him."

"Ah," cried Mr. Wells, laughing, "Topcliffe should bethink himself of this new torment for Papists, for to leave a man in this plight until he acknowledged the Queen's supremacy, should be an artful device of the devil."

"At last," quoth Mr. Genings, "we landed, with great peril to our lives, on the side of a high cliff near Whitby, in Yorkshire, and reached that town in the evening. Going into an inn to refresh ourselves, which I promise you we sorely needed, who should we meet with there but one Radcliffe."

"Ah! a noted pursuivant," cried Mr. Wells, "albeit not so topping a one as his chief."

"Ah!" I cried, "good Mr. Wells, that is but a poor pun, I promise you. A better one you must frame before night, or you will lose your reputation. The Queen's last effort hath more merit in it than yours, who when she was angry with her envoy to Spain,

said, 'If her royal brother had sent her a goose-man,\* she had sent him in return a man-goose.'"

Mr. Genings smiled, and said:

"Well, this same Radcliffe took an exact survey of us all, questioned us about our arrival in that place, whence we came, and whither we were going. We told him we were driven thither by the tempest, and at last, by evasive answers, satisfied him. Then we all went to the house of a Catholic gentleman in the neighbourhood, which was within two or three miles of Whithy, and by him were directed some to one place, some to another, according to our own desires. Mr. Plasden and I kept together; but for fear of suspicion, we determined at last to separate also, and singly to commit ourselves to the protection of God and His good angels. Soon after we had thus resolved, we came to two fair beaten ways, the one leading north-east; the other south-east, and even then and there, it being in the night, we stopped and both fell down on our knees and made a short prayer together that God of His infinite mercy would vouchsafe to direct us, and send us both a peaceable passage into the thickest of His vineyard."

Here Mr. Genings paused, a little moved by the remembrance of that parting, but in a few minutes exclaimed:

"I have not seen that dear friend since, rising from our knees, we embraced each other with tears trickling down our cheeks; but the words he said to me then I shall never, methinks, forget. 'Seeing,' quoth he, 'we must now part through fear of our enemies, and for greater security, farewell, sweet brother in Christ and

\* Guzman.

most loving companion. God grant that, as we have been friends in one college and companions in one wearisome and dangerous journey, so we may have one merry meeting once again in this world, to our great comfort, if it shall please Him, even amongst our greatest adversaries; and that as we undertake, for His love and Holy Name's sake, this course of life together, so He will of His infinite goodness and clemency make us partakers of one hope, one sentence, one death, and one reward. And also as we began, so may we end together in Christ Jesus.' So he; and then not being able to speak one word more for grief and tears, we departed in mutual silence; he directing his journey to London, where he was born, and I northward."

"Then you have not been into Staffordshire?" I said.

"Yea," he answered, "later I went to Lichfield, in order to try if I should peradventure find there any of mine old friends and kinsfolks."

"And did you succeed therein?" I inquired.

"The only friends I found," he answered, with a melancholy smile, "were the grey cloisters, the old cathedral walls, the trees of the Close; the only familiar voices which did greet me were the chimes of the tower, the cawing of the rooks over mine head as I sat in the shade of the tall elms near unto the wall where our garden once stood."

"Oh, doth that house and that garden no more exist?" I cried.

"No, it hath been pulled down, and the lawn thereof thrown into the Close."

"Then," I said, "the poor bees and butterflies must

needs fare badly. The bold rooks, I ween, are too exalted to suffer from these changes. Of Sherwood Hall did you hear aught, Mr. Genings?"

"Mr. Ironmonger," Mr. Wells said, correcting me.

"Alas!" Edmund replied, "I dared not so much as to approach unto it, albeit I passed along the high road not very far from the gate thereof. But the present inhabitants are famed for their hatred unto recusants, and like to deal rigorously with any which should come in their way."

I sighed, and then asked him how long he had been in London.

"About one month," he replied. "As I have told you, Mistress Constance, all my kinsfolk that I wot of are now dead, except my young brother John, whom I doubt not you yet do bear in mind — that fair, winsome, mischievous urchin, who was carried to La Rochelle about one year before your sweet mother died."

"Yea," I said, "I can see him yet galloping on a stick round the parlour at Lichfield."

"'Tis to look for him," Edmund said, "I am come to London. Albeit I fear much inquiry on my part touching this youth should breed suspicion, I cannot refrain, brotherly love soliciting me thereunto, from seeking him whom report saith careth but little for his soul, and who hath no other relative in the world than myself. I have warrant for to suppose he should be in London; but these four weeks, with useless diligence, I have made search for him, leaving no place unsought where I could suspect him to abide; and as I see no hopes of success, I am resolved to leave the city for a season."

Then Mr. Wells proposed to carry Edmund to

Kate's house, where some friends were awaiting him; and for some days I saw him not again. But on the next Sunday evening he came to our house, and I noticed a paleness in him I had not before perceived. I asked him if anything had disordered him.

"Nothing," he answered; "only methinks my old shaking malady doth again threaten me; for this morning, walking forth of mine inn to visit a friend on the other side of the City, and passing by St. Paul's Church, when I was on the east side thereof, I felt suddenly a strange sensation in my body, so much that my face glowed, and it seemed to me as if mine hair stood on end; all my joints trembled, and my whole body was bathed in a cold sweat. I feared some evil was threatening me, or danger of being taken up, and I looked back to see if I could perceive any one to be pursuing me; but I saw nobody near, only a youth in a brown-coloured cloak; and so, concluding that some affection of my head or liver had seized me, I thought no more on it, but went forward to my intended place to say Mass."

A strange thinking came into mine head at that moment, and I doubted if I should impart to him my sudden fancy.

"Mr. Edmund," I said, unable to refrain myself, "suppose that youth in the brown cloak should have been your brother?"

He started, but shaking of his head, said:

"Nay, nay, why should it have been him rather than a thousand others I do see every day?"

"Might not that strange effect in yourself betoken the presence of a kinsman?"

"Tut, tut, Mistress Constance," he cried, half

kindly, half reprovingly; "this should be a wild fancy, lacking ground in reason."

Thus checked, I held my peace, but could not wholly discard this thought. Not long after, — on the very morning before Mr. Genings proposed to depart out of town, — I chanced to be walking homeward with him and some others from a house whither we had gone to hear his Mass. As we were returning along Ludgate Hill, what should he feel but the same sensations he had done before, and which were indeed visible in him, for his limbs trembled and his face turned as white as ashes.

"You are sick," I said, for I was walking alongside of him.

"Only affected as that other day," he answered, leaning against a post for to recover himself.

I had hastily looked back, and, lo and behold! a youth in a brown cloak was walking some paces behind us. I whispered in Mr. Gening's ear:

"Look, Edmund; is this the youth you saw before?"

"O my good Lord!" he cried, turning yet more pale, "this is strange indeed! After all, it may be my brother. Go on," he said quickly; "I must get speech with him alone to discover if it should be so."

We all walked on, and he tarried behind. Looking back, I saw him accost the stranger in the brown cloak. And in the afternoon he came to tell us that this was verily John Genings, as I had with so little show of reason guessed.

"What passed between you?" I asked.

He said:

"I courteously saluted the young man, and in-



quired what countryman he was; and hearing that he was a Staffordshireman, I began to conceive hopes it should be my brother; so I civilly demanded his name. Methought I should have betrayed myself at once when he answered Genings; but as quietly as I could, I told him I was his kinsman, and was called Ironmonger, and asked him what had become of his brother Edmund. He then, not suspecting aught, told me he had heard that he was gone to Rome to the Pope, and was become a notable Papist and a traitor both to God and his country, and that if he did return, he should infallibly be hanged. I smiled, and told him I knew his brother, and that he was an honest man, and loved both the Queen and his country, and God above all. 'But tell me,' I added, 'good cousin John, should you not know him if you saw him?' He then looked hard at me, and led the way into a tavern not far off, and when we were seated at a table, with no one nigh enough to overhear us, he said: 'I greatly fear I have a brother that is a priest, and that you are the man,' and then began to swear that if it was so, I should discredit myself and all my friends, and protested that in this he would never follow me; albeit in other matters he might respect me. I promise you that whilst these harsh words passed his lips I longed to throw my arms round his neck. I saw my mother's face in his, and his once childish loveliness only changed into manly beauty. His young years and mine rose before me, and I could have wept over this new-found brother as Joseph over his dear Benjamin. I could no longer conceal myself, but told him truly I was his brother indeed, and for his love had taken great pains to seek him, and begged of him to keep

secret the knowledge of my arrival; to which he answered: 'He would not for the world disclose my return, but that he desired me to come no more unto him, for that he feared greatly the danger of the law, and to incur the penalty of the statute for concealing of it.' I saw this was no place, or time convenient to talk of religion; but we had much conversation about divers things, by which I perceived him to be far from any good affection towards Catholic religion, and persistent in Protestantism, without any hope of a present recovery. Therefore I declared unto him my intended departure out of town, and took my leave, assuring him that within a month or little more I should return and see him again, and confer with him more at large touching some necessary affairs which concerned him very much. I inquired of him where a letter should find him. He showed some reluctance for to give me any address, but at last said if one was left for him at Lady Ingoldby's, in Queen Street, Holborn, he should be like to get it."

After Mr. Genings had left, I considered of this direction his brother had given him, which showed him to be acquainted with Polly's mother-in-law, and then remembering the young gentleman I had met at her house, I suspected him to be no other than John Genings. And called back to mind all his speeches for to compare them with this suspicion, wherein they did all tally; and some days afterwards, when I was walking on the Mall with Sir Ralph and Polly, who should accost them but this youth, which they presently introduced to me, and Polly added, she believed we had played at hide-and-seek together when we were young. He looked somewhat surprised, and as if

casting about for to call to mind old recollections; then spoke of our meeting at Lady Ingoldby's; and she cried out,

"Oh, then, you do know one another?"

"By sight," I said, "not by name."

Some other company joining us, he came alongside of me, and began for to pay me compliments in the French manner.

"Mr. John Genings," I said, "do you remember Lichfield and the Close, and a little girl, Constance Sherwood, who used to play with you, before you went to La Rochelle?"

"Like in a dream," he answered, his comely face lighting up with a smile.

"But your brother," I said, "was my chiefest companion then; for at that age we do always aspire to the notice of such as be older than condescend to such as be younger than ourselves."

When I named his brother a cloud darkened his face, and he abruptly turned away. He talked to Polly and some other ladies in a gay, jesting manner, but I could see that ever and anon he glanced towards me, as if to scan my features, and, I ween, compare them with what memory depicted; but he kept aloof from me, as if fearing I should speak again of one he would fain forget.

On the 7th of November Edmund returned to London, and came in the evening to Kate's house. He had been labouring in the country, exhorting, instructing, and exercising his priestly functions amongst Catholics with all diligence. It so happened that his friend Mr. Plasden, a very virtuous priest, which had landed with him at Whitby, and parted with him soon afterwards,

was there also; and several other persons likewise which did usually meet at Mr. Wells's house; but owing to that gentleman's absence, who had gone into the country for some business, and his wife's indisposition, had agreed for to spend the evening at Mr. Lacy's. Before the company there assembled parted, the two priests treated with him where they should say Mass the following day, which was the Octave of All Saints. They agreed to say their matins together, and, by Bryan's advice, to celebrate it at the house of Mr. Wells, notwithstanding his absence; for that Mistress Wells, who could not conveniently go abroad, would be exceeding glad for to hear Mass in her own lodging. I told Edmund of my meeting with his brother on the Mall, and the long talk ministered between us some weeks ago, when neither did know the other's name. Methought in his countenance and conversation that night there appeared an unwonted consolation, a sober joy, which filled me almost with awe. When he wished me good-night, he added, "I pray you, my dear child, to lift up your soul to Heaven ere you sleep and when you wake, and recommend to Heaven our good purpose, and then come and attend at the Holy Sacrifice with the crowd of angels and saints which do always assist thereat." When the light faintly dawned in the dull sky, Muriel and I stole from our beds, quietly dressed ourselves, and slipping out unseen, repaired as fast as we could, for the ground was wet and slippery, to Mr. Wells's house. We found assembled in one room Mr. Genings, Mr. Pladen, another priest Mr. White, Mr. Lacy, Mistress Wells, Sydney Hodgson, Mr. Mason, and many others. Edmund Genings proceeded to say Mass. There was so great a stillness in the

room, a pin should have been heard to drop. Albeit he said the prayers in a very low voice, each word was audible. Mine ears, which are very quick, were stretched to the utmost. Each sound in the street caused me an inward flutter. Methought, when he was reading the Gospel, I discerned a sound as of the hall-door opening, and of steps. Then nothing more for a little while; but just at the moment of the Consecration there was a loud rush up the stairs, and the door of the chamber burst open. The gentlemen present rose from their knees. Mistress Wells and I contrariwise sunk on the ground. I dared not for to look, or move, or breathe, but kept inwardly calling on God, then present, for to save us. I heard the words behind me: "Topcliffe! keep him back!" "Hurl him down the stairs!" and then a sound of scuffling, falling, and rolling, followed by a moment's silence.

The while the Mass went forward, ever and anon noises rose without; but the gentlemen held the door shut by main force all the time. They kept the foe at bay, these brave men, each word uttered at the altar resounding, I ween, in their breasts. O my God, what a store of suffering was heaped into a brief space of time! What a viaticum was that Communion then received by Thy doomed priest! "Domine, non sum dignus" he thrice said, and then his Lord rested in his soul. "Deo gratias!" None could now profane the Sacred Mysteries; none could snatch his Lord from him. "Ite missa est." The Mass was said, the hour come, death at hand. All resistance then ceased. I saw Topcliffe hastening in with a broken head, and threatening to raise the whole street. Mr. Plasden told him that, now the Mass was ended, we would all yield our-

selves prisoners, which we did; upon which he took Mr. Genings as he was, in his vestments, and all of us men and women, in coaches he called for, to Newgate. Muriel and I kept close together, and, with Mrs. Wells, were thrust into one cell. Methinks we should all have borne with greater hearts this misfortune but for the thinking of those without — Muriel of her aged and infirm father; Mistress Wells of her husband's return that day to his sacked house, robbed of all its church furniture and books, and empty of her the partner of his whole life. And I thought of Basil, and what he should feel if he knew of me in this fearful Newgate, near to so many thieves and wicked persons; and a trembling came over me lest I should be parted from my companions. I had much to do to recall the courageous spirit I had heretofore nurtured in foreseeing such a hap as this. If I had had to die at once, I think I should have been more brave; but terrible forebodings of examinations — perchance tortures, long solitary hours in a loathsome place — caused me inward shudderings; and albeit I said with my lips over and over again, "Thy will be done, my God," I passionately prayed this chalice might pass from me, which often before in my presumption — I cry mercy for it — I had almost desired to drink. Oh, often have I thought since of what is said in David's Psalms, "It is good for me that Thou hast humbled me." From my young years a hot glowing feeling had inflamed my breast at the mention of suffering for conscience' sake, and the words "to die" had been very familiar ones to my lips; "rather to die," "gladly to die," "proudly to die;" alas, how often had I uttered them! O my God, when the foul smells, the faint light of

that dreadful place struck on my senses, I waxed very weak. The coarse looks of the jailers, the disgusting food set before us, the filthy pallets, awoke in me a loathing I could not repress. And then a fear also, which the sense of my former presumption did awaken. "Let he that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," kept running in mine head. I had said, like St. Peter, that I was ready for to go to prison and to death; and now, peradventure, I should betray my Lord if too great pain overtook me. Muriel saw me wringing mine hands; and sitting down by my side on the rude mattress, she tried for to comfort me. Then, in that hour of bitter anguish, I learnt that creature's full worth. Who should have thought, who did not then hear her, what stores of superhuman strength, of heavenly knowledge, of divine comfort should have flowed from her lips? Then I perceived the value of a wholly detached heart surrendered to God alone. Young as she was, her soul was as calm in this trial as that of the aged resigned woman which shared it with us. Mine was tempest-tossed for a while. I could but lie mine head on Muriel's knee and murmur, "Basil, O Basil!" or else, "If, after all, I should prove an apostate, which hath so despised others for it!"

"'Tis good to fear," she whispered, "but withal to trust. Is it not written, mine own Constance, 'My strength is sufficient for thee;' and who saith this but the Author of all strength? He on whom the whole world doth rest. He permitteth this fear in thee for humility's sake, which lesson thou hast need to learn. When that of courage is needed, be not affrighted; He will give it thee. He bestoweth not graces before they be needed."

Then she minded me of little St. Agnes, and related passages of her life; but mostly spoke of the Cross and the Passion of Christ, in such piercing and moving tones, as if visibly beholding the scene on Calvary, that the storm seemed to subside in my breast as she went on.

"Pray," she gently said, "that, if it be God's will, the extremity of human suffering may fall on thee, so that thy love for Him should increase. Pray that no human joy may visit thee again, so that heaven may open its gates to thee and thy loved ones. Pray for Hubert, for the Queen, for Topcliffe, for every human soul which thou hast ever been tempted to hate; and I promise thee that a great peace shall steal over thy soul, and a great strength shall lift thee up."

I did what she desired, and her words were prophetic. Peace came before long, and joy too, of a strange unearthly sort. A brief foretaste of heaven was showed forth in the consolations then poured into mine heart. When since I have desired for to rekindle fervour and awaken devotion, I recall the hours which followed that great anguish in the cell at Newgate.

Late in the evening an order came for to release Muriel and me, but not Mistress Wells. When this dear friend understood what had occurred, she raised her hands in fervent gratitude to God, and dismissed us with many blessings.

The events which followed I will briefly relate. When we reached home Mr. Congleton was very sick; and then began the illness which ended his life. Kate was almost wild with grief at her husband's danger, and we fetched her and her children to her father's house for to watch over them. On the next day all



the prisoners which had been taken at Mr. Wells's house (we only having been released by the dealings of friends with the Chief Secretary) were examined by Justice Young, and returned to prison to take their trials the next session. Mr. Wells, at his return finding his house ransacked and his wife carried away to prison, had been forthwith to Mr. Justice Young for to expostulate with him, and to demand his wife and the key of his lodgings; but the justice sent him to bear the rest company, with a pair of iron bolts on his legs. The next day he examined him in Newgate; and upon Mr. Wells saying he was not privy to the Mass being said that day in his house, but wished he had been present, thinking his home highly honoured by having so divine a sacrifice offered in it, the justice told him "that though he was not at the feast he should taste of the sauce."

The evening I returned home from the prison a great lassitude overcame me, and for a few days increased so much, joined with pains in the head and in the limbs, that I could scarcely think, or so much as stand. At last it was discerned that I was sickening with the small-pox, caught, methinks, in the prison; and this was no small increase to Muriel's trouble, who had to go to and fro from my chamber to her father's, and was forced to send Kate and her children to the country to Sir Ralph Ingoldby's house; but methinks in the end this proved for the best, for when Mr. Lacy was, with the other prisoners, found guilty and condemned to death on the 4th of December, some for having said, and the others for having heard, Mass at Mr. Wells's house, Kate came to London but for a few hours, to take leave of him, and Polly's care of her

afterwards cheered the one sister in her great but not very lasting affliction, and sobered the other's spirits in a beneficial manner, for since she hath been a stayer at home, and very careful of her children and Kate's also, and, albeit very secretly, doth I hear practise her religion. Mr. Congleton never heard of his son-in-law and his friend Mr. Wells's danger, the palsy which affected him having numbed his senses so that he slowly sunk into his grave without suffering of body or mind. From Muriel I heard the course of the trial. How many bitter words and scoffs were used by the judges and others upon the bench, particularly to Edmund Genings, because of his youth, and that he angered them with his arguments! The more to make him a scoff to the people, they vested him in a ridiculous fool's coat which they had found in Mr. Wells's house, and would have it to be a vestment. It was appointed they should all die at Tyburn, except Mr. Genings and Mr. Wells, who were to be executed before Mr. Wells's own door in Gray's-inn-fields, within three doors of our own lodging. The judges, we were told, after pronouncing sentence, began to persuade them to conform to the Protestant religion, assuring them that by so doing they should obtain mercy, but otherwise they must certainly expect to die. But they all answered "that they would live and die in the true Roman and Catholic faith, which they and all antiquity had ever professed, and that they would by no means go to the Protestant churches, or for one moment think that the Queen could be head of the Church in spirituals." They dealt most urgently with Edmund Genings in this matter of conformity, giving him hopes not only of his life, but also of a good living, if he would re-

nounce his faith; but he remained, God be praised, constant and resolute; upon which he was thrust into a dark hole within the prison, where he remained in prayer, without food or sustenance, till the hour of his death. Some letters we received from him and Mr. Wells, which have become revered treasures and almost relics in our eyes. One did write (this was Edmund): "The comforts which captivity bringeth are so manifold that I have rather cause to thank God highly for His fatherly dealings with me than to complain of any worldly misery whatsoever. Custom hath caused that it is no grief to me to be debarred from company, desiring nothing more than solitude. When I pray, I talk with God — when I read, He talketh with me; so that I am never alone." And much more in that strain. Mr. Wells ended his letter thus: "I am bound with gyves, yet I am unbound towards God, and far better I account it to have the body bound than the soul to be in bondage. I am threatened hard with danger of death; but if it be no worse, I will not wish it to be better. God send me His grace, and then I weigh not what flesh and blood can do unto me. I have answered to many curious and dangerous questions, but I trust with good advisements, not offending my conscience. What will come of it God only knoweth. Through prison and chains to glory. Thine till death." This letter was addressed to Basil, with a desire expressed we should read it before it was sent to him.

On the day before the one of the execution, Kate came to take leave of her husband. She could not speak for her tears; but he, with his usual composure, bade her be of good comfort, and that death was no more to him than to drink off the caudle which stood

there ready on his table. And methinks this indifferency was a joint effect of nature and of grace, for none had ever seen him hurried or agitated in his life with any matter whatsoever. And when he rolled Topcliffe down the stairs and fell with him—for it was he which did this desperate action—his face was as composed when he rose up again, one of the servants who had seen the scuffle said, as if he had never so much as stirred from his study; and in his last speeches before his death it was noticed that his utterance was as slow and deliberate, and his words as carefully picked, as at any other time of his life. Ah me! what days were those, when, hardly recovered from my sickness, only enough for to sit up in an armed-chair and be carried from one chamber to another, all the talk ministered about me was of the danger and coming death of these dear friends. I had a trouble of mine own, which I be truly ashamed to speak of; but in this narrative I have resolved above all things to be truthful; and if I have ever had occasion, on the one hand, to relate what should seem to be to mine own credit, on the other also I desire to acknowledge my weaknesses and imperfections, of which what I am about to relate is a notable instance. The small-pox made me at that time the most deformed person that could be seen, even after I was recovered; and the first time I beheld my face in a glass, the horror which it gave me was so great that I resolved Basil should never be the husband of one whom every person which saw her must needs be affrighted to look on; but, forecasting he would never give me up for this reason, howsoever his inclination should rebel against the kindness of his heart and his true affection for me, I hastily sent him

a letter, in which I said I could give him no cause for the change which had happened in me, but that I was resolved not to marry him, acting in my old hasty manner, without thought or prudence. No sooner had I done so than I grew very uneasy thereat, too late reflecting on what his suspicions should be of my inconstancy, and what should to him appear faithless breach of promise.

It grieved me, in the midst of such grave events and noble sufferings, to be so concerned for mine own trouble; and on the day before the execution I was sitting musing painfully on the tragedy which was to be enacted at our own doors as it were, weeping for the dear friends which were to suffer, and ever and anon chewing the cud of my wilful undoing of mine own, and it might prove of Basil's, future peace by my rash letter to him, and yet more rash concealment of my motives. Whilst I was thus plunged in grief and uneasiness, the door of my chamber of a sudden opened, and the servant announced Mr. Hubert Rookwood. I hid my face hastily with a veil, which I now did generally use, except when alone with Muriel. He came in, and methought a change had happened in his appearance. He looked somewhat wild and disordered, and his face flushed, as one used to drinking.

"Constance," he said abruptly, "tidings have reached me which would not suffer me to put off this visit. A man coming from France hath brought me a letter from Basil, and one directed to you, which he charged me to deliver into your hands. If it tallies with that which he doth write to me — and I doubt not it must be so, for his dealings are always open and honourable, albeit often rash — I must needs hope for

so much happiness from it as I can scarce credit to be possible after so much suffering."

I stretched out mine hand for Basil's letter. Oh, how the tears gushed from mine eyes on the reading of it! He had received mine, and having heard some time before from a friend he did not name of his brother's passion for me, he never misdoubted but that I had at last yielded to his solicitations, and given him the love which I withdrew from him.

Never was the nobleness of his nature more evinced than in this letter; never grief more heartfelt, combined with a more patient endurance of the overthrow of his sole earthly happiness; never a greater or more forgiving kindness towards a faithless creature, as he deemed her, with a lingering care for her weal, whom he must needs have thought so ill deserving of his love. So much sorrow without repining, such strict charges not to marry Hubert, if he was not a good Catholic, and truly reconciled to the Church. But if he was indeed changed in this respect, an assent given to this marriage, which had cost him, he said, many tears and many prayers for to write, more than if with his own heart's blood he had traced the words; but which, nevertheless, he freely gave, and prayed God to bless us both, if with a good conscience we could be wedded; and God forbid he should hinder it, if I had ceased for to love him, and had given to Hubert — who had already got his birthright — also a more precious treasure, the heart once his own.

"What doth your brother write to you?" I coldly said; and then Hubert gave me his letter to read.

Methinks he imagined I concealed my face from some sort of shame; and God knoweth, had I acted the

part he supposed, I might well have blushed deeper than can be thought of.

This letter was like unto the other — the most touching proof of love a man could give for a woman. Forgetting himself, my dearest Basil's only care was my happiness; and firm remonstrances were blended with touching injunctions to his brother to treasure every hair of the head of one who was dearer to him than all the world besides, and to do his duty to God and to her, which if he observed, he should, mindless of all else, for ever bless him.

When I returned the missive to him, Hubert said, in a faltering voice, "Now you are free — free to be mine — free before God and man."

"Yea," I answered; "free as the dead, for I am henceforward dead to all earthly things."

"What!" he cried, startled; "your thinking is not, God shield it, to be a nun abroad?"

"Nay," I answered; and then laying my hand on Basil's letter, I said, "If I had thought to marry you, Hubert; if at this hour I should say I could love you, I ween you would leave the house affrighted, and never return to it again."

"Is your brain turned?" he impatiently cried.

"No," I answered quietly, lifting my veil, "my face only is changed."

I had a sort of bitter pleasure in the sight of his surprise. He turned as pale as any smock.

"Oh, fear not," I said, "my heart hath not changed with my face. I am not in so merry a mood, God knoweth, as to torment you with any such apprehensions. My love for Basil is the same; yea, rather at this hour, after these noble proofs of his love, more

great than ever. Now you can discern why I should write to him I would never marry him."

Hiding his face in his hands, Hubert said, "Would I had not come here to embitter your pain!"

"You have not added to my sorrow," I answered; "the chalice is indeed full, but these letters have rather lightened than increased my sufferings."

Then concealing again my face, I went on, "O Hubert, will you come here to-morrow morning? Know you the sight which from that window shall be seen? Hark to that noise! Look out, I pray you, and tell me what it is."

He did as I bade him, and I marked the shudder he gave. His face, pale before, had now turned of an ashy hue.

"Is it possible?" he said; "a scaffold in front of that house where we were wont to meet those old friends! O Constance, are they there to die? — that brave joyous old man, that kind pious soul his wife?"

"Yea," I answered; "and likewise the friend of my young years; good holy Edmund Genings, who never did hurt a fly, much less a human creature. And at Tyburn, Bryan Lacy, my cousin, once your friend, and Sydney Hodgson, and good Mr. Mason, are to suffer."

Hubert clenched his hands, ground his teeth, and a terrible look shot through his eyes. I felt affrighted at the passion my words had awakened.

"Cursed," he cried, in a hoarse voice, "cursed be the bloody Queen which reigneth in this land! Thrice accursed be the tyrants which hunt us to death! Tenfold accursed such as lure us to damnation by the foul



baits they do offer to tempt a man to lie to God and to others, to ruin those he loves, to become loathsome to himself by his mean crimes! But if one hath been cheated of his soul, robbed of the hope of heaven, debarred from his religion, thrust into the company of devils, let them fear him, yea, let them fear him, I say. Revenge is not impossible. What shall stay the hand of such a man? What shall guard those impious tempters if many such should one day league for to sweep them from earth's face? If one be desperate of this world's life, he becomes terrible. How should he be to be dreaded who doth despair of heaven?"

With these wild words, he left me. He was gone ere I could speak.

## CHAPTER X.

ON the night before the 10th of December, neither Muriel nor I retired to rest. We sat together by the rushlight, at one time saying prayers, at another speaking together in a low voice. Ever and anon she went to listen at her father's door, for to make sure he slept, and then returned to me. The hours seemed to pass slowly; and yet we should have wished to stay their course, so much we dreaded the first rays of light presaging the tragedy of the coming day. Before the first token of it did show, at about five in the morning, the door-bell rung in a gentle manner.

"Who can be ringing?" I said to Muriel.

"I will go and see," she answered.

But I restrained her, and went to call one of the servants, who were beginning to bestir themselves. The

man went down, and returned, bringing me a paper, on which these words were written:

— “MY DEAR CONSTANCE, — My lord and myself have secretly come to join our prayers with yours, and, if it should be possible, to receive the blessing of the holy priest who is about to die, as he passeth by your house, towards which, I doubt not, his eyes will of a surety turn. I pray you, therefore, admit us.”

I hurried down the stairs, and found Lord and Lady Arundel standing in the hall; she in a cloak and hood, and he with a slouching hat hiding his face. Leading them both into the parlour, which looketh on the street, I had a fire hastily kindled; and for a space her ladyship and myself could only sit holding each other's hands, our hearts being too full to speak. After a while I asked her when she had come to London. She said she had done so very secretly, not to increase the Queen's displeasure against her husband; her Majesty's misliking of herself continuing as great as ever.

“When she visited my lord last year, before his arrest,” quoth she, “on a pane of glass in the dining-room her Grace perceived a distich, writ by me in by-gone days with a diamond, and which expressed hopes of better fortunes.”

“I mind it well,” I replied. “Did it not run thus?

‘Not seldom doth the sun sink down in brightest light  
Which rose at early dawn disfigured quite outright:  
So shall my fortunes, wrapt so long in darkest night,  
Revive, and show ere long an aspect clear and bright.’ ”

“Yea,” she answered. “And now listen to what

her Majesty, calling for a like instrument, wrote beneath:

'Not seldom do vain hopes deceive a silly heart;  
Let all such witless dreams now vanish and depart;  
For fortune shall ne'er shine, I promise thee, on one  
Whose folly hath for aye all hopes thereof undone.'

We do live," she added, "with a sword hanging over our heads; and it is meet we should come here this day to learn a lesson how to die when a like fate shall overtake us. But thou hast been like to die by another means, my good Constance," her ladyship said, looking with kindness but no astonishment on my swollen and disfigured face, which I had not remembered to conceal; grave thoughts, then uppermost, having caused me to forget it.

"My life," I answered, "God hath mercifully spared; but I have lost the semblance of my former self."

"Tut, tut!" she replied; "only for a time."

And then we both drew near unto the fire, for we were shivering with cold. Lord Arundel leant against the chimney, and watched the timepiece.

"Mistress Wells," he said, "is like, I hear, to be reprieved at the last moment."

"Alas!" I cried; "nature therein finds relief; yet I know not how much to rejoice or yet to grieve thereat. For surely she will desire to die with her husband. And of what good will life be to her, if, like some others, she doth linger for years in prison?"

"Of much good, if God wills her there to spend those years," Muriel gently said; which words, I ween, were called to mind long afterwards by one who then heard them.

As the hour appointed for the execution approached, we became silent again, and kneeling down betook ourselves to prayer. At eight o'clock a crowd began to assemble in the street; and the sound of their feet as they passed under the window, hurrying towards the scaffold, which was hung with black cloth, became audible. About an hour afterwards notice was given to us by one of the servants that the sledge which carried the prisoners was in sight. We rose from our knees and went to the window. Mr. Wells's stout form and Mr. Genings's slight figure were then discernible, as they sat bound, with their hands tied behind their backs. I observed that Mr. Wells smiled and nodded to some one who was standing amidst the crowd. This person, who was a friend of his, hath since told me that as he passed he saluted him with these words: "Farewell, dear companion! farewell, all hunting and hawking and old pastimes! I am now going a better way." Mistress Wells not being with them, we perceived that to be true which Lord Arundel had heard. At that moment I turned round, and missed Muriel, who had been standing close behind me. I supposed she could not endure this sight; but, lo and behold, looking again into the street, I saw her threading her way amongst the crowd as swiftly, lame though she was, as if an angel had guided her. When she reached the foot of the scaffold, and took her stand there, her aspect was so composed, serene, and resolved, that she seemed like an inhabitant of another world suddenly descended amidst the coarse and brutal mob. She was resolved, I afterwards found, to take note of every act, gesture, and word there spoken; and by her means I can here set down what mine own ears heard not, but much of

which mine eyes beheld. As the sledge passed our door, Mr. Genings, as Lady Arundel had foreseen, turned his head towards us; and seeing me at the window, gave us, I doubt not, his blessing; for, albeit he could not raise his chained hand, we saw his fingers and his lips move. On reaching the gibbet Muriel heard him cry out with holy Andrew, "O good gibbet, long desired and now prepared for me, much hath my heart desired thee; and now, joyful and secure, I come to thee! Receive me, I beseech thee, as the disciple of Him that suffered on the Cross!" Being put upon the ladder, many questions were asked him by some standers-by, to which he made clear and distinct answers. Then Mr. Topcliffe cried out with a loud voice,

"Genings, Genings, confess thy fault, thy Papist treason; and the Queen, no doubt, will grant thee pardon!"

To which he mildly answered, "I know not, Mr. Topcliffe, in what I have offended my dear anointed princess; if I have offended her or any other person in anything, I would willingly ask her and all the world forgiveness. If she be offended with me without a cause, for professing my faith and religion, or because I am priest, or because I will not turn minister against my conscience, I shall be, I trust, excused and innocent before God. 'I must obey God,' saith St. Peter, 'rather than men;' and I must not in this case acknowledge a fault where there is none. If to return to England a priest, or to say Mass, is Popish treason, I here do confess I am a traitor. But I think not so; and therefore I acknowledge myself guilty of these things not with repentance and sorrow of heart, but

with an open protestation of inward joy that I have done so good deeds, which, if they were to do again, I would, by the permission and assistance of God, accomplish the same, though with the hazard of a thousand lives."

Mr. Topcliffe was very angry at this speech, and hardly gave him time to say an "Our Father" before he ordered the hangman to turn the ladder. From that moment I could not so much as once again look towards the scaffold. Lady Arundel and I drew back into the room, and clasping each other's hands, kept repeating, "Lord, help him! Lord, assist him! Have mercy on him, O Lord!" and the like prayers.

We heard Lord Arundel exclaim, "Good God! the wretch doth order the rope to be cut!" Then avoiding the sight, he also drew back and silently prayed. What followeth I learnt from Muriel, who never lost her senses, though she endured, methinks, at that scaffold's foot as much as any sufferer upon it. Scarcely or not at all stunned, Mr. Genings stood on his feet with his eyes raised to heaven, till the hangman threw him down on the block where he was to be quartered. After he was dismembered, she heard him utter with a loud voice, "Oh, it smarts!" and Mr. Wells exclaim, "Alas! sweet soul, thy pain is great indeed, but almost past. Pray for me now that mine may come." Then when his heart was being plucked out, a faint dying whisper reached her ear, "Sancte Gregori, ora pro me!" and then the voice of the hangman crying, "See, his heart is in mine hand, and yet Gregory in his mouth! O egregious Papist!"

I marvel how she lived through it; but she assured us she was never even near unto fainting, but stood

immovable, hearing every sound, listening to each word and groan, printing them on the tablet of her heart, wherein they have ever remained as sacred memories.

Mr. Wells, so far from being terrified by the sight of his friend's death, expressed a desire to have his own hastened; and, like unto Sir Thomas More, was merry to the last; for he cried, "Despatch, despatch, Mr. Topcliffe! Be you not ashamed to suffer an old man to stand here so long in his shirt in the cold? I pray God make you of a Saul a Paul, of a persecutor a Catholic." A murmur, hoarse and loud, from the crowd apprised us when all was over.

"Where is Muriel?" I cried, going to the window. Thence I beheld a sight which my pen refuseth to describe — the sledge which was carrying away the mangled remains of those dear friends which so short a time before we had looked upon alive! Like in a dream I saw this spectacle; for the moment afterwards I fainted. Many persons were running after the cart, and Muriel keeping pace with what to others would have been a sight full of horror, but to her were only relics of the saintly dead. She followed heedless of the mob, unmindful of their jeers, intent on one aim, — to procure some portion of those sacred remains, which she at last achieved in an incredible manner: one finger of Edmund Genings's hand, which she laid hold of, remaining in hers. This secured, she hastened home, bearing away this her treasure.

When I recovered from a long swoon, she was standing on one side of me, and Lady Arundel on the other. Their faces were very pale, but peaceful; and when remembrance returned, I also felt a great and

quiet joy diffused in mine heart, such as none, I ween, could believe in who have not known the like. For a while all earthly cares left me: I seemed to soar above this world. Even Basil I could think of with a singular detachment. It seemed as if angels were haunting the house, whispering heavenly secrets. I could not so much as think on those blessed departed souls without an increase of this joy sensibly inflaming my heart.

After Lady Arundel had left us, which she did with many loving words and tender caresses, Muriel and I conversed long touching the future. She told me that when her duty to her father should end with this life, she intended to fulfil the vow she long ago had made to consecrate herself wholly to God in holy religion, and go beyond the seas, to become a nun of the Order of St. Augustine.

"May I not leave this world?" I cried; "may I not also, forgetting all things else, live for God alone?"

A sweet sober smile illumined Muriel's face as she answered, "Yea, by all means serve God, but not as a nun, good Constance. Thine I take to be the mere shadow of a vocation, if even so much as that. A cloud hath for a while obscured the sunshine of thy hopes and called up this shadow; but let the thin vapour dissolve, and no trace shall remain of it. Nay, nay, sweet one, 'tis not chafed, nor yet, except in rare instances, riven hearts which God doth call to this special consecration, — rather whole ones, nothing or scantily touched by the griefs and joys which this world can afford. But I warrant thee — nay, I may not warrant," she added, checking herself, "for who can of a surety forecast what God's designs should be?"



But I think thou wilt be, before many years have past, a careful matron, with many children about thy apron-strings to try thy patience."

"O Muriel," I answered, "how should this be? I have made my bed, and I must lie on it. Like a foolish creature, unwittingly, or rather rashly, I have deceived Basil into thinking I do not love him; and if my face should yet recover its old fairness, he shall still think mine heart estranged."

Muriel shook her head, and said more entangled skeins than this one had been unravelled. The next day she resumed her wonted labours in the prisons and amongst the poor. Having procured means of access to Mistress Wells, she carried to her the only comfort she could now taste, — the knowledge of her husband's holy courageous end, and the reports of the last words he did utter. Then having received a charge thereunto from Mr. Genings, she discovered John Genings's place of residence, and went to tell him that the cause of his brother's coming to London was specially his love for him; that his only regret in dying had been that he was executed before he could see him again, or commend him to any friend of his own, so hastened was his death.

But this much-loved brother received her with a notable coldness; and far from bewailing the untimely and bloody end of his nearest kinsman, he betrayed some kind of contentment at the thought that he was now rid of all the persuasions which he suspected he should otherwise have received from him touching religion.

About a fortnight afterwards Mr. Congleton expired. Alas! so troublesome were the times, that to see one,

howsoever loved, sink peacefully into the grave, had not the same sadness which usually belongs to the like haps.

Muriel had procured a priest for to give him extreme unction, — one Mr. Adams, a friend of Mr. Wells, who had sometimes said Mass in his house. He also secretly came for to perform the funeral rites before his burial in the cemetery of St. Martin's Church.

When we returned home that day after the funeral, this reverend gentleman asked us if we had heard any report touching the brother of Mr. Genings; and on our denial, he said, "Talk is ministered amongst Catholics of his sudden conversion."

"Sudden, indeed, it should be," quoth Muriel; "for a more indifferent listener to an afflicting message could not be met with than he proved himself when I carried to him Mr. Genings's dying words."

"Not more sudden," quoth Mr. Adams, "than St. Paul's was, and therefore not incredible."

Whilst we were yet speaking, a servant came in, and said a young gentleman was at the door, and very urgent for to see Muriel.

"Tell him," she said, raising her eyes, swollen with tears, "that I have one hour ago buried my father, and am in no condition to see strangers."

The man returned with a paper, on which these words were written:

"A penitent and a wanderer craveth to speak with you. If you shed tears, his do incessantly flow. If you weep for a father, he grieveth for one better to him than ten fathers. If your plight is sad, his should be desperate, but for God's great mercy and a brother's

prayers yet pleading for him in heaven as once upon earth.

“JOHN GENINGS.”

“Heavens!” Muriel cried, “it is this changed man, this Saul become a Paul, which stands at the door and knocks. Bring him in swiftly: the best comfort I can know this day is to see one who awhile was lost, and is now found.”

When John Genings beheld her and me, he awhile hid his face in his hands, and seemed unable to speak. To break this silence, Mr. Adams said, “Courage, Mr. Genings; your holy brother rejoiceth in heaven over your changed mind, and further blessings still, I doubt not, he shall yet obtain for you.”

Then this same John raised his head, and with as great and touching sorrow as can be expressed, after thanking this unknown speaker for his comfortable words, he begged of Muriel to relate to him each action and speech in the dying scene she had witnessed; and when she had ended this recital, with the like urgency he moved me to tell him all I could remember of his brother's young years, all my father had written of his life and virtues at college, all which we had heard of his labours since he had come into the country, and lastly, in a manner most simple and affecting, we all entreating him thereunto, he made this narrative, addressing himself chiefly to Muriel:

“You, madam, are acquainted with what was the hardness of mine heart and cruel indifference to my brother's fate; with what disdain I listened to you, with what pride I received his last advice. But about ten days after his execution, toward night, having spent

all that day in sports and jollity, being weary with play, I resorted home to repose myself. I went into a secret chamber, and was no sooner there sat down, but forthwith my heart began to be heavy, and I weighed how idly I had spent that day. Amidst these thoughts there was presently represented to me an imagination and apprehension of the death of my brother, and, among other things, how he had not long before forsaken all worldly pleasure, and for the sake of his religion alone endured dreadful torments. Then within myself I made long discourses concerning his manner of living and mine own; and finding the one to embrace pain and mortification, and the other to seek pleasure — the one to live strictly, and the other licentiously, — I was struck with exceeding terror and remorse. I wept bitterly, desiring God to illuminate mine understanding, that I might see and perceive the truth. Oh, what great joy and consolation did I feel at that instant! What reverence on the sudden did I begin to bear to the Blessed Virgin and to the Saints of God, which before I had never scarcely so much as heard of! What strange emotions, as it were inspirations, with exceeding readiness of will to change my religion, took possession of my soul! and what heavenly conception had I then of my brother's felicity! I imagined I saw him — I thought I heard him. In this ecstasy of mind I made a vow upon the spot, as I lay prostrate on the ground, to forsake kindred and country, to find out the true knowledge of Edmund's faith. Oh, sir," he ended by saying, turning to Mr. Adams, which he guessed to be a priest, "think you not my brother obtained for me in heaven what on earth he had not obtained? for here I am become a Catholic in faith with-

out persuasion or conference with any one man in the world?"

"Ay, my good friend," Mr. Adams replied; "the blood of martyrs will ever prove the seed of the Church. Let us then, in our private prayers, implore the suffrages of those who in this country do lose their lives for the faith, and take unto ourselves the words of Jeremiah: 'O Lord, remember what has happened unto us. Behold and see our great reproach; our inheritance is gone to strangers, our houses to aliens. We are become as children without a father, our mothers are made as it were widows.'"

These last words of Holy Writ brought to mine own mind private sorrows, and caused me to shed tears. Soon after John Genings departed from England without giving notice to us or any of his friends, and went beyond seas to execute his promise. I have heard that he has entered the Holy Order of St. Francis, and is seeking to procure a convent of that religion at Douay, in hopes of restoring the English Franciscan province, of which it is supposed he will be the first provincial. Report doth state him to be an exceeding strict and holy religious, and like to prove an instrument in furnishing the English Mission with many zealous and apostolical labourers.

Muriel and I were solitary in that great city where so many misfortunes had beset us; she with her anchor cast where her hopes could not be deceived; I by mine own folly like unto a ship at sea without a chart. Womanly reserve, mixed, I ween, with somewhat of pride, restraining me from writing to Basil, though, as my face improved each day, I deplored my hasty folly, and desired nothing so much as to see him again, when

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if his love should prove unchanged ~~should~~ in that word *if!* which my heart ~~thought~~. We should be as heretofore, and the suffering I had caused him and endured myself would end. But how this might happen I foresaw not: and life was sad and weary while so much suspense lasted.

Muriel would not forsake me while in this plight: but although none could have judged it from her cheerful and amiable behaviour. I well knew that she sighed for the haven of a religious home, and grieved to keep her from it. After some weeks spent in this fashion, with very little comfort, I was sitting one morning dismally forecasting the future, writing letter after letter to Basil, which still I tore up rather than send them — for I warrant you it was no easy matter for to express in writing what I longed to say. To tell him the cause of my breaking our contract was so much as to compel him to the performance of it: and albeit I was no longer so ill-favoured as at the first, yet the good looks I had before my sickness had by no means wholly returned. Sometimes I wrote: "Your thinking, dear Basil, that I do affection any but yourself is so false and injurious an imagination, that I cannot suffer you to entertain it. Be sure I never can and never shall love any but you; yet, for all that, I cannot marry you." Then effacing this last sentence, which verily belied my true desire, I would write another: "Methinks if you should see me now, yourself would not wish otherwise than to dissolve a contract wherein your contentment should be less than it hath been." And then thinking this should be too obscure, changed it to — "In sooth, dear Basil, my appearance is so altered that you would yourself, I ween, not desire for to wed one

so different from the Constance you have seen and loved." But pride whispered to restrain this open mention of my suspicious fears of his liking me less for my changed face; yet withal, conscience reproved this mis-doubt of one whose affection had ever shown itself to be of the nobler sort, which looketh rather to the qualities of the heart and mind than to the exterior charms of a fair visage.

Alas! what a torment doth perplexity occasion! I had let go my pen, and my tears were falling on the paper, when Muriel opened the door of the parlour.

"What is it?" I cried, hiding my face with mine hand, that she should not see me weeping.

"A letter from Lady Arundel," she answered.

I eagerly took it from her; and on the reading of it found it contained an urgent request from her ladyship, couched in most affectionate terms, and masking the kindness of its intent under a show of entreating, as a favour to herself, that I would come and reside with her at Arundel Castle, where she greatly needed the solace of a friend's company during her lord's necessary absences. "Mine own dear good Constance," she wrote, "come to me quickly. In a letter I cannot well express all the good you will thus do to me. For mine own part; I would fain say come to me until death shall part us. But so selfish I would not be; yet prithee come until such time as the clouds which have obscured the fair sky of thy future prospects have passed away, and thy Basil's fortunes are mended; for I will not cease to call him thine, for all that thou hast thyself thrust a spoke in a wheel which otherwise should have run smoothly, for the which thou art now doing penance: but be of good cheer; Time will bring

thee shift. Some kind of comfort I can promise thee in this house, greater than I dare for to commit to paper. Lose no time then. From thy last letter methinks the gentle turtle-dove at whose side thou dost now nestle hath found herself a nest whereunto she longeth to fly. Let her spread her wings thither, and do thou hasten to the shelter of these old walls and the loving faithful heart of thy poor friend,

“ANN ARUNDEL AND SURREY.”

Before a fortnight was overpast Muriel and I had parted; she for her religious home beyond seas, I for the castle of my Lord Arundel, whither I travelled in two days, resting on my way at the pleasant village of Horsham. During the latter part of the journey the road lay through a very wild expanse of down; but as soon as I caught sight of the sea my heart bounded with joy; for to gaze on its blue expanse seemed to carry me beyond the limits of this isle to the land where Basil dwelt. When I reached the castle, the sight of the noble gateway and keep filled me with admiration; and riding into the court thereof, I looked with wonder on military defences bristling on every side. But what a sweet picture smiled from one of the narrow windows over above the entrance-door! — mine own loved friend; yet fairer in her matronly and motherly beauty than even in her girlhood's loveliness, holding in her arms the pretty bud which had blossomed on a noble tree in the time of adversity. Her countenance beamed on me like the morning sun; and my heart expanded with joy when, half way up the stairs which led to her chamber, I found myself enclosed in her arms. She led me to a settle near a



cheerful fire, and herself removed my riding-cloak, my hat and veil, stroked my cheek with two of her delicate white fingers, and said with a smile:

"In sooth, my dear Constance, thou art an arrant cheat."

"How so, most dear lady?" I said, likewise smiling.

"Why, thou art as comely as ever I saw thee; which, after all the torments inflicted on poor Master Rookwood, by thy prophetic vision of an everlasting deformity, carefully concealed from him under the garb of a sudden fit of inconstancy, is a very nefarious injustice. Go to, go to; if he should see thee now, he never would believe but that that management of thine was a cunning device for to break faith with him."

"Nay, nay," I cried; "if I should ever be so happy, which I deserve not, for to see him again, there could never be for one moment a mistrust on his part of a love which is too strong and too fond for concealment. If the feebleness of sickness had not bred unreasonable fears, methinks I should not have been guilty of so great a folly as to think he would prize less what he was always wont to treasure far above their merits, — the heart and mind of his poor Constance, — because the casket which held them had waxed unseemly. But when the day shall come in which Basil and I may meet, God only knoweth. Human foresight cannot attain to this prevision."

Lady Arundel's eyes had a smiling expression then which surprised me. For mine own heart was full when I thus spoke, and I was wont to meet in her with a more quick return of the like feelings I expressed than at that time appeared. Slight inward resentments, painfully, albeit not angrily, entertained

I was by nature prone to; and in this case the effect of this impression suddenly checked the joy which at my first arrival I had experienced. O, how much secret discipline should be needed for to rule that little unruly kingdom within us, which many look not into till serious rebellions do arise, which need fire and sword to quell them for lack of timely repression! Her ladyship set before me some food, and constrained me to eat, which I did, merely for to content her. She appeared to me somewhat restless: beginning a sentence, and then breaking off suddenly in the midst thereof; going in and out of the chamber; laughing at one time, and then seeming as if about to weep. When I had finished eating, and a servant had removed the dishes, she sat down by my side and took my hand in hers. Then the tears truly began to roll down her cheeks.

"O, for God's sake, what aileth you, dearest lady?" I said, uneasily gazing on her agitated countenance.

"Nothing ails me," she answered; "only I fear to frighten thee, albeit in a joyful manner."

"Frightened with joy!" I sadly answered. "Oh, that should be a rare fright, and an unwonted one to me of late."

"Therefore," she said, smiling through her tears, "peradventure the more to be feared."

"What joy do you speak of? I pray you, sweet lady, keep me not in suspense."

"If, for instance," she said in a low voice, pressing my hands very hard — "if I was to tell thee, Constance, that thy Basil was here, shouldst thou not be affrighted?"

Methinks I must have turned very white; least-ways, I began to tremble.

"Is he here?" I said, almost beside myself with the fearful hope her words awoke.

"Yea," she said. "Since three days he is here."

For a moment I neither spoke nor moved.

"How comes it about? how doth it happen?" I began to say; but a passion of tears choked my utterance. I fell into her arms, sobbing on her breast; for verily I had no power to restrain myself. I heard her say, "Master Rookwood, come in." Then, after those sad long weary years, I again heard his cheerful voice; then I saw his kind eyes speaking what words could never have uttered, or one-half so well expressed. Then I felt the happiness which is most like, I ween, of any on earth to that of Heaven. After long parting, to meet again one intensely loved — each heart overflowing with an unspoken joy and with an unbounded thankfulness to God. Amazement did so fill me at this unlooked-for good, that I seemed content for a while to think of it as of a dream, and only feared to be awoke. But Oh, with how many sweet tears of gratitude — with what bursts of wonder and admiration — I soon learnt how Lady Arundel had formed this kind plot, to which Muriel had been privy, for to bring together parted lovers, and procure to others the happiness she often lacked herself — the company of the most loved person in the world. She had herself written to Basil, and related the cause of my apparent change; a cause, she said, at no time sufficient for to warrant a desperate action, and even then passing away. But that had it for ever endured, she was of

opinion his was a love would survive any such accident as touched only the exterior, when all else was unimpaired. She added, that when Mr. Congleton, who was then at the point of death, should have expired, and Muriel gone beyond seas to fulfil her religious intent, she would use all the persuasion in her power to bring me to reside with her, which was the thing she most desired in the world; and that if he should think it possible under another name for to cross the seas and land at some port in Sussex, he should be the welcomest guest imaginable at Arundel Castle, if even, like St. Alexis, he should hide his nobility under the garb of rags, and come thither begging on foot; but yet she hoped, for his sake, it should not so happen, albeit nothing could be more honourable if the cause was a good one. It needed no more inducement than what this letter contained for to move Basil to attempt this secret return. He took the name of Martingale, and procured a passage in a small trading craft, which landed him at the port of a small town named Littlehampton, about three or four miles from Arundel. Thence he walked to the Castle, where the Countess feigned him to be a leech sent by my lord to prescribe remedies for a pain in her head, which she was oftentimes afflicted with, and as such entertained him in the eyes of strangers as long as he continued there, which did often move us to great merriment; for some of the neighbours which she was forced to see, would sometimes ask for to consult the Countess's physician; and to avoid misdoubts, Basil once or twice made up some innocent compounds, which an old gentleman and a maiden lady in the town vowed had cured them, the one of a fit of the

gout, and the other of a very sharp disorder in her stomach. But to return to the blissful first day of our meeting, one of the happiest I had yet known; for a paramount affection doth so engross the heart, that other sorrows vanish in its presence like dewdrops in the sunshine. I can never forget the smallest particle of its many joys. The long talk between Basil and me, first in Lady Arundel's chamber, and then in the gallery of the castle, walking up and down, and when I was tired, I sitting and he standing by the window which looked on the fair valley and silvery river Arun, running towards the sea, through pleasant pastures, with woody slopes on both sides, a fair and a peaceful scene; fair and peaceful as the prospect Basil unfolded to me that day, if we could but once in safety cross the seas; for his debtors had remitted to him in France the moneys which they owed him, and he had purchased a cottage in a very commodious village near the town of Boulogne-sur-Mer, with an apple-orchard and a garden stored with gay flowers and beehives, and a meadow with two large walnut-trees in it. "And then bethink thee," he added, "mine own dear love, that right in front of this fine mansion doth stand the parish church, where God is worshipped in a Catholic manner in peace and freedom; and nothing greater or more weighty need, methinks, to be said in its praise."

I said I thought so too, and that the picture he drew of it liked me well.

"But," quoth Basil suddenly, "I must tell thee, sweetheart, I liked not well thy behaviour touching thine altered face, and the misleading letter thou didst send me at that time. No!" he exclaimed with great

vehemency, "it mislikes me sorely that thou shouldst have doubted my love and faith, and dealt with me so injuriously. If I was now by some accident disfigured, I must by that same token expect thine affection for me should decay."

"O Basil!" I cried, "that would be an impossible thing!"

"Wherefore impossible?" he replied, "you thought such a change possible in me."

"Because," I said, smiling, "women are the most constant creatures in the world, and not fickle like unto men, or so careful of a good complexion in others, or a fine set of features."

"Tut, tut!" he cried, "I do admire that thou shouldst dare to utter so great a" . . . then he stopped, and laughing, added, "the last half of Raleigh's name, as the Queen's bad riddle doth make it.

'The bane of the stomach, and the word of disgrace,  
Is the name of the gentleman with the bold face.'

Well, much talk of this sort was ministered between us; but albeit I find pleasure in the recalling of it, methinks the reading thereof should easily weary others; so I must check my pen, which, like unto a garrulous old gossip, doth run on, overstepping the limits of discretion.

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## CHAPTER XI.

BEFORE I arrived, Lady Arundel had made Basil privy to a great secret, with warrant to impart it to me. In a remote portion of the castle's buildings was concealed at that time Father Southwell, a man who had not his like for piety and good parts; a sweet poet also, whose pieces of verse, chiefly written in that obscure chamber in Arundel Castle, have been since done into print, and do win great praise from all sorts of people. Adjoining to his room, which only one servant in the house, who carried his meals to him, had knowledge of, and from which he could not so much as once look out of the window for fear of being seen, was a small oratory, where he said Mass every day, and by a secret passage Lady Arundel went from her apartments for to hear it. That same evening, after supper, she led me thither for to get this good priest's blessing, and also his counsel touching my marriage; for both her ladyship and Basil were urgent for it to take place in a private manner at the castle before we left England. For, they argued, if there should be danger in this departure, it were best encountered together; and except we were married it should be an impossible thing for me to travel in his company, and land with him in France. Catholics could be married in a secret manner now that the needs of the times, and the great perils many were exposed to, gave warrant for it. After some talk with Father Southwell and Lady Arundel, I consented to all their wishes, with more gladness of heart, I ween, than was seemly to exhibit; for verily I was better contented than can

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be thought of to think I should be at last married to my dear Basil, and never more to part from him, if it so pleased God that we should land safely in France, which did seem to me then the land of promise.

The next days were spent in forecasting means for a safe departure, as soon as these secret nuptials should have taken place; but none had been yet resolved on, when one morning I was called to Lady Arundel's chamber, whom I found in tears and greatly disturbed, for that she had heard from Lady Margaret Sackville, who was then in London, that Lord Arundel was once more resolved to leave the realm, albeit Father Edmunds did dissuade him from that course; but some other friend's persuasions were more availing, and he had determined to go to France, where he might live in safety and serve God quietly.

My lady's agitation at this news was very great. She said nothing should content her but to go with him, albeit she was then with child; and she should write to tell him so; but before she could send a letter Lord Arundel came to the castle, and held converse for many hours with her and Father Southwell. When I met her afterwards in the gallery, her eyes were red with weeping. She said my lord desired to see Basil and me in her chamber at nine of the clock. He wished to speak with us of his resolve to cross the seas, and she prayed God some good should arise out of it. Then she added, "I am now going to the chapel, and if thou hast nothing of any weight to detain thee, then come thither also, for to join thy prayers with mine for the favourable issue of a very doubtful matter."

When we repaired to her ladyship's chamber at the



time appointed, my lord greeted us in an exceeding kind manner, and after some talk touching Basil's secret return to England, our marriage, and intent as speedily as possible to go abroad, his lordship said: "I also am compelled to take a like course, for my evil-willers are resolved to work my ruin and overthrow, and will succeed therein, by means of my religion. Many actions, which at the outset may seem rash and unadvised, after sufficient consideration do appear to be just and necessary; and, methinks, my dearest wife and Father Southwell are now minded to recommend what at first they disliked, and to see that in this my present intent I take the course which, though it imperils my fortunes, will tend to my soul's safety and that of my children. Since I have conceived this intent, I thank God I have found a great deal more quietness in my mind; and in this respect I have just occasion to esteem my past troubles as my greatest felicity, for they have been the means of leading me to that course which ever brings perfect quietness, and only procures eternal happiness. I am resolved, as my dear Nan well knoweth, to endure any punishment rather than willingly to decline from what I have begun. I have been myself as nearly as I could to continue in the same, and to do no act repugnant to my faith and profession. And by means hereof I am often compelled to do many things which may procure peril to myself, and be an occasion of dislike to her Majesty. For, look you, on the first day of this parliament, when the Queen was hearing of a sermon in the Cathedral Church of Westminster, above in the chancel, I was driven to walk by myself below in one of the aisles; and another day, this last Lent, when

she was hearing another sermon in the chapel at Greenwich, I was forced to stay all the while in the Presence-Chamber. Then also when on any Sunday or holyday her Grace goes to her great closet, I am forced either to stay in the privy chamber, and not to wait upon her at all, or else presently to depart as soon as I have brought her to the chapel. These things, and many more, I can by no means escape, but only by an open plain discovery of myself, in the eye and opinion of all men, as to the true cause of my refusal; neither can it now be long hidden, although for a while it may not have been generally noted and observed."

Lady Arundel sighed, and said:

"I must needs confess that of necessity it must shortly be discovered; and when I remember what a watchful and jealous eye is carried over all such as are known to be recusants, and also how their lodgings are continually searched, and to how great danger they are subject if a Jesuit or seminary priest be found within their house, I begin to see that either you cannot serve God in such sort as you have professed, or else you must incur the hazard of greater sufferings than I am willing you should endure."

"For my part," Basil said, "I would ask, my lord, those that hate you most, whether, being of the religion which you do profess, they would not take that course for safety of their souls and discharge of their consciences which you do now meditate? And either they must directly tell you that they would have done the same, or acknowledge themselves to be mere atheists; which, howsoever they be affected in their hearts, I think they would be loth to confess with their mouths."

"What sayest thou, Constance, of my lord's intent?" Lady Arundel said, when Basil left off speaking.

"I am ashamed to utter my thinking in his presence, and in yours, dearest lady," I replied; "but if you command me to it, methinks that having had his house so fatally and successfully touched, and finding himself to be of that religion which is accounted dangerous and odious to the present state, which her Majesty doth detest, and of which she is most jealous and doubtful, and seeing he might now be drawn for his conscience into great and continual danger, not being able to do any act or duty whereunto his religion doth bind him without incurring the danger of felony, he must needs run upon his death headlong, which is repugnant to the law of God and flatly against conscience, or else he must resolve to escape these perils by the means he doth propose."

"Yea," exclaimed his lordship, with so much emotion that his voice shook in the utterance of the words, "long have I debated with myself on the course to take. I do see it to be the safest way to depart out of the realm, and abide in some other place where I may live without danger to my conscience, without offence to the Queen, without daily peril of my life; but yet I was drawn by such forcible persuasion to be of another opinion, as I could not easily resolve on which side to settle my determination. For on the one hand my native and O how dearly loved country, my own early friends, my kinsfolks, my home, and, more than all, my wife, which I must for a while part with if I go, do invite me to stay. Poverty awaits me abroad; but in what have state and riches benefited us,

Nan? Shall not ease of heart and freedom from haunting fears compensate for vain wealth? When, with the sweet burthen in thine arms which for a while doth detain thee here, thou shalt kneel before God's altar in a Catholic land, methinks thou wilt have but scanty regrets for the trappings of fortune."

"God is my witness," the sweet lady replied, "that should be the happiest day of my life. But I fear — yea, much I do fear — the chasm of parting which doth once more open betwixt thee and me. Prithee, Phil, let me go with thee," she tearfully added.

"Nay, sweet Nan," he answered; "thou knowest the physicians forbid thy journeying at the present time so much as hence to London. How should it then behove thee to run the perils of the sea, and nightly voyage, and it may be rough usage? Nay, let me behold thee again, some months hence, with a fair boy in thine arms, which if I can but once behold, my joy shall be full, if I should have to labour with mine hands for to support him and thee."

She bowed her head on the hand outstretched to her; but I could see the anguish with which she yielded her assent to this separation. Methinks there was some sort of presentiment of the future heightening her present grief; she seemed so loth her lord should go, albeit reason and expediency forced from her an unwilling consent.

Before the conversation in Lady Arundel's chamber ended, the earl proposed that Basil and I should accompany him abroad, and cross the sea in the craft he should privately hire, which would sail from Littlehampton, and carry us to some port of France, whence along the coast we could travel to Boulogne. This

liked her ladyship well. Her eyes entreated our consent thereunto, as if it should have been a favour she asked, which indeed was rather a benefit conferred on us; for nothing would serve my lord but that he should be at the entire charge of the voyage, who smiling said, for such good company as he should thus enjoy he should be willing to be taxed twice as much, and yet consider himself to be the obliged party in this contract.

"But we must be married first," Basil bluntly said.

Lady Arundel replied that Father Southwell could perform the ceremony when we pleased — yea, on the morrow, if it should be convenient; and that my lord should be present thereat.

I said this should be very short notice, I thought, for to be married the next day; upon which Basil exclaimed,

"These be not times, sweetheart, for ceremonies, fashions, and nice delays. Methinks since our betrothal there hath been sufficient waiting for to serve the turn of the nicest lady in the world in the matter of reserves and yeas and nays."

Which is the sharpest thing, I think, Basil hath uttered to me either before or since we have been married. So, to appease him, I said not another word against this sudden wedding; and the next day but one, at nine of the clock, was then fixed for the time thereof.

On the following morning, Lord Arundel and Basil — the earl had conceived a very great esteem and good disposition towards him; as great, and greater, he told me, as for some he had known for as many

years as him hours — went out together, under pretence of shooting in the woods on the opposite side of the river about Leominster, but verily to proceed to Littlehampton, where the earl had appointed to meet the captain of a vessel, — a Catholic man, the son of an old retainer of his family, — with whom he had dealt for the hiring of a vessel for to sail to France as soon as the wind should prove favourable. Whilst they were gone upon this business, Lady Arundel and I sat in the chamber which looked into the court, making such simple preparations as would escape notice for our wedding, and the departure which should speedily afterwards ensue.

“I will not yield thee,” her ladyship said, “to be married, except in a white dress and veil, which I shall hide in a chamber nigh unto the oratory, where I myself will attire thee, dear love; and see, this morning early I went out alone into the garden and gathered this store of rosemary, for to make thee a nosegay to wear in thy bosom. Father Southwell saith it is used at weddings for an emblem of fidelity. If so, who should have so good a right to it as my Constance and her Basil? But I will lay it up in a casket, which shall conceal it the while, and aid to retain the scent thereof.”

“O dear lady,” I cried, seizing her hands, “do you remember the day when you plucked rosemary in our old garden at Sherwood, and smiling, said to me, ‘This meaneth remembrance?’ Since it signifieth fidelity also, well should you affection it; for where shall be found one so faithful in love and friendship as you?”

“Weep not,” she said, pressing her fingers on her

eyelids to stay her own tears. "We must needs thank God and be joyful on the eve of thy wedding-day; and I am resolved to meet my lord also with a cheerful countenance, so that not in gloom but in hope he shall leave his native land."

In converse such as this the hours went swiftly by. Sometimes we talked of the past, its many strange haps and changes; sometimes of the future, forecasting the manner of our lives abroad, where in safety, albeit in poverty, we hoped to spend our days. In the afternoon there arrived at the castle my Lord William Howard and his wife and Lady Margaret Sackville, who, having notice of their brother's intent to go beyond seas on the next day, if it should be possible, had come for to bid him farewell.

Leaving Lady Arundel in their company, I went to the terrace underneath the walls of the castle, and there paced up and down, chewing the cud of both sweet and sad memories. I looked at the soft blue sky and fleecy clouds, urged along by a westerly breeze impregnated with a salt savour; on the emerald-green of the fields, the graceful forms of the leafless trees on the opposite hills, on the cattle peacefully resting by the river-side. I listed to the rustling of the wind amongst the bare branches over mine head, and the bells of a church ringing far off in the valley. "O England, mine own England, my fair native land, — am I to leave thee, never to return?" I cried, speaking aloud, as if to ease my oppressed heart. Then mine eyes rested on the ruined hospital of the town, the shut-up churches, the profaned sanctuaries, and thought flying beyond the seas to a Catholic land, I exclaimed, "The sparrow hath found herself a house,

and the turtle-dove a nest for herself, — the altars of the Lord of Hosts, my King and my God.”

When Basil returned, he told me that the vessel which was to take us to France was lying out at sea near the coast. Lord Arundel and himself had gone in a boat to speak with the captain, who did seem a particular honest man and zealous Catholic: and the earl had bespoken some needful accommodation for Mistress Martingale, he said, smiling; not very commodious, indeed, but as good as on board the like craft could be expected. If the wind remained in the same quarter in the afternoon of the morrow, we should then sail; if it should change, so as to be most unfavourable, the captain would send private notice of it to the castle.

The whole of that evening the earl spent in writing a letter to her Majesty. He feared that his enemies, after his departure, would, by their slanderous reports, endeavour to disgrace him with the people, and cause the Queen to have sinister surmises of him. He confided this letter to the Lady Margaret, his sister, to be delivered unto her after his arrival in France; by which it might appear, both to her and all others, what were the true causes which had moved him to undertake that resolution.

I do often think of that evening in the great chamber of the castle — the young earl in the vigorous strength and beauty of manhood, his comely and fair face now bending over his writing, now raised with a noble and manly grief, as he read aloud portions of it, which, methinks, would have touched any hearts to hear them; and how much the more that loving wife, that affectionate sister, that faithful brother, those de-



voted friends which seemed to be in some sort witnesses of his last will before a final parting! I mind me of the sorrowful, dove-like sweetness of Lady Arundel's countenance; the flashing eyes of Lady Margaret; the loving expression, veiled by a studied hardness, of Lord William's face; of his wife my Lady Bess's reddening cheek and tearful eyes, which she did conceal behind the coif of her childish namesake sitting on her knees. When he had finished his letter, with a somewhat moved voice the earl read the last passages thereof: "If my protestation, who never told your Majesty any untruth, may carry credit in your opinion, I here call God and His Angels to witness that I would not have taken this course if I might have stayed in England without danger of my soul or peril of my life. I am enforced to forsake my country, to forget my friends, to leave my wife, to lose the hope of all worldly pleasures and earthly commodities. All this is so grievous to flesh and blood, that I could not desire to live if I were not comforted with the remembrance of His mercy for whom I endure all this, who endured ten thousand times more for me. Therefore I remain in assured hope that myself and my cause shall receive that favour, conceit, and rightful construction at your Majesty's hands which I may justly challenge. I do humbly crave pardon for my long and tedious letter, which the weightiness of the matter enforced me unto; and I beseech God from the bottom of my heart to send your Majesty as great happiness as I wish to mine own soul."

A time of silence followed the reading of these sentences, and then the earl said in a cheerful manner:

"So, good Meg, I commit this protestation to thy good keeping. When thou hearest of my safe arrival in France, then straightway see to have it placed in the Queen's hands."

The rest of the evening was spent in affectionate converse by these near kinsfolks. Basil and I repaired the while by the secret passage to Father Southwell's chamber, where we were in turn shriven, and afterwards received from him such good counsel and rules of conduct as he deemed fitting for married persons to observe. Before I left him, this good Father gave me, writ in his own hand, some sweet verses which he had that day composed for us, and which I do here transcribe. He smiling said he had made mention of fishes in his poem, for to pleasure so famous an angler as Basil; and of birds, for that he knew me to be a great lover of these soaring creatures:

"The lopped tree in time may grow again,  
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;  
The sorest wight may find release of pain,  
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower;  
Times go by turn, and chances change by course,  
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,  
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;  
Her time hath equal times to come and go,  
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;  
No joy so great but runneth to an end,  
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost,  
The well that holds no great, takes little fish;  
In some things all, in all things none are crossed,  
Few all they need, but none have all they wish;  
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,  
Who least have some, who most hath never all.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring;  
No endless night, yet not eternal day;  
The saddest birds a season find to sing;  
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;  
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,  
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall."

The common sheet of paper which doth contain this his writing hath a greater value in mine eyes than the most rich gift that can be thought of.

On the next morning, Lady Arundel conducted me from mine own chamber, first into a room, where with her own hands she arrayed me in my bridal dress, and with many tender kisses and caresses such as a sister or a mother would bestow, testified her affection for her poor friend; and thence to the oratory, where the altar was prepared, and by herself in secret decked with early primroses, which had begun to show in the woods and 'neath the hedges. A small but noble company were gathered round us that day. From pure and holy lips the Church's benison came to us. The vows we exchanged have been faithfully observed, and long years have set a seal on the promises then made.

Basil's wife! O, what a whole compass of happiness did lie in those two words! Yea, the waves of the sea might now rage and the winds blow. The haven might be distant and the way thither insecure. Man's enmity or accident might yet rob us each of the other's visible presence. But naught could now sever the cord, strong like unto a cable chain, which bound our souls in one. Anchored in that wedded unity, which is one of God's sacraments, till death, ay, and beyond death also, this tie should last.

We have been young, and now are old. We have lost country, home, and almost every friend known

and affectioned in our young years; but that deepest, holiest love, the type of Christ's union with His Church, still doth shed its light over the evening of life. My dear Basil, I am assured, thinks me as fair as when we did sit together fishing on the banks of the Ouse; and his hoary head and withered cheeks are more lovely in mine eyes than ever were his auburn locks and ruddy complexion. One of us must needs die before the other, unless we should be so happy that that good should befall us as to end our days as two aged married persons I have heard of. It was the husband's custom, as soon as ever he unclosed his eyes, to ask his wife how she did; but one night, he being in a deep sleep, she quietly departed towards the morning. He was that day to have gone out a hunting, and it was his custom to have his chaplain pray with him before he went out. The women fearful to surprise him with the ill news, had stolen out and acquainted the chaplain, desiring him to inform him of it. But the gentleman waking, did not on that day, as was his custom, ask for his wife, but called his chaplain to prayers, and joining with him, in the midst of the prayer expired, and both were buried in the same grave. Methinks this should be a very desirable end, only, if it pleased God, I would wish to have the last sacraments, and then to die just before Basil, when his time cometh. But God knoweth best; and any ways we are so old and so near of an age, one cannot tarry very long behind when the other is gone.

Being at rest after our marriage touching what concerned ourselves, compassion for Lady Arundel filled our hearts. Alas, how bravely and how sweetly she bore this parting grief! Her intense love for her lord,

and sorrow at their approaching separation, struggled with her resolve not to sadden their last hours, which were prolonged beyond expectancy. For once on that day, and twice on that which followed, when all was made ready for departure, a message came from the captain for to say the wind, and another time the tide, would not serve; and albeit each time, like a reprieved person, Lady Arundel welcomed the delay, methinks these retardments served to increase her sufferings. Little Bess hung fondly on her father's neck the last time he returned from Littlehampton with the tidings the vessel would not sail for some hours, kissing his face and playing with his beard.

"Ah, dearest Phil!" her mother cried, "the poor babe rejoiceth in the sight of thee, all unwitting in her innocent glee of the shortness of this joy. Howsoever, methinks five or six hours of it is a boon for to thank God for;" and so putting her arm in his, she led him away to a solitary part of the garden, where they walked to and fro, she, as she hath since written to me, starting each time the clock did strike, like one doomed to execution. Methinks there was this difference between them, that he was full of hope and bright forecastings of a speedy reunion; but on her soul lay a dead, mournful despondency, which she hid by an apparent calmness. When, late in the evening, a third message came for to say the ship could not depart that night, I begun to think it would never go at all. I saw Basil looked at the weather-cock and shrugged his shoulders, as if the same thought was in his mind. But when I spake of it, he said seafaring folks had a knowledge in these matters which others did not possess, and we must needs be patient under

these delays. Howsoever, at three o'clock in the morning the shipman signified that the wind was fit and all in readiness. So we rose in haste and prepared for to depart. The countess put her arms about my neck, and this was the last embrace I ever had of her. My lord's brothers and sisters hung about him awhile in great grief. Then his wife put out her hands to him, and, with a sorrow too deep for speech, fixed her eyes on his visage.

"Cheer up, sweetest wife," I heard him say. "Albeit nature suffers in this severance from my native land, my true home shall be wherever it shall please God to bring thee and me and our children together. God defend the loss of this world's good should make us sad, if we be but once so blessed as to meet again where we may freely serve Him."

Then, after a long and tender clasping of her to his breast, he tore himself away, and getting on a horse, rode to the coast. Basil and I, with Mr. William Bray and Mr. Burlace, drove in a coach to the port. It was yet dark, and a heavy mist hung on the valley. Folks were yet abed, and the shutters of the houses closed, as we went down the hill through the town. After crossing the bridge over the Arun the air felt cold and chill. At the steep ascent near Leominster I put my head out of the window for to look once more at the castle, but the fog was too thick. At the port the coach stopped, and a boat was found waiting for us. Lord Arundel was seated in it, with his face muffled in a cloak. The savour of the sea air revived my spirits; and when the boat moved off, and I felt the waves lifting it briskly, and with my hand in Basil's I looked on the land we were leaving, and then on the

watery world before us, a singular emotion filled my soul, as if it was some sort of death was happening to me—a dying to the past, a gliding on to an unknown future on a pathless ocean, rocked peacefully in the arms of His sheltering love, even as this little bark which carried us along was lifted up and caressed by the waves of the deep sea.

When we reached the vessel the day was dawning. The sun soon emerged from a bank of clouds, and threw its first light on the rippling waters. A favouring wind filled our sails, and like a bird on the wing the ship bounded on its way till the flat shore at Littlehampton and the far-off white cliffs to the eastward were well-nigh lost sight of. Lord Arundel stood with Basil on the narrow deck, gazing at the receding coast.

“How sweet the air doth blow from England!” he said; “how blue the sky doth appear to-day! and those saucy sea-gulls, how free and happy they do look!” Then he noticed some fishing-boats, and with a telescope he had in his hand discerned various ships very far off. Afterwards he came and sat down by my side, and spoke in a cheerful manner of his wife and the simple, home he designed for her abroad. “Some years ago Mistress Constance,” he said; and then, smiling, added, “my tongue is not yet used to call you Mistress Rookwood; my sweet Nan, who albeit a wife, was yet a simple child, was wont to say, ‘Phil, would we were farmers! You would plough the fields and cut wood in the forest, and I should milk the cows and feed the poultry.’ Well, methinks her wish may yet come to pass. In Brittany or Normandy some little homestead should shelter us, where Bess shall roll on the grass

and gather the fallen apples, and on Sundays put on her bravest clothes for to go to Mass. What think you thereof, Mistress Constance? and who knoweth but you and your good husband may also dwell in the same village, and some eighteen or twenty years hence a gay wedding for to take place between one Master Rookwood and one Lady Ann or Margaret Howard, or my Lord Maltravers with one Mistress Constance or Muriel Rookwood? And on the green on such a day, Nan and Basil, and you and I should lead the brawls."

"Methinks, my lord," I answered, smiling, "you do forecast too great a condescension on your part, and too much ambition on our side in the planning of such a union."

"Well, well," he said; "if your good husband carrieth not beyond seas with him the best earl's title in England, I'll warrant you in God's sight he weareth a higher one far away, — the merit of an unstained life and constant nobility of action; and I promise you, besides, he will be the better farmer of the twain; so that in the matter of tocher Mistress Rookwood should exceed my Lady Bess or Ann Howard."

With such-like talk as this time was whiled away; and whilst we were yet conversing I noticed that Basil spoke often to the captain and looked for to be watching a ship yet at some distance, but which seemed to be gaining on us. Lord Arundel perceiving it, then also joined them, and inquired what sort of a craft it should be. The captain professed to be ignorant thereof; and when Basil said it looked like a small ship-of-war, and as there were many dangerous pirates about the Channel



it should be well to guard against it, he assented thereto, and said he was prepared for defence.

"With such unequal means," Basil replied, "as it is like we should bring to a contest, speed should serve us better than defence."

"But," quoth Lord Arundel, "she is, 'tis plain, a swifter sailer than this one we are in. God's will be done, but 'tis a heavy misfortune if a pirate at this time do catch us, and so few moneys with us for to spare!"

Now none of our eyes could detach themselves from this pursuing vessel. The captain eluded further talk, on pretence for to give orders, and move some guns he had aboard on deck; but it was vain for to think of a handful of men untrained to seas-warfare encountering a superior force, such as this ship must possess, if its designs should be hostile. As it moved nigher to us, we could perceive it to be well-manned and armed. And the captain then exclaimed:

"'Tis Keloway's ship."

This man was one of a notorious infamous life, well known for his sea-robberies and depredations in the Channel.

"God yield," murmured the earl, "he shall content himself with the small sum we can deliver to him, and not stay us any further."

A moment afterwards we were boarded by this man, who, with his crew, thrice as numerous as ours, and armed to the teeth, comes on our deck and takes possession of the ship. Straightway he walks to the earl and tells him he doth know him, and had watched his embarkation, being resolved to follow him and exact a good ransom at his hands, which if he would pay

without contention, he should himself, without further stop or stay, pass him and his two gentlemen into France, adding, he should take no less from him than one hundred pounds.

"I have not so much, or near unto it, with me," Lord Arundel said.

"But you can write a word or two to any friend of yours from whom I may receive it," quoth Keloway.

"Well," said the earl, "seeing I have pressing occasion for to go to France, and would not be willingly delayed, I must needs consent to your terms, no choice therein being allowed me. Get me some paper," he said to Mr. William Bray.

"Should this be prudent, my lord?" Basil whispered in his ear.

"There is no help for it, Master Rookwood," the earl replied. "Besides, there is honour even amongst thieves. Once secure of this money, this man hath no interest in detaining us, but rather the contrary."

And without further stopping, he hastily wrote a few lines to his sister the Lady Margaret Sackville, in London, that she should speak to Mr. Bridges, *alias* Grately, a priest, to give one hundred pounds to the bearer thereof, by the token that was between them, that *black is white*, and withal assured her that he now certainly hoped to have speedy passage without impediment. As soon as this paper was put into Keloway's hand, he read it, and immediately called on his men for to arrest the Earl of Arundel, producing an order from the Queen's Council for to prove he was appointed to watch there for him and carry him back again to land, where her Majesty's officers did await him.

An indescribable anguish seized my heart; an over-

whelming grief, such as methinks no other event, howsoever sad or tragical, or yet more nearly touching me, had ever wrought in my soul, which I ascribe to a presentiment that this should be the first link of that long chain of woes which was to follow.

"O my lord!" I exclaimed, almost falling at his feet, "God help you to bear this too heavy blow!"

He took me by the hand; and never till I die shall I lose the memory of the sweet serenity and noble steadfastness of his visage in this trying hour.

"God willeth it," he gently said; "His holy will be done! He will work good out of what seemeth evil to us." And then gaily added, "We had thought to travel the same way; now we must needs journey apart. Never fear, good friends, but both roads shall lead to Heaven, if we do but tread them piously. My chief sorrow is for Nan; but her virtue is so great, that affliction will never rob her of such peace as God only giveth."

Then this angelic man, forecasting for his friends in the midst of this terrible mishap, passed into Basil's hands his pocket-book, and said, "This shall pay your voyage, good friend; and if aught doth remain afterwards, let the poor have their share of it, for a thank-offering, when you reach the shore in safety."

Basil, I saw, could not speak; his heart was too full. O, what a parting ensued on that sad ocean, whose waves had seemed to dance so joyously a short space before! With what aching hearts we pressed the young earl's hand, and watched him pass into the other ship, accompanied by his two gentlemen, which were with him arrested! No heed was taken of us; and Keloway, having secured his prey, abandoned our

vessel, the captain of which seemed uneasy and ill-disposed to speak with us. We did then suspect, which doubt hath since been confirmed, that this seeming honest Catholic man had acted a traitor's part, and that those many delays had been used for the very purpose of staying Lord Arundel until such time as all was prepared for his capture. The wind, which was in our favour, bore us swiftly towards the French coast; and we soon lost sight of the vessel which carried the earl back to the shores of England. Fancy, you who read, what pictures we needs must then have formed of that return; of the dismal news reaching the afflicted wife, the sad sister, the mournful brother, and friends now scattered apart, so lately clustered round him! Alas! when we landed in France, at the port of Calais, the sense of our own safety was robbed of half its joy by fears and sorrowing for the dear friends whose fortunes have proved so dissimilar to our own.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE deep clear azure of the French sky, the light-some pure air, the quaint houses, and outlandish dresses of the people in Calais; the sound of a foreign tongue understood, but not familiar, for a brief time distracted my mind from painful themes. Basil led me to the church for to give thanks to God for His mercies to us, and mostly did it seem strange to me to enter an edifice in which He is worshipped in Catholic manner, which yet hath the form and appearance of a church, and resembles not the concealed chambers in our country wherein Mass is said: an open visible

house for the King of kings, not a hiding-place, as in England. After we had prayed there a short time, Basil put into a box at the entrance the money which Lord Arundel had designed for the poor. A pale thin man stood at the door, which, when we passed, said, "God bless you!"

Basil looked earnestly at him, and then exclaimed, "As I live, Mr. Watson!"

"Yea," the good man answered; "the same, or rather the shadow of the same, risen at the last from the bed of sickness. O Mr. Rookwood, I am glad to see you!"

"And so am I to meet with you, Mr. Watson," Basil answered; and then told this dear friend who I was, and the sad hap of Lord Arundel, which moved in him a great concern for that young nobleman and his excellent lady.

Many tokens of regard and interchange of information passed between us. He showed us where he lived, in a small cottage near unto the ramparts, and nothing would serve him but to gather for me in the garden a nosegay of early flowerets which just had raised their heads above the sod. He said Dr. Allen had sent him money in his sickness, and an English lady married to a French gentleman provided for his wants.

"Ah! that was the good Madame I told you of," Basil cried, turning to me: "who would have harboured . . ." Then he stopped short; but Mr. Watson had caught his meaning, and with tears in his eyes, said: "Fear not to speak of her whose death bought my life, and it may be also my soul's safety. For, God knoweth, the thought of her doth never forsake me so much as

for one hour;" and thereupon we parted with much kindness on both sides.

That night we lay at a small hostelry in the town; and the next morning hired a cart with one horse, which carried us to Boulogne in one day, and thence to this village, where we have lived since for many years in great peace, I thank God, and very much contentment of mind, and no regrets except such as do arise in the hearts of exiles without hope of return to a beloved native country. The awaiting of tidings from England, which were long delayed, was at the first a very sore trial, and those which reached us at last yet more grievous than that suspense. Lord Arundel committed to the Tower; his brother the Lord William and his sister the Lady Margaret not long after arrested, which was more grief to him, his lady wrote to me, than all his own troubles and imprisonment. But, O my God! how well did that beginning match with what was to follow. Those ten years which were spent amidst so many sufferings of all sorts by these two noble persons, that the recital of them would move to pity the most stony heart.

Mine own sorrows, leastways all sharp ones ended with my passage into France. If Basil showed himself a worthy lover, he hath proved a yet better husband. His nature doth so delight in doing good, that it wins him the love of all our neighbours. His life is a constant exercise of charity. He is most indulgent to his wife and kind to his children, of which it hath pleased God to give him three — one boy and two girls, of as comely visages and commendable dispositions as can reasonably be desired. He hath a most singular affection for all such as do suffer for their religion, and

cherishes them with an extraordinary bounty to the limits of his ability; his house being a common resort for all banished Catholics which land at Boulogne, from whence he doth direct them to such persons as can assist them in their need. His love towards my unworthy self hath never decreased. Methinks it rather doth increase as we advance in years. We have ever been actuated as by one soul; and never have any two wills agreed so well as Basil's and mine in all aims in this world and hopes for the next. If any, in the reading of this history, have only cared for mine own haps, I pray them to end their perusal of it here; but if, even as my heart hath been linked from early years with Lady Arundel's, there be any in which my poor writing hath awakened somewhat of that esteem for her virtues and resentment of her sorrows which hath grown in me from long experience of her singular worth; if the noble atonement for youthful offences and follies already shown in her lord's return to his duty to her, and altered behaviour in respect to God, hath also moved them to desire a further knowledge of the manner in which these two exalted souls were advanced by long affliction to a high point of perfection, — then to such the following pages shall not be wholly devoid of that interest which the true recital of great misfortune doth habitually carry with it. If none other had written the life of that noble lady, methinks I must have essayed to do it; but having heard that a good clergyman hath taken this task in hand, secretly preparing materials whilst she yet lives wherewith to build her a memorial at a future time, I have restrained myself to setting down what, by means of her own writing or the reports of others, hath reached

my knowledge concerning the ten years which followed my last parting with her. This was this first letter I received from this afflicted lady after her lord's arrest: —

“O MY DEAR FRIEND, — What days these have proved! Believe me, I never looked for a favourable issue of this enterprise. When I first had notice thereof a notable chill fell on my soul, which never warmed again with hope. When I began to pray after hearing of it, I had what methinks the holy Juliana of Norwich (whose cell we did once visit together, as I doubt not thou dost remember), would have called a foreshewing, or as others do express it, a presentiment of coming evil. But how soon the effect followed! I had retired to rest at nine of the clock; and before I was undressed Bertha came in with a most downcast countenance. ‘What news is there?’ I quickly asked, misdoubting some misfortune had happened. Then she began to weep. ‘Is my lord taken?’ I cried, ‘or worse befallen him?’ ‘He is taken,’ she answered, ‘and is now being carried to London for to be committed to the Tower. Master Ralph, the portmaster, hath brought the news. A man, an hour ago, had reported as much in the town; but Mr. Fawcett would not suffer your ladyship to be told of it before a greater certainty thereof should appear. O woe be the day my lord ever embarked!’ Then I heard sounds of wailing and weeping in the gallery; and opening the door, found Bessy’s nurse and some other of the servants lamenting in an uncontrolled fashion. I could not shed one tear, but gave orders they should fetch unto me the man which had brought the tidings. From him I heard more



fully what had happened, and then, in the same composed manner, desired my coach and horses for to be made ready to take me to London the next day at daybreak, and dismissed everybody, not suffering so much as one woman to sit up with me. When all had retired, I put on my cloak and hood; and listening first if all was quiet, went by the secret passage to the chapel-room. When I got there, Father Southwell was in it, saying his office. When he saw me enter at that unusual hour, methinks the truth was made known to him at once; for he only took me by the hand, and said: 'My child, this would be too hard to bear if it were not God's sweet will; but being so, what remaineth but to lie still under a Father's merciful infliction?' and then he took out the crucifix, which for safety was locked up, and set it on the altar. 'That shall speak to you better than I can,' he said; and verily it did; for at the sight of my dying Saviour I wept. The whole night was spent in devout exercises. At dawn of day Father Southwell said Mass, and I received. Then, before any one was astir, I returned to mine own chamber, and lying down for a few moments, afterwards rung the bell, and ordered horses to be procured for to travel to London, whence I write these lines. I have here heard this report of my dear lord's journey from one which conversed with Sir George Carey, who commanded the guard which conducted him; that he was nothing at all daunted with so unexpected a misfortune, and not only did endure it with great patience and courage, but, moreover, carried it with a joyful and merry countenance. One night in the way he lodged at Guildford, where seeing the master of the inn (who sometime was our

servant, and who hath written it to one of my women, his sister) and some others who wished well unto him, weeping and sorrowing for his misfortunes, he comforted them all, and willed them to be of good cheer, because it was not for any crime — treason, or the like — he was apprehended, but only for attempting to leave the kingdom, the which he had done only for his own safety. He is soon to be examined by some of the Council sent to the Tower for this special purpose by the Queen. I have sought to obtain access to him, but been flatly refused, and a hint ministered to me that albeit my residence at Arundel House is tolerated at the present, if the Queen should come to stay at Somerset House, which she is soon like to do, my departure hence shall be enforced; but while I remain, I would fain do some good to persons afflicted as myself. I pray you, my good Constance, when you find some means to despatch me a letter, therewith to send the names and addresses of some of the poor folks Muriel was wont to visit. For I am of opinion that grief should not make us selfish, but rather move us to relieve in others the pains of which we feel the sharp edge ourselves. I have already met by accident with many necessitous persons, and they do begin in great numbers to resort to this house. God knoweth if the means to relieve them will not be soon lacking. But to make hay whilst the sun shines is a wise saying, and in some instances a precept. Alas! the sunshine of joy is already obscured for me. Except for these poor pensioners, that of fortune causeth me small concern. — Thy loving friend,

“A. A. AND S.

"P.S. — Will and Meg are at present in separate prisons. It is impossible but that she shall be presently released; for against her nothing can be alleged, so much as to give a pretence for an accusation. My lord and Will's joint letter to Dr. Allen, sent by Mr. Brydges — who out of confidence mentioned it to Mr. Gifford, a pretended priest, who lives at Paris, and is now discovered to be a spy — is the ground of the charges against them. How utterly unfounded thou well knowest; but so much as to write to Dr. Allen is now a crime, howsoever innocent the matter of such a correspondence should be. I do fear that in one of his letters — but I wot not if of this they have possession — my lord, who had just heard that the Earl of Leicester had openly vowed to make the name of Catholic as odious in England as the name of Turk, did say, in manner of a jest, that if some lawful means might be found to take away this earl, it would be a great good for Catholics in England; which careless sentence may be twisted by his enemies to his disadvantage."

Some time afterwards a person passing from London to Rheims, brought me this second letter from her ladyship, written at Romford in Essex: —

"What I had been warned of verily hath happened. Upon the Queen's coming to London last month, it was signified to me I should leave it. Now that Father Southwell hath been removed from Arundel Castle, and no priest at this time can live in it, I did not choose to be delivered there, without the benefit of spiritual assistance in case of danger of death, and so

hired a house in this town, at a short distance of which a recusant gentleman doth keep one in his house. I came away from London without obtaining leave so much as once to see my dear husband, or to send him a letter or message, or receive one from him. But this I have learnt, that he cannot speak with any person whatsoever but in the presence and hearing of his keeper or the lieutenant of the Tower, and that the room in which he is locked up has no sight of the sun for the greatest part of the year; so that if not changed before the winter cometh it shall prove very unwholesome; and moreover the noisomeness thereof caused by a vault that is under it is so great that the keeper can scarce endure to enter into it much less to stay there any time. Alas! what ravages shall this treatment cause on a frame of great niceness and delicate habits I leave you to judge. By this time he hath been examined twice; and albeit forged letters were produced, the falsity of which the Council were forced to admit, and he was charged with nothing which could be substantiated, except leaving the realm without licence of the Queen, and being reconciled to the Church of Rome, his sentence is yet deferred, and his imprisonment as strict as ever. I pray God it may not be deferred till his health is utterly destroyed, which I doubt not is what his enemies would most desire.

"Last evening I had the exceeding great comfort of the coming hither of mine own dear good Meg, who hath been some time released from prison, with many vexatious restraints, howsoever, still laid upon her. Albeit very much advanced in her pregnancy, nothing would serve her when she had leave to quit London

but to do me this good. This is the first taste of joy I have had since my lord's commitment. In her face I behold his; when she speaks, I hear him. No talk is ministered between us but of that beloved husband and brother; our common prayers are put up for him. She hath spied his spies for to discover all which relates to him — and hath found means to convey to him — I thank God for it — some books of devotion which he greatly needed. She is yet a-bed this morning, for we sat up late yester eve, so sweet albeit sad was the converse we held after so many common sufferings. But methinks I grudge her these hours of sleep, longing for to hear again those loved accents which mind me of my dear Phil.

“My pen had hardly traced those last words, when a messenger arrived from the Council with an express command to Margaret from her Majesty not to stay with me another night, but forthwith to return to London. The surprise and fear which this message occasioned hastened the event which should have yet been delayed some weeks. A few hours after (I thank God, in safety) a fair son was born; but in the mother's heart and mine apprehension dispelled joy, lest enforced disobedience should produce fresh troubles. Howsoever, she recovered quickly; and as soon as she could be removed I lost her sweet company. Thine affectionate friend to command,

“A. A. AND S.”

Some time afterwards, one Mr. Dixon, a gentleman I had met once or twice in London, tarried a night at our house, and brought me the news that God had given the Countess of Arundel a son, which she had

earnestly desired her husband should be informed of, but he heard it had been refused. Howsoever, when he was urgent with his keepers to let him know if she had been safely delivered, they gave him to understand she had another daughter; his enemies not being willing he should have so much contentment as the birth of a son should have yielded him. "Doth the Queen," I asked of this gentleman, "then not mitigate her anger against these noble persons?" "So far from it," he answered, "that when, at the beginning of this trouble, Lady Arundel went to Sir Francis Knowles for to seek by his means to obtain an audience from her Majesty, in order to sue for her husband, he told her she would sooner release him at once — which, howsoever, she had no mind to do — than only once allow her to enter her presence. He then, her ladyship told me, rated her exceedingly, asking if she and her husband were not ashamed to make themselves Papists, only out of spleen and peevish humour to cross and vex the Queen? She answered him in the same manner as her lord did one of his keepers, who told him very many in the kingdom were of opinion that he made show to be Catholic only out of policy; to whom he said, with great mildness, that God doth know the secrets of all hearts, but that he thought there were small policy for a man to lose his liberty, hazard his estate and life, and live in that manner in a prison as he then did.

A brief letter from Lady Tregony informed me soon after this, that after a third examination the court had fined Lord Arundel in 10,000*l.* unto the Queen, and adjudged him to imprisonment during her pleasure. What that pleasure proved ten years of unmitigated suffering and slow torture evinced; one of the most

grievous of which was that his lady could never obtain for to see him, albeit other prisoner's wives had easy access to them. This touching letter I had from her three years after he was imprisoned: —

“**MINE OWN GOOD FRIEND,** — Life doth wear on, and relief of one sort leastways comes not; but God forbid I should repine. For such instances I see in the letters of my dear lord — which when some of his servants do leave the Tower, which, worn out as they soon become by sickness, they must needs do to preserve their lives — he findeth means to write to me or to Father Southwell, that I am ashamed to grieve over much at anything which doth befall us — when his willingness and contentment to suffer are so great. As when he saith to that good father: ‘For all crosses touching worldly matters, I thank God they trouble me not much, and much the less for your singular good counsel, which I beseech our Lord I may often remember;’ and to me this dear husband writes thus; ‘I beseech you, for the love of God, to comfort yourself whatsoever shall happen, and to be best pleased with that which shall please God best, and be His will to send. I find that there is some intent to do me no good, but indeed to do me the most good of all; but I am — and, thank God, doubt not but I shall be by His grace — ready to endure the worst which flesh and blood can do to me.’ O Constance, flesh and blood doth sometimes rebel against the keen edge of suffering; but I pray you, my friend, how can I complain when I hear of this much, long dearly-cherished husband ascending by steps the ladder of perfection, advancing from virtue to virtue as the Psalm saith, never

uttering one unsubmissive word towards God, or one resentful one towards his worst enemies; making, in the most sublime manner, of necessity virtue, and turning his loathsome prison into a religious cell, wherein every exercise of devotion is duly practised, and his soul trained for heaven.

"The small pittance the Queen alloweth for his maintenance he so sparingly useth, that most of it doth pass into the hands of the poor or other more destitute prisoners than himself. But sickness and disease prey on his frame. And the picture of him my memory draweth is gradually more effaced in the living man, albeit vivid in mine own portraying of it.

"There is now a priest imprisoned in the Tower, not very far from the chamber wherein my lord is confined; one of the name of Bennet. My lord desired much to meet him, and speak with him, for the comfort of his soul, and I have found means to bring it into effect by mediation of the lieutenant's daughter, to whom I have given thirty pounds for her endeavours in procuring it. And moreover she hath assisted in conveying into his chamber Church stuff and all things requisite for the saying of Mass, whereunto she tells me, to my indescribable comfort, he himself doth serve with great humility, and therein receives the Blessed Sacrament frequently. Sir Thomas Gerard, she saith, and Mr. Shelley, which are likewise prisoners at this time, she introduces secretly into his lodgings for to hear Mass and have speech with him. Alas! what *should* be a comfort to him, and so the greatest of *joys* to me, the exceeding peril of these times causeth *me* to look upon with apprehension; for these gentle-*men*, albeit well disposed, are not famed for so much



wisdom and prudence as himself, in not saying or doing anything which might be an occasion of danger to him; and the least lack of wariness, when there is so much discourse about the great Spanish fleet which is now in preparation, should prove like to be fatal. God send no worse hap befall us soon.

"In addition to these other troubles and fears, I am much molested by a melancholy vapour, which ascends to my head, and greatly troubles me, since I was told upon a sudden of the unexpected death of Margaret Sackville, whom for her many great virtues and constant affection towards myself I did so highly esteem and affection."

From that time for a long while I had no direct news of Lady Arundel; but report brought us woful tidings concerning her lord, who, after many private examinations, had been brought from the Tower to the King's Bench Court, in the Hall of Westminster, and there publicly arraigned on the charge of high treason, the grounds of which accusation being that he had prayed and procured others to make simultaneous prayer for twenty-four hours, and procured Mr. Bennet to say a Mass of the Holy Ghost for the success of the Spanish fleet. Whereas the whole truth of this matter consisted in this, that when a report became current amongst the Catholics about London that a sudden massacre of them all was intended upon the first landing of the Spaniards; this coming to the Earl's ears, he judged it necessary that all Catholics should betake themselves to prayer, either for the avoiding of the danger or for the better preparing themselves thereunto. And so persuaded those in the Tower to make prayer together for that end, and

also sent to some others for the same purpose, whereof one of greater prudence and experience than the rest signified unto him that perhaps it might be otherwise interpreted by their enemies than he intended, wishing him to desist, as presently thereupon he did: but it was then too late. Some which he had trusted, either out of fear or fair promises, testified falsely against him — of which Mr. Bennet was one, who afterwards retracted with bitter anguish his testimony, in a letter to his lordship, which contained these words: — “With a fearful, guilty, unjust, and most tormented conscience, only for saving of my life and liberty, I said you moved me to say a Mass for the good success of the Spanish fleet. For which unjust confession, or rather accusation, I do again and again, and to my life’s end must instantly crave God’s pardon and yours; and for my better satisfaction of this my unjust admission, I will, if need require, offer up both life and limbs in averring my accusation to be, as it is indeed, and as I shall answer before God, angels, and men, most unjust, and only done out of fear of the Tower, torments, and death.” Notwithstanding the Earl’s very stout and constant denial of the charge, and pleading the above letter of Mr. Bennet, retracting his false statement, he was condemned of high treason, and had sentence pronounced against him. But the execution was deferred, and finally the Queen resolved to spare his life, but yet by no means to release him. His estates, and likewise his lady’s, were forfeited to the Crown, and she at that time dealt with most unkindly, as the following letter will show:

“DEAR CONSTANCE, — At last I have found the

means of sending a packet by a safe hand, which in these days, when men do so easily turn traitors — notable instances of which, to our exceeding pain and trouble, have lately occurred — is no easy matter. I doubt not but thy fond affectionate heart hath followed with a sympathetic grief the anguish of mine during the time past, wherein my husband's life hath been in daily peril; and albeit he is now respited, yet, alas! as he saith himself, and useth this knowledge to the best purpose, he is but a doomed man; reprieved, not pardoned, spared, not released. Mine own troubles, besides, have been greater than can be thought of; by virtue of the forfeiture of my lord's estates and mine, my home hath been searched by justices, and no room, no corner, no trunk, or coffer, left unopened and unransacked. I have often been brought before the Council, and most severely examined. The Queen's officers and others in authority — to whom I am sometimes forced to sue for favour, or some mitigation of mine own or my lord's sufferings — do use me often very harshly, and reject my petitions with scorn and opprobrious language. All our goods are seized for the Queen. They have left me nothing but two or three beds, and these, they do say, lent but for a time. When business requires, I am forced to go on foot, and slenderly attended; my coach being taken from me. I have retained but two of my servants — my children's nurse being one. I have as yet no allowance, as is usual in such cases, for the maintenance of my family; so I am forced to pay them and buy victuals with the money made by the sale of mine own jewels; and I am sometimes forced to borrow and make hard shifts to procure necessary provisions and clothes

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for the children; but if I get eight pounds aweek, which the Queen hath been moved to allow me, then methinks I shall think myself no poorer than a Christian woman should be content to be; and I have promised Almighty God, if that good shall befall us, to bestow one hundred marks out of it yearly on the poor. I am often sent out of London by her Majesty's commands, albeit some infirmities I do now suffer from force me to consult physicians there. Methinks when I am at Arundel House I am not wholly parted from my lord, albeit my humble petition by means of friends to see him is always denied. When I hear he is sick, mine anguish increases. The like favour is often granted to Lady Latimore and others whose husbands are at this time prisoners in the Tower, but I can never obtain it. The lieutenant's daughter, whom I do sometimes see, when she is in a conversible mood doth inform me of my dear husband's condition, and relates instances of his goodness and patience which wring and yet comfort mine heart. What think you of his never having been heard so much as once to complain of the loss of his goods or the incommodities of his prison; of his gentleness and humility, where he is himself concerned; of his boldness in defending his religion and her ministers, which was alike shown as well as his natural cheerfulness in a conversation she told me had passed between her father the lieutenant, and him, a few days ago. You have heard, I ween, that good Father Southwell was arrested some time back at Mr. Bellamy's house; it is reported by means of the poor unhappy soul his daughter, whom I met one day at the door of the prison attired in a gaudy manner, and carrying herself in a bold fashion; but when she met mine eye

her's fell. Alas! poor soul, God help her, and bring her to repentance. Well, now Father Southwell is in the Tower, and my lord, by the aforesaid means, hath had once or twice speech with him, and doth often inquire of the lieutenant about him, which when he did so the other day, he used the words, 'blessed father' in speaking of him. The lieutenant (she said) seemed to take exception thereat, saying, 'Term you him blessed father, being as he is an enemy to his country?' My lord answered, 'How can that be, seeing yourself hath told me heretofore that no fault could be laid unto him but his religion?' Then the lieutenant said, 'The last time I was in his cell, your dog, my lord, came in and licked his hand.' 'Then,' quoth my lord, patting his dog fondly, 'I love him the better for it.' 'Perhaps,' quoth the lieutenant, in a scoffing manner, 'it might be he came thither to have his blessing.' To which my lord replied, 'It is no new thing for animals to seek a blessing at the hands of holy men; St. Jerome writing how the lions which had digged St. Paul the hermit's grave stood waiting with their eyes upon St. Anthony expecting his blessing.'

"Is it not a strange trial, mine own Constance, and one which hath not befallen many women, to have a fondly-loved husband yet alive, and to be sometimes so near unto him that it should take but a few moments to cross the space which doth divide us, and yet never behold him; year after year passing away, and the heart waxing sick with delays? Howsoever, one sad firm hope I hold, which keepeth me somewhat careful of my health, lest I should be disabled when that time cometh — one on which I fix my mind with apprehension, desiring to defer, yet praying one day to see

it — yea, to live long enough for this, and then to die, if it shall please God. When mine own Phillip is on his death-bed; when the slow consumptive disease which devoureth his vitals attaineth its end; then, I ween, no woman upon earth, none that I ever heard of or could think of, can deny me to approach him and receive his last embrace. Oh that this should be my best comfort, mine only hope!”

I pass over many intervening letters from this afflicted lady which at distant intervals I received, in one of which she expressed her sorrow at the execution at Tyburn of her constant friend and guide, Father Southwell, and likewise informed me of Mistress Wells' death in Newgate, and transcribe this one, written about six months afterwards, in which she relates the closing scene of her husband's life:

“MINE OWN DEAR CONSTANCE, — All is over now, and my overcharged heart casteth about for some alleviation in its excessive grief, which maybe I shall find in imparting to one well acquainted with his virtues and my love for him, what I have learnt of the closing scenes of my dear lord's mortal life. For think not I have been so happy as to behold him again, or that he should die in my arms. No; that which was denied me for ten long years neither could his dying prayers obtain. For many months notice had been given unto me by his servants and others that his health was very fast declining. One gentleman particularly told me he himself believed his end to be near. His devout exercises were yet increased — the bent of his mind more and more directed solely towards God and Heaven.

In those times which were allotted to walking or other recreation, his discourse and conversation, either with his keeper or the lieutenant or his own servant, was either tending to piety or some kind of profitable discourse, most often of the happiness of those that suffer anything for our Saviour's sake, to which purpose he had writ with his own hand upon the wall of his chamber this Latin sentence: 'Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc sæculo, tanto plus gloriæ cum Christo in futuro;' the which he used to show to his servants, inviting them, as well as himself, to suffer all with patience and alacrity.

"In the month of August tidings were brought unto me that, sitting at dinner, he had fallen so very ill immediately upon the eating of a roasted teal, that some did suspect him to be poisoned. I sent him some antidotes, and all the remedies I could procure; but all in vain. The disease had so possessed him that it could not be removed, but by little and little consumed his body so that he became like an anatomy, having nothing left but skin and bone. Much talk hath been ministered anent his being poisoned. Alas! my thinking is, and ever shall be, the slow poison he died of was lack of air, of sunshine, of kindness, of loving aid, of careful sympathy. When I heard his case was considered desperate, the old long hope, sustained for ten years, that out of the extremity of grief one hour of comfort should arise, woke up; but now I was advised not to stir in this matter myself, for it should only incense the Queen, who had always hated me; whereas my lord she once had liked, and it might be, when she heard he was dying, she should relent. She had made a kind of promise to some of his friends that before

his death his wife and children should come unto him; whereupon, conceiving that now his time in the world could not be long, he writ a humble letter to her petitioning the performance of her promise. The lieutenant of the Tower carried this letter, and delivered it with his own hands to the Queen, and brought him her answer by word of mouth. What think you, mine own Constance, was the answer she sent that dying man? God forgive her! Philip did; yea, and so do I — not fully at the time, now most fully. His crown should have been less glorious but for the heart-martyrdom she invented. This was her message, 'That if he would but once go to the Protestant Church, his request should not only be granted, but he should moreover be restored to his honour and estate, with as much favour as she could show. Oh, what were estates and honours to that dying saint? What her favour to that departing soul! One offering, one sacrifice, one final withdrawing of affection's thirsty and parched lips from the chalice of a supreme earthly consolation, and all was accomplished; the bitterness of death overpast. He gave thanks to the lieutenant for his pains; he said, he could not accept her Majesty's offers upon that condition, and added withal that he was sorry he had but one life to lose in that cause. A very worthy gentleman who was present at this passage, related it to me; and Lord Mountague I have also had it from, which heard the same from his father-in-law, my Lord Dorset. Constance, for a brief while a terrible tumult raged in my soul. Think what it was to know one so long, so passionately loved, dying nigh unto and yet apart from me, dying unaided by any priest — for though he had a great desire to be assisted by Father Edmond, by



whose means he had been reconciled, it was by no means permitted that either he or any other priest should come to him, — dying without a kindred face to smile on him, without a kinsman for to speak with him and list to his last wishes. He desired to see his brother William or his uncle Lord Henry; at least to take his last leave of them before his death; but neither was that small request granted — no, not so much as to see his brother Thomas, though both then and ever he had been a Protestant. And all this misery was the fruit of one stern, cruel hatred — of one proud, unbending human will; a will which was sundering what God had joined together. Like a bird against the bars of an iron cage, my poor heart dashed itself with wild throbbings against these human obstacles. But not for very long, I thank God; brief was the storm which convulsed my soul. I soon discerned His hand in this great trial — His will above all human wills; and while writhing under a Father's merciful scourge, I could yet bless Him who held it. I pray you, Constance, how should a woman have endured so great an anguish which had not been helped by Him? Methinks what must have sustained me was that before-mentioned gentleman's report of my dear lord's great piety and virtue, which made me ashamed of not striving to resemble him in howsoever small a degree. O, what a work God wrought in that chosen soul! what meekness, what humility, what nobleness of heart! He grew so faint and weak by degrees, that he was not able to leave his bed. His physicians coming to visit him some days before his death, he desired them not to trouble themselves now any more, his case being beyond their skill. They thereupon departing, Sir Michael

Blount, then lieutenant of the Tower, who had been ever very hard and harsh unto him, took occasion to come and visit him, and kneeling down by his bedside, in humble manner desired my dear Philip to forgive him. Whereto mine own beloved husband answered in this manner: 'Do you ask forgiveness, Mr. Lieutenant? Why, then, I forgive you in the same sort as I desire myself to be forgiven at the hands of God;' and then kissed his hand, and offered it in most kind and charitable manner to him, and holding his fast in his own said, 'I pray you also to forgive me whatever I have said or done in any thing offensive to you;' and he, melting into tears, and answering 'that he forgave him with all his heart' my lord raised himself a little upon his pillow, and made a brief grave speech unto the lieutenant in this manner: 'Mr. Lieutenant, you have showed both me and my men very hard measure.' 'Wherein, my lord?' quoth he. 'Nay,' said my lord 'I will not make a recapitulation of anything, for it is all freely forgiven. Only I am to say unto you a few words of my last will, which being observed, may, by the grace of God, turn much to your benefit and reputation. I speak not for myself; for God of His goodness has taken order that I shall be delivered very shortly out of your charge; only for others I speak who may be committed to this place. You must think, Mr. Lieutenant, that when a prisoner comes hither to this Tower, that he bringeth sorrow with him. Oh then do not add affliction to affliction; there is no man whatsoever that thinketh himself to stand surest but may fall. It is a very inhuman part to tread on him whom misfortune hath cast down. The man that is void of mercy God hath in great detestation. Your

commission is only to keep in safety, not to kill with severity. Remember, good Mr. Lieutenant, that God, who with His finger turneth the unstable wheel of this variable world, can in the revolution of a few days bring you to be a prisoner also, and to be kept in the same place where now you keep others. There is no calamity that men are subject unto but you may also taste as well as any other man. Farewell, Mr. Lieutenant; for the time of my short abode come to me whenever you please, and you shall be heartily welcome as my friend.' My dear lord, when he uttered these words, should seem to have had some kind of prophetic foresight touching this poor man's fate; for I have just heard this day, seven weeks only after my husband's death, that Sir Michael Blount hath fallen into great disgrace, lost his office, and is indeed committed close prisoner in that same Tower where he so long kept others.

"And now my faltering pen must needs transcribe the last letter I received from my beloved husband, for your heart, dear friend, is one with mine. You have known its sufferings through the many years evil influences robbed it of that love which, for brief intervals of happiness afterwards and this long separation since, hath, by its steady and constant return, made so rich amends for the past. In these final words you shall find proofs of his excellent humility and notable affection for my unworthy self, which I doubt not, my dear Constance, shall draw water from your eyes. Mine yield no moisture now. Methinks these last griefs have exhausted in them the fountain of tears.

"'Mine own good wife, I must now in this world take my last farewell of you; and as I know no person

living whom I have so much offended as yourself, so do I account this opportunity of asking your forgiveness as a singular benefit of Almighty God. And I most humbly and heartily beseech you, even for His sake and of your charity, to forgive me all whereinsoever I have offended you; and the assurance I have of this your forgiveness is my greatest contentment at this present, and will be a greater, I doubt not, when my soul is ready to depart out of my body. I call God to witness it is no small grief unto me that I cannot make you recompense in this world for the wrongs I have done you. Affliction gives understanding. God, who knows my heart, and has seen my true sorrow in that behalf, has, I hope, of His infinite mercy, remitted all, I doubt not, as you have done in your singular charity, to mine infinite comfort.'

"Now what remaineth but in a few brief sentences to relate how this loved husband spent his last hours, and the manner of his death. Those were for the most part spent in prayer; sometimes saying his beads, sometimes such psalms and prayers as he knew by heart. Seeing his servants (one of which hath been the narrator to me of these his final moments) stand by his bedside in the morning weeping in a mournful manner, he asked them 'what o'clock it was?' They answered that it was eight, or thereabout, 'Why, then,' said he, 'I have almost run out my course, and come to the end of this miserable mortal life.' Desiring them not to weep for him, since he did not doubt, by the grace of God, but all would go well with him; which being said he returned to his prayers upon his beads again, though then with a very slow, hollow, and fainting voice; and so continued as long as he

was able to draw so much breath as was sufficient to sound out the names of Jesus and Mary, which were the last words he was ever heard to speak. The last minute of his last hour being come, lying on his back, his eyes firmly fixed towards heaven, his long, lean, consumed arms out of the bed, his hands upon his breast, laid in cross one upon the other, about twelve o'clock at noon, in a most sweet manner, without any sign of grief or groan, only turning his head a little aside, as one falling into a pleasing sleep, he surrendered his soul into the hands of God, who to His own glory had created it. And she who writeth this letter, she who loved him since her most early years — who when he was estranged from her waited his return — who gloried in his virtues, doated on his perfections, endured his afflictions, and now lamenteth his death, hath nothing left but to live a widow; indeed with no other glory than that which she doth borrow from his merits, until such time as it shall please God to take her from this earth to a world where he hath found, she doth humbly hope, rest unto his soul."

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The Countess of Arundel is now aged. The virtues which have crowned her mature years are such as her youth did foreshadow. My pen would run on too fast if it took up that theme. This only will I add, and so conclude this too long piece of writing, — she hath kept her constant resolve to live and die a widow. I have seen many times letters from both Protestants and Catholics which made unfeigned protestations that they

were never so edified by any as by her. As the Holy Scriptures do say of that noble widow, Judith, "Not one spoke an ill word of her," albeit these times are extremely malicious. For mine own part, I never read those words of Holy Writ, "Who shall find a valiant woman?" and what doth follow, but I must needs think of Ann Dacre, the wife of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey.

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After the lapse of some years, it hath been my hap to have a sight of this manuscript, the reading of which, even as the writing of it in former days, doth cause me to live over again my past life. This lapse of time hath added nothing notable except the dreadful death of Hubert, my dear Basil's only brother, who suffered last year for the share he had, or leastways was judged to have, in the Gunpowder Plot and treason. Alas! he, which once, to improve his fortunes, denied his faith, when fortune turned her back upon him grew into a virulent hatred of those in power, once his friends and tempters, and consorted with desperate men; whether he was privy to their councils, or only familiar with them previous to their crimes, and so fell into suspicion of their guilt, God knoweth. It doth appear from some good reports that he died a true penitent. There is a better hope methinks for such as meet in this world with open shame and suffering than for secret sinners, who go to their pompous graves unchastised and unabsolved.

By his brother's death Basil recovered his lands;

for his present Majesty hath some time since recalled the sentence of his banishment. And many of his friends have moved him to return to England; but for more reasons than one he refused so much as to think of it, and has compounded his estate for 700*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Our children have now grown unto ripe years. Muriel (who would have been a nun if she had followed her godmother's example) is now married, to her own liking and our no small contentment, to a very commendable young gentleman, the son of Mr. Yates, and hath gone to reside with him at his seat in Worcestershire; and Ann, Lady Arundel's goddaughter, nothing will serve her but to be a "holy Mary," as the French people do style those dames which that great and good prelate, M. de Genève, hath assembled in a small hive at Annecy, like bees to gather the honey of devotion in the garden of religion. This should seem a strange fancy, this order being so new in the Church, and the place so distant; but time will show if this should be God's will; and if so, then it must needs be ours also.

What liketh me most is that my son Roger doth prove the very image of his father, and the counterpart of him in his goodness. I am of opinion that nothing better could be desired for him than that he never lose so good a likeness.

And now farewell, pen and ink, mine old companions, for a brief moment resumed, but with a less steady hand than heretofore; now not to be again used except for such ordinary purposes as housewifery and friendship shall require.

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## APPENDIX.

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### VOL. I. CHAP. I.

1. CHAUCER has described the Feast of May in the following verses: —

“ — Forth goth all the court, both most and lest,  
To fetch the floures fresh, and braunch and blome;  
And, namely, hawthorne brought both page and grome,  
And then rejoyssen in their great delite.  
Eke at each other threw the floures bright,  
The primerose, the violete, and the gold,  
With fresh garlands, party blew and white.”

COURT OF LOVE.

Philip Stubbs, the Puritan, denounces the May Day Festival in no measured language.

“Against May Day every parish, town, or village, assemble themselves, both men, women, and children, and go, some to the woods and groves, some to hills and mountains, some to one place, some to another, where they spend all the night in pleasant pastimes, and in the morning they return, bringing with them birchen boughs and branches of trees to deck their assemblies withal. But the chiefest jewel they bring from thence is the may-pole, their idol rather, which they bring home with great veneration and cover it with flowers and herbs bound round with string from the top to the bottom, and sometimes it is painted with variable colours, and hundreds of men, women, and children follow it with great devotion. And thus equipped it was reared with flags streaming on the top; they strewed the ground round about it, they bind green boughs about it, they set up summer halls, bowers, and arbours hard by it, and then fall they to



banqueting and feasting, to leaping and dancing about it, as the heathen people did at the dedication of their idol." — "Anatomy of Abuses."

2. A custom prevailed in England during the sixteenth century of presenting children with eggs stained with various colours in boiling, termed paste, or properly pasche eggs. This observance appears to have arisen from the idea that eggs were an emblem of the resurrection. In the ritual of Pope Paul the Fifth, composed for the use of England, Scotland, and Ireland, there is a prayer for the consecration of eggs, in which the faithful servants of the Lord are directed to eat His creature of eggs in remembrance of the Resurrection. On this custom Mr. Brand has observed that, "If the resurrection of the body had been a tenet of the faith of the ancient Egyptians, they would have thought an egg no inappropriate hieroglyphical representation of it. The exclusion of a living creature by incubation after the vital principle has lain a long while dormant or extinct, is a process so truly marvellous, that if it could be disbelieved, would be thought by some a thing as incredible, as that the Author of life should be able to reanimate the dead." So prevalent was the custom of egg giving at Easter, that it forms the basis of an old English proverb. "I'll warrant you for an egg at Easter." — "Shakespeare and his Times."

3. Lady Mounteagle. This lady was daughter of one Mr. Preston, a gentleman of note in Lancashire, and was married first to Sir James Labourn, by whom she had two daughters, the second of which married first, Thomas, Lord Dacre, of the North, and afterwards Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk. Her daughters perceiving the great prudence and care she had used in the education of themselves, prevailed with her to undertake also the education of their daughters, which she performed with such diligence and discretion, that though they were but young when she died, yet they received so much good from that short education, that they enjoyed great advantages by it all their life time. —

"The Life of the Lady Anne, Countess of Arundel and Surrey," published by the late Duke of Norfolk, from a manuscript at Norfolk House.

4. Mr. James Labourn. — This gentleman was a son of Sir James Labourn and of the above-mentioned Lady Mounteagle. In the year 1583 he was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Lancaster, for denying the Queen's supremacy. "And touching the said Labourn, we have given order to her Majesty's Council to consider how far the law will reach unto him for his lewd and seditious speeches uttered against her Majesty and the state of Government. The insolence and disobedience of him and others in those parts doth seem much to increase, which requireth a diligent care to be had of their doings." — The Lords and others of the Council to Lord Derby, &c.

5. The Duke of Norfolk. — Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, born March 19th, 1536, succeeded his grandfather in the dukedom in 1554, was arraigned on charge of treason January 16th, 1572, and beheaded on Tower Hill the second of June following.

6. "Nurse told me I was to marry my Lord William, and Madge my Lord Thomas, and thee, Nan, my Lord Surrey, and brother, pretty Meg Howard."

"She (the third Duchess of Norfolk, widow of the Lord Dacre of the North) having one son and three daughters, the duke intended to have married his daughter, the Lady Margaret, to the young Lord Dacre, and his three sons to her three daughters, but Lord Dacre was accidentally killed by the fall of a vaulting horse at Thetford, and his sister Mary died in her childhood. The two other marriages took place." — "Life of the Earl of Arundel and Surrey."

#### VOL. I. CHAP. II.

1. Sir Thomas More. — Some of his sayings descriptive of his mode of life. — From "The life and Death of the Most

Illustrious Sir Thomas More, Lord High Chancellor of England." By Thomas Roper, Esq. p. 82.

2. The fashion in which Christmas was kept in a Catholic household in the sixteenth century. — From "The Life of Mrs. Dorothy Lawson," published by her descendant, Sir William Lawson, Bart.

3. Death of the Duchess of Norfolk (widow of Lord Dacre of the North). — "Life of the Countess of Arundel."

4. Mr. Martin. — "Life of Lord Arundel," p. 9.

5. Mrs. Fawcett. — Ditto, p. 8.

6. The King of Spain, Lord Arundel's godfather. — "He was baptized a few days after his birth in the chapel of the Queen's palace at Whitehall, the King, Queen, and all the principal persons of the Court being there present. His godfathers were the King Philip himself, of whom he received his name; and his grandfather, the Earl of Arundel." — Ditto, p. 5.

"It happened that the Earl in his discourses did sometimes manifest much affection to the King of Spain, not only in regard of the obligation and duty he bore unto him as being his godfather, but also because in these times he was a chief maintainer and defender of the Catholic religion." — Ditto, p. 81.

7. Marriage, or Public Betrothal of Lord Surrey. — "As soon as he (Lord Surrey) came to the age of twelve years complete, he was, by the appointment of his father and his own free consent, publicly married or betrothed to Mrs. Ann Dacre, eldest daughter and heir of the Lord Dacre of the North." — "Life of Lord Arundel," p. 10.

8. Lord Surrey's good memory. — Ditto, p. 127.

9. Henry Fitzallan, last Earl of Arundel of that name. — "He feared God, did good to many, and was not the harmer of any. . . . He was in mind of the noblest sort, rather to be

wished for in a king than to be found in almost any subject; and yet ordered in such manner as both his humour in that regard was bountifully supplied, and such as he left for heirs nobly remembered." — "Manuscript Life of Henry, Earl of Arundel, written by his Chaplain." In the British Museum.

10. Mary, Duchess of Norfolk. — Her virtues and accomplishments. — "Life of the Earl of Arundel," p. 2.

11. According to Bishop Goodman, Leicester never forgot the box on the ear which Norfolk had once bestowed on him. "Life of Queen Elizabeth," by Miss A. Strickland, p. 292.

#### VOL. I. CHAP. III.

1. Mrs. Margaret Clithero. — "On the 25th of March of this or the foregoing year (1586), Mrs. Margaret Clithero, whose maiden name was Middleton, a gentlewoman of good family in Yorkshire, was pressed to death at York. She was prosecuted under the violent persecution raised at that time by the Earl of Huntingdon, Lord President of the North. The offence she was charged with was relieving and harbouring priests. She refused to plead, that she might not bring others into danger by her conviction, or be accessory to the jurymen's sins in condemning the innocent. And therefore, as the law appoints in such cases, she was pressed to death. She bore this cruel torment with invincible patience, often repeating on the way to execution that "this way to heaven was as short as any other." Her husband was forced into banishment. Her little children, who wept and lamented for their mother, were taken up, and being questioned touching their religion, and answering as they had been taught by her, were severely whipped, and the eldest, who was but twelve years old, was cast into prison. Mrs. Clithero's life was written by the reverend and learned Mr. John Mush, her director, who, after many years labouring in the English Mission with great fruit, after having suffered

prisons and chains, and even received the sentence of his death for his faith, was reprieved, and died in his bed, in a good old age, in 1617." — "Memoirs of Missionary Priests," by the Right Rev. Richard Challoner.

2. Queen Elizabeth's Warning to the Duke of Norfolk. — "Before her Highness came to Thornham, she commanded me to sit down, most unworthy, at her Highness's board, where, at the end of dinner, her Majesty gave me a nip, saying, 'that she would wish me to take good heed to my pillow.'" — "The Duke of Norfolk's Confession, State Papers, MSS."

3. Lines by Queen Elizabeth. — Tradition affirms that Queen Elizabeth wrote these lines, when a prisoner in her sister's lifetime, on a shutter, with a piece of charcoal. This piece of poetry ends with the not very Christian wish, "So God send to my foes all they have brought."

4. Palamon and Arcite — Play acted before Queen Elizabeth at Oxford. — The author of this play was Richard Edwards, Master of the children of her Majesty's Chapel Royal.

5. Henry Lord Arundel's Dislike to Foreign Languages. — "Tell the prince that I like to speak in that language in which I can best utter my mind and not mistake." — "Manuscript Life of Henry, Earl of Arundel, at Norfolk House."

6. The Queen's Visit to Oxford. — "These boys in very truth are ready to leap out of the windows." — Anthony a Wood, "Ath. Ox."

7. The Queen's Impatience at Dr. Westphaling's Oration. — Harrington's "Nugæ Antiquæ."

8. Torture ordered to be used by Queen Elizabeth. — "If they shall not seem to confess to you plainly their knowledge, then we warrant you to cause them both, or either of them, to be brought to the rack, and first to move them, with fear thereof, to deal plainly in their answers; and if

that shall not move them, to give them the taste thereof until they shall deal more plainly, or until you shall think meet." The comment on this royal order is contained in a letter from Sir Thomas Smith to Lord Burleigh: "I suppose we have gotten so much at this time as is likely to be had, yet to-morrow do we intend to bring a couple of them to the rack, not in any hope to get anything worth that pain and fear, but because it is so earnestly commanded to us." — "Letter of Warrant addressed to Sir Thomas Smith and Dr. Wilson," MS. Cotton. Calig. c. iii. fol. 229.

9. Since I be titled Countess of Surrey, Bess must needs be styled My Lady William Howard. — "Lord William Howard and Mistress Elizabeth Dacre were nearly of the same age; were brought up together, and destined for each other from early life. Their mutual affection appears to have been most sincere and persevering, and they died within one year of each other, he at the age of seventy-seven, she in her seventy-fifth year. They were married when about fourteen. During the long period of their lives his attention to her seems not ever to have varied or abated. In his accounts there are a number of presents to her, even to decorate her person at an advanced age, and he had her picture taken when she was seventy-three years of age, by the best painter then known. To judge from her portraits, though she was not so regular a beauty as her sister, the Countess of Arundel, she may yet be deemed handsome, and her countenance is sprightly and intelligent." — "Memorials of the Howards."

10. Lady Westmoreland. — "Jane, Countess of Westmoreland, the eldest daughter of Henry, Earl of Surrey, a lady of great virtue and acquirements, accompanied with such gentle feminine manners, sense, and affectionate love of her family and her duties, that had her father lavished on her all his praise of the imaginary Geraldine, he could scarce have made her more interesting than what has been written of her by Robert Constable, the vile betrayer of the Earl of

Westmoreland. He, availing himself of the Earl's confidence, obtained his signet as an introduction to his Lady with an intent to make her unwittingly an assistant in the snare he had laid for the ruin and death of her husband. When the insurrection in which the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland and many other noblemen had engaged came to an untimely end, and a meeting of those concerned in it brake up, and each man departed, providing for himself, my Lady Westmoreland hearing that conclusion, wept bitterly, and said, 'We and our country are shamed for ever, that now in the end we should seek holes to creep into.'" — "Memorials of the Howards."

#### VOL. I. CHAP. IV.

Treatment of recusants with regard to the searching of their houses.

"In the year 1575, in the month of June, the Bishop of Exeter being in his visitation to Truro, was requested by Mr. Greenfield, the sheriff of the county, and other busy men, to aid and assist them to search Mr. Tregian's house, where Mr. Maine did lie. After some deliberation, it was concluded that the Sheriff and the Bishop's Chancellor, with divers gentlemen and their servants, should take the matter in hand. As soon as they came to Mr. Tregian's house, the sheriff first spoke to him, saying that he and his company were come to search for one Mr. Bourne, who had committed a fault in London, and so fled into Cornwall, and was in his house as he was informed. Mr. Tregian answering that he was not there, and further telling him that to have his house searched he thought it great discourtesy, for that he was a gentleman, and that they had no commission from the Queen; the sheriff swore by all the oaths he could devise that he would search his house, or else he would kill or be killed, holding his hand upon his dagger. This violence being used, he had leave to search the house. The first place they went to was Mr. Maine's chamber, which being fast

shut, they bounced and beat at the door. Mr. Maine came and opened it (being before in the garden, where he might have gone from them). As soon as the sheriff came into the chamber, he took Mr. Maine by the bosom, and said to him, 'What art thou?' 'A man,' he answered. Whereat the sheriff asked if he had a coat of mail under his doublet, and so unbuttoned it, and found an Agnus Dei case about his neck, which he took from him, and called him traitor, rebel, and many other opprobrious names. They carried him, his books, papers, and letters to the Bishop, and thence from one gentleman's house to another, till he came to Launceston, where he was cruelly imprisoned, being chained to his bed-posts, with a pair of great gyves above his legs, and strict command given that no man should repair to him. Thus he remained in prison from June to Michaelmas, at which time the Judges came their circuit." — Challoner's "Records of Missionary Priests."

## VOL. I. CHAP. VI.

1. Lady Mounteagle's Death. — "Life of the Countess of Arundel and Surrey," p. 171.

2. Bees, their delight in sweet music. — This singular fact, (?) and the description of what the author calls a little commonwealth of nature, are taken from "Euphues," a novel of the sixteenth century.

3. The Lady Godiva — The Pageants of Coventry — Their Celebrity. — "Even that class of antiquaries who so much delight in destroying for other people the enjoyments they cannot appreciate themselves, have been unable with all their researches to do more with the story of the Lady Godiva than confirm it. One undeniable evidence is as good as a thousand; such a one is furnished by the inscription that formerly existed in a window at Coventry, set up in the reign of Richard II. Thus it ran:

I, Luriche, for the love of thee,  
Do make Coventry toll free.



Pageants were carried to a higher pitch of splendour in Coventry than in any other part of England, unless the Chester plays may be considered an exception. The King and Royal Family, the nobles and chief ecclesiastical dignitaries of England, were usually present, with a host of strangers from different parts of the kingdom." — "Old England," vol. i.

6. Mr. Weston, a religious priest of the Society of Jesus, well known in England by the name of Father Edmond. He suffered seventeen years' imprisonment in the Tower of London, Wisbeach, and other places, for the profession of the Catholic religion.

7. Lord Morley. — June 8th, 1570, Bruges. Harry, Lord Morley, to the Queen. Beseeches her not to entertain any doubt of his loyalty on account of his leaving the kingdom. He knows the malice of the Lord Keeper and Mr. Secretary against him. Solicits permission for his wife and children to join him. — State Papers.

#### VOL. I. CHAP. VII.

1. The scent of Roses from the Bishop's Garden. — When the Bishop of Ely, at the Queen's command, surrendered the gate-house of his palace and several acres of land (now Hatton Garden), he reserved to himself and his successors the right of access through the gate-house, of walking in the garden, and leave to gather twenty bushels of roses yearly therein.

2. Mr. Swithin Wells. — He was the sixth son of Thomas Wells, of Brambridge, near Winchester. The particulars of his life and of his death are taken from the "Life of Edmund Genings," and a manuscript history by Dr. Champney.

3. Richmondshire. — Order for executions after the rising in the North. The Earl of Sussex to Sir George Bowes.

"SIR GEORGE BOWES, — I have set the numbers to be executed in every town, as I did in your other book which draweth near to two hundred; wherein you may use your discretion in taking more or less in every town, as you shall see just cause for the offences, and fitness for example; so as in the whole, you pass not of all kind of such the number of two hundred, *amongst whom you may not execute any that hath freeholds, or noted wealthy*, for so is the Queen's Majesty's pleasure. By her special commandment, 10th of January, 1569."

4. Lady Mary Howard. — "Lady Mary Howard, her Majesty's near relative, and the Court beauty withal, was the envied possessor of the rich velvet kirtle with the costly border, which Elizabeth had taken a whimsical method of admonishing her not to wear any more." — "Life of Queen Elizabeth, p. 611."

5. Pecora Campi. — "Queen Elizabeth gave Sir Christopher Hatton various pet names, such as 'her sheep,' 'her mutton,' 'her belwether,' her 'Pecora Campi,' and her 'lids,' meaning eyelids, to which she occasionally added the flattering appellation of her 'sweet lids.' He was indebted for his good fortune to his fine person, insinuating manners, and graceful dancing." — "Life of Queen Elizabeth," p. 312.

6. Queen Elizabeth's Letter to the Bishop of Ely. — "Life of Queen Elizabeth," p. 314.

7. The Reason of the Queen's Aversion to the Bishop of Ely. — It was this Bishop of Ely who remonstrated with Elizabeth for retaining the crucifix and lighted tapers in her chapel, for which she never forgave him. — "Life of Queen Elizabeth," p. 314.

9. Renewal of the Marriage Contract of Lord and Lady Surrey. — "Life of Lord Arundel," p. 10.

## VOL. I. CHAP. VIII.

1. Ill-treatment of a Prisoner. — Mr. John Cooper, a hopeful young man of a good family, designing to leave England for the sake of his religion, and to follow his studies abroad, was stopped at the sea-side, sent back to London, and committed close prisoner to the Beacbam Tower. Here, partly through hunger and cold, he became delirious. This being told to the Lieutenant of the Tower, he ordered his bed to be taken away, which some friends had sent him in, that he might lie for the future on the bare floor, which addition to his former sufferings, brought him quickly to his end; and for a token that he perished through barbarous usage, when they pulled off his slippers in order to bury him, his flesh stuck to them, and came off by pieces from the bones. — Dr. Bridgewater's "*Concertatio Ecclesiæ Catholicæ*."

2. M. de la Motte Fénelon. — The French Queen's dwarfs. — "Queen Elizabeth's Life," by Miss A. Strickland, p. 409.

3. Mrs. Arundell, Maid of Honour. — The Queen's treatment of her with regard to her marriage. — "Queen Elizabeth's Life," by Miss Strickland, p. 412.

4. Edmund Genings becomes page to a Catholic gentleman. — "Life of Edmund Genings," by his Brother.

5. Mr. Hart. — Mr. Hart was born in the city of Wells, in Somersetshire; was brought up at Oxford; thence passed over to Douay, and afterwards to the English College at Rome; was made priest there, and sent on the English Mission. After some years, he was arrested at York, tried, and executed in that city in 1582. "This Mr. Hart was hanged, drawn, and quartered, for being a Romish priest." — Wood's "*Athenæ Oxon.*" p. 214.

6. Eliot. — George Eliot belonged to a respectable Catholic family. For several years he was a servant to Mr. Thomas Roper, grandson of Sir Thomas More. Having committed a grave offence against morality, he left his

master. Mr. Paine, a priest, whom he applied to in London, having refused to marry him under forbidden conditions to the person he had seduced, he went straight to the Secretary of State, Sir Francis Walsingham, declared himself a convert to Protestantism, and offered to turn to the account of the Government his knowledge of recusants' houses and his supposed catholicity. By means of his acquaintanceship with the cook at Lyford House, the seat of Mr. Yates, then imprisoned in London for Popish contumacy, he managed to obtain admission into the chapel, on pretext that it was Sunday, and that he wished to fulfil the obligation of hearing Mass. The cook, who had been a fellow-servant of his at Mr. Roper's, never for a moment called his sincerity into question, and told him, which Eliot did not know for certain, that Father Campion was in the house, and that he was in luck, for he would hear him preach after Mass. Eliot went into the chapel, and attended the service with the Queen's warrant in his pocket, was seen to shed tears during Father Campion's eloquent sermon, in which he pathetically described the sufferings of Catholics, and the dangers perpetually hanging over their heads. Before the congregation, composed of eighty persons, withdrew from the chapel, Eliot disappeared, and soon returned with an armed force, which narrowly searched the house. Twice in vain, but the third time, when the Queen's officers and Eliot were about to retire in despair, the latter accidentally struck one of the walls as he passed with an iron bar he held in his hand. The hollow sound the blow produced revealed the existence of the priest's hiding-place. Orders were given to pull down the wall, and Father Campion was arrested. Eliot carried on his nefarious trade till, sinking into the lowest depths of infamy, he was scouted even by his employers, and died a miserable death in a drunken fray.

## VOL. I. CHAP. IX.

1. Edmund Genings' success in a dangerous enterprise — "Life of E. Genings," by John Genings.

2. Roland Jenks, the bookseller at Oxford. — The following curious account of the disease which broke out immediately after the execution of this man's sentence, is given by Anthony Wood in his "History of the University of Oxford."

"It was ordered in the Convocation held on the 1st of May, 1577, that the criminal, Roland Jenks, should immediately be apprehended and examined before the Chancellor of the University and the Queen's Council. In the meantime all his goods were seized, and in his house were found bulls of Popes and libels reflecting on her Majesty. He was brought to the bar at Oxford, and was arraigned for high crimes and misdemeanours, and being found guilty, was condemned by a sentence in some manner *capital*, for he was to lose his ears. At which time (although my soul dreads almost to relate it) so sudden a plague invaded the men that were present (the great crowd of people, the violent heat of the summer, and the great stench of the prisoners all conspiring together, and perhaps also a poisonous exhalation breaking suddenly at the same time out of the earth), that you might say death itself sat on the bench, and by her definitive sentence put an end to all causes. For great numbers immediately died upon the spot; others struck with death hastened out of the court as fast as they could, to die within a few hours. It may not be amiss to set down the names of the persons of greatest note who were seized by that plague. There were Sir Robert Bell, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and Nicholas Barham, Serjeant-at-Law, both great enemies of the Popish religion, which, perhaps, the Romanists will lay hold of as an argument to their cause, but I desire them not to search too narrowly into the secret judgments of God, when we

are at a loss to account even for those things which are revealed in Holy Writ. To the above-named must be added, Sir Robert Dayley, the High Sheriff of Oxford, Mr. Hart, his deputy, Sir William Babington, Messrs. Dayley, Wenman, Danvers, Pettyplace, and Harcourt, justices of the peace; Kirby, Green, Nash, and Foster, gentlemen; to whom are to be joined, to say nothing of others, almost all the jurymen, who died within two days."

He adds out of the register of Merton College the following account of the symptoms of this strange disease. "Some getting out of their bed, agitated with I know not what fury, from their distemper and pain beat and drive from them their keepers. Others run about the yards and streets like madmen, others jump head foremost into deep waters. The sick labour with a most violent pain both of the head and stomach. They are taken with a frenzy; are deprived of their understanding, sight, hearing, and other senses. As the disease increases they take nothing — they get no sleep. They suffer none to tend or keep them. They are wonderfully strong and robust even in death itself. No complexion or constitution is spared; but the choleric are more particularly attacked by this evil, of which the physicians can neither find the cause nor cure. The stronger a person is the sooner he dies. Women are not seized by it, neither the poor; neither does any one catch it that takes care of the sick, or visits them. But as this disease was strangely violent, so it was but of short continuance, for within a month it was over." — The substance of this history may also be found in Sir Richard Baker's "Chronicle," and in Fuller's "Church History," book ix. p. 109.

3. Mr. Churchyard. — The poet Churchyard was an old retainer of the Norfolk family, and had a peculiar taste and talent for the arrangement of masks, festivals and pageants.

4. Catherine, Lady Berkeley, was the second daughter of Henry, Earl of Surrey, and sister of Thomas, fourth Duke

of Norfolk. In Smythe's "History of the Berkeley Family," she is thus described. — "Of stature this lady was somewhat tall, of complexion lovely, both in the spring and autumn of her life; her hair somewhat yellowish, of pace the most steady and upright, of stomach great and haughty, of great expense and bounty beyond the means of continuance, of speech passing eloquent and ready, whom in many years I could never observe to misplace or even to recall one mistaken or mispronounced word or syllable, and as ready and significant with her pen; her invention as quick as her first thoughts, and her words as ready as her invention; skilful in the French, but perfect in the Italian tongue. At the lute she played admirably, and would often sing thereto to the ravishment of her hearers, so that her husband, her servants, and three or four times myself have secretly hearkened under her window. In the first twenty years after her marriage, she was given to all manner of delights befitting her birth and calling; but after the beheading of the Duke of Norfolk, her brother, and the frowns which the State Government had cast upon the rest of her dearest kindred, with the harsh bereavings, or rather wrestings, of her husband's possessions; then grown towards thirteight or forty years, she retired herself into her chamber and private walks, garden, park, and other solitaires, not permitting any of her house to come nearer to her than their appointed distances. In her elder days she gave herself wholly to the study of Natural Philosophy and the Latin tongue."

5. Edmund Campion, born in London, educated at Christ Church Hospital, then sent to St. John's College, Oxford, was ordained deacon by Richard Cheney, Bishop of Gloucester, but soon after became a Catholic, partly moved thereto by the arguments and persuasions of Mr. Martin, who had been tutor to Lord Surrey, travelled into Ireland, whence he escaped in disguise, warned to do so by the Viceroy himself, Sir Henry Sydney. He secretly passed through London on his way to Douay, where he resolved to become a

Jesuit, and went over to Rome. Thence he was sent into Bohemia, where he was ordained priest and laboured for seven years; at the end of that time he came to England. For about thirteen months he exercised his ministry in London and various parts of the country, was arrested at Lyford, Mr. Yates's house, and thence brought to the Tower of London, where he suffered a cruel imprisonment, and a few months afterwards was executed at Tyburn.

6. Burning of Anabaptists. — "Fox the Martyrologist wrote an eloquent letter to Elizabeth, imploring her not to sully the annals of her reign and the practice of the Reformed Church by burning for heterodoxy. His intercession was unavailing to save two wretched Dutch Anabaptists from the flames, who were burnt alive June 22d at Smithfield, and according to Stowe died in great horror with roaring and crying." — Miss A. Strickland's "Life of Queen Elizabeth," p. 418.

7. Dr. Cheney, Bishop of Gloucester, a protestant divine of learning, piety, and singular charm of manners and conversation; charitable and compassionate. A Lutheran in his creed, and a determined opponent of the Puritan party. He was Edmund Campion's ardent friend and patron, until the latter, after receiving deacon's orders from him, renounced the Anglican Church and became a Catholic.

#### VOL. I. CHAP. X.

1. Edmund Genings' departure from England. — His "Life," by John Genings, his brother.

2. The Duke of Norfolk's imprisonment and execution. — "Life of the Earl of Arundel;" "Biographies of the Earls of Arundel," by the Rev. M. Tierney.



## VOL. I. CHAP. XI.

1. Lord Surrey goes to Cambridge, and receives no small detriment by the bad examples he has there. — "Life of Lord Arundel and Surrey," p. 11.

2. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. — "Life and Death of the renowned John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester," by Thomas Bayley, D.D. pp. 230 and 233.

3. Lady Egerton of Ridley. — Sir Christopher Hatton to Henry Stanley, Earl of Derby, and William Chaderton, Bishop of Chester, in behalf of the Lady Egerton of Ridley, that she may have further liberty, and to put off her appearance before them till Michaelmas.

"MY VERY GOOD LORDS, — Whereas the Lady Egerton of Ridley standeth bound for her appearance before your lordships to answer such matter as she is charged with touching her dispositions in religion; I am credibly given to understand, that albeit she hath not hitherto conformed herself to her Majesty's proceedings upon a certain preciseness of conscience incident to divers of her sex, without reason or measure oftentimes; yet in other respects she hath always showed herself very dutiful and of good behaviour; so far forth as she continually entertaineth a chaplain in her house, who usually says the service both for her household and neighbours according to her Majesty's laws.

"I am further informed, the gentlewoman is very aged and in very weak disposition of health; troubled oftentimes with sundry infirmities; the which of late are much increased upon her. In consideration whereof, I think her case rather to be pitied, and that haply it may fall to better purpose to seek to reduce her by a mild and gentle course, than to endanger her health by imprisonment or other proceedings against her.

"I am therefore to recommend her to your Lordships' favourable considerations, if in your wisdom it may be thought convenient to be pleased to give her a further time

of toleration until Michaelmas next, in hope that by such convenient means as in that space may be wrought, she may be brought to better conformity.

"Wherein what course it shall please your Lordships to take together with the grant of this her humble request (wherein I am earnestly pressed by special friends), I shall think myself much beholden to your Lordships.

"Your Lordships' poor friend, most assured,

"CHR. HATTON."

Sir Thomas Bromley, Lord Chancellor, writes to the same effect: —

"I understand that the Lady Egerton of Ridley hath been converted before your Lordships for disobedience in causes of religion. I am sorry that either through her own simplicity, or by the malice of any secret practisers, she should be thus misled and holden in blindness. I commend her simplicity to your Lordships, and to pray you to use some further toleration with her until Michaelmas next. . . . I have also written unto her exhorting her to frame herself to such conformity and dutiful obedience to her Majesty's laws as becometh her. Wherein I trust my words will work some good effect. If it fall out otherwise (as I hope in God it will not), then I wish the law should proceed against her, as appertaineth." — Peck's "*Desiderata Curiosa*," pp. 123 and 130.

4. The impression made in London by the news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the Queen's kindness to La Motte Fénelon. — "*Dépêches de la Motte Fénelon*," p. 123.

5. Huguenot cruelties in France. — The fury of the religious civil wars in France is well known. The cruelties committed by Catholics have been over and over again brought forward, but those perpetrated by Huguenots are not so often mentioned. Yet the massacres in cold blood of Catholic prisoners, the burnings of churches, the ravages and sacrileges committed in every province where they ob-

tained the ascendancy, if they are not so startling as the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, were events of such frequent occurrence, that they go far to account for the popular frenzy which seconded and exceeded the orders of inhuman rulers.

On neither side in France were the horrors committed as much the result of a deliberate system of persecution as the fruits of a blind, violent party spirit, which often acted irrespectively of all control. On both sides there was on the part of the more generous-minded and enlightened partisans a disavowal of these horrible deeds.

On the one hand we find that, when the Baron des Adrets had indulged, at Lyons and in the Comté Venaissin, in cruelties which baffle conception, such as throwing at one place two hundred Catholic prisoners, who had surrendered by capitulation, from a wall into a ditch, his own soldiers receiving them as they fell on the points of their bayonets; and, at another town, compelling fifty men, to whom their lives had been promised, to fling themselves off the tower of a church, that the Prince de Condé severely reprimanded him, and superseded him in the governorship of Lyons, appointing M. de Saulière in his place, which caused the Protestant general (who had up to that time detested Catholics to the degree that he made his two sons bathe in the blood of slaughtered prisoners, in order to inspire them with a similar hatred) to join the League. On the other hand, we hear from Brantôme that the Duc de Guise, on his deathbed, deeply lamented the slaughter of fifty or sixty Protestants, who had been killed at Vassy by his soldiers, though the conflict had arisen in an accidental manner, at the door of one of their conventicles. Brantôme says: "At his death (speaking of the Duc de Guise) "he accused himself of this slaughter, taking God to witness, and praying he might not be saved if he had ever intended or been the author of it; and so, considering his share in it as very trifling, but yet because blood had been shed, he accused himself of it to God, and begged His forgiveness. I heard him say this

with mine own ears." Brantôme adds: "and if those — amongst whom was the Bishop of Riez — who wrote an account of his dying speeches omitted this, they were wrong, for it clears him of a thing which he had been much blamed for."

6. Tortures used towards Papists. — "Alexander Brian (priest), because he would not confess where he had seen Father Parsons, how he was maintained, where he had said Mass, and whose confessions he had heard, they caused needles to be thrust under his nails. After this he was, even to the disjoining of his body, rent and torn upon the rack because he would not confess where the printing-press was, and what books he had sold, and so was returned to his lodgings for that time; yet the next day following, notwithstanding the great distemperature and soreness of his whole body, he was brought to the torture again, and there stretched with greater severity than before, insomuch that, supposing they would tear him to pieces, he raised his mind in contemplation of Christ's bitter passion, resolving to die rather than to hurt any creature living. He swooned away, so that they were forced to sprinkle cold water on his face to revive him, yet released no part of his pain. — From a printed account of Alexander Brian's life and death, by an eye-witness, published in 1582.

This is but one out of the many narratives to be found of similar barbarities exercised on Catholics, both priests and laymen, which are recorded in Challoner's "Annals". The instances Mr. Roper is made to allude to, viz. the treatment of William Tyrwhitt and of Mark Tupper, are to be found in Dr. Bridgewater's "*Concertatio Ecclesiæ Catholicæ*."

The following extracts from letters addressed by the lords and others of the Queen's Council to the Earl of Derby and the Bishop of Chester, afford a specimen of the galling and insulting tyranny to which imprisoned recusants were subjected: "Now likewise, forasmuch as we consider, first, that if the said recusants be all committed in one place, the

burthen of their diets would be more easy unto their keepers, and that one preacher appointed to confer with them and instruct them for their conformities will suffice if they be all in one place, which preachers to the end that they may attend that service only, are of necessity to have allowance by way of pension, which being not like to grow out of the purses of the prisoners, who are so few in number able to pay their own charges, therefore is to be borne in some other manner. We, minding that *this charge of the preacher* and the poorer sort of prisoners shall be taken out of such fines as are and shall be levied upon the recusants of the same diocese, do think it most fit for the easing of the said charges that all the prisoners that are and shall be committed for obstinacy in religion be placed only at Manchester."

"MY LORDS, — Whereas a son\* of Sir John Southworth, knight, hath oftentimes repaired hither to be a suitor for his father's liberty and better usage in the place where he is committed, forasmuch as we have been informed that the cause of his strait keeping proceedeth from the said Sir John himself, in that he refuseth to be present at thanksgivings unto God before and after meals, and at the readings of chapters out of the Old and New Testament, as he was wont to do at the time of his first commitment. Seeing his son hath undertaken here that his father shall do that which he at first did, we have thought good to signify so much unto your lordships, and pray you to inform yourselves whether the said Sir John shall be contented to perform so much as his son hath promised here. And if he will do it, and put in

\* In a letter from Sir Francis Walsingham to the Bishop of Chester, the cause of Sir John Southworth's imprisonment is to be found. A suspicion was entertained that that gentleman intended to disinherit "his eldest and best son, who was not ill affected like his bad father, but well given in religion, and to dispose his lands upon some other of his children." The bishop is desired "to take some order to stay his purpose." The order taken appears to have been to arrest him for recusancy, and keep him in prison. — Peck's "*Desiderata Curiosa*," book iv. pp. 148, 145; and book iii. p. 110.

good assurance to be a true prisoner, and to behave himself well (viz. go to Protestant prayers and preaching) that your lordships may give order unto Mr. Worsley only to take 13s. 4d. weekly for his diet, and liberty of walking at such convenient times as your lordships shall think meet."

9. Conversation between Sir Thomas More and Mr. Roper. — "Life of Sir Thomas More," by T. Roper, Esq. p. 30.

10. Dr. Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, his letter to the Lord Privy Seal upon his appointment to preach at the burning of Friar Forest.

"Saluto in Christo plurimum.

"And, sir, if it be your pleasure, as it is, that I shall play the fool in my customable manner when Forest shall suffer, I would wish that my stage stood near unto Forest, for I would endeavour myself so to content the people that therewith I might also convert Forest, God so helping, or rather altogether working; wherefore I would that he should hear what I shall say, si forte, &c. &c. Forest, as I hear, is not duly accompanied in Newgate for his amendment with the White Friars of Doncaster and monks of the Charterhouse, more like to indurate than to mollify; whether through the fault of the sheriff, or the gaoler, or both, no man could sooner discern that your lordship. Some think he is rather comforted in his way than discouraged. Some think he is both allowed to hear mass and to receive the sacrament, which if it be so, it is enough to confirm him in his obstinacy, as though he were to suffer for a just cause. These things would be nigher 'ut relegantur ex multis cordibus cogitationem.'

"It is to be feared that some instilled into him that, though he had persevered in his abjuration, yet he should have suffered afterwards for treason, and so by that occasion he might have been induced to refuse his abjuration. If he

would yet with his heart return to his abjuration, I would wish his pardon. Such is my foolishness.

“H. L. WISON.

“To the right honourable Lord Privy Seal, his singular good Lord.”

“Original Letters,” &c. &c. with notes and illustrations, by Sir Henry Ellis. Third Series, vol. iii. p. 202.

The following contemporary notice of the burning of Friar Forest is preserved in one of the Harleian Manuscripts: —

“On Wednesday, the 19th of May, 1523, Friar Forest, of Greenwich, a doctor of divinity, was burnt in Smythfield for certain points that he held of the Bishop of Rome, and that he would not stick and preach the New Testament, for he said he would preach the Pope's traditions, and his laws, and decrees, and in them and for them he died. At whose death was Master Richard Gressam, mayor of this city, with his sheriffs; also the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, the Lord Admiral; the Lord Privy Seal, with divers others, and of the commons of the city a great number; and the Bishop of Worcester did preach afore him, face to face, the which bishop's name is Latimer.”

11. Mr. Roper. — “The reader is now to know, that William Roper, who married Margaret More, was born in Kent, and educated for a time in one of the universities. Afterwards he succeeded his father, John Roper, in the office of pronotary of the King's Bench, which after he had kept and faithfully performed four years, he resigned to his son, Thomas Roper. The said William was very bountiful both at home and abroad, merciful, meek, and a staff to such as were poor, oppressed, and in prison. At length, after he had lived a widower thirty-three years, and eighty-two in this vain world, he submitted to fate 4th January, 1577. Whereupon his body was buried next to Margaret, his wife, in the church of St. Dunstan, in Canterbury. The life of Sir

Thomas More before mentioned I have often perused." — Anthony a Wood, "Athenæ Oxoniensis," vol. ii. p. 8.

12. Sir Thomas More's foresight of the sufferings of Catholics. — "Life of Sir Thomas More," by Thomas Roper, Esq.

#### VOL. I. CHAP. XII.

1. Thomas Sherwood was born in London, made his studies at Douay, returned to England in 1576, suffered at Tyburn in 1577. What is related in this chapter regarding the cause and the circumstances of his arrestation, his severe sufferings, and his execution, is taken from Bridgewater's "Concertatio Ecclesiæ Catholicæ."

2. Edmund Genings' illness, recovery, and ardent desire to be sent on the English Mission. — "Life," by J. Genings.

3. The Queen's speech to Lady Berkeley. — Miss A. Strickland's "Life of Queen Elizabeth," p. 484.

4. Dr. Dee. — "Diary of Dr. Dee," published by the Camden Society.

Prediction to Lord Surrey. — "He had understood by some who had caused his nativity to be calculated that he should be in great danger to be overthrown by a woman." — "Life of Lord Arundel."

#### VOL. I. CHAP. XIII.

Mode of carrying recusants to prison. — Manuscript Letter of Father Parsons.

#### VOL. I. CHAP. XIV. and CHAP. XV.

The following story, taken from "Records of Missionary Priests," forms the groundwork of the episode contained in these two chapters: —

"Thomas Tunstall, of Thurland, in Lancashire, performed his studies abroad in the English college of Douay,



was ordained priest in 1609, and sent on the English Mission in 1610. Here he quickly fell into the hands of the pursuivants, and spent four or five years of his life in different prisons. His last confinement before his final apprehension was in Wisbeach Castle, from whence he made his escape, letting himself down by a rope. From Wisbeach he made the best of his way into Norfolk, where he took shelter in a friend's house, not far from Lynn. But he had been there very few days when search was made for him, and he was apprehended. There was in that neighbourhood a charitable lady who did great service to the poor in the way of surgery. Mr. Tunstall stood in great want of such assistance, having grievously galled and wounded his hands by the rubbing of the rope at the time when he made his escape, the sores for want of proper applications being grown exceedingly painful. Therefore his Catholic host advised him to apply to Lady L'Estrange (this was her name), and put himself under her care. She received him kindly, dressed his wounds, and promised him her best assistance for making a cure. However, the good lady could not forbear talking to her husband, Sir Hammond L'Estrange, a justice of peace, of some particulars relating to her new patient; as that he was in poor apparel, yet a gentlemanlike man in his discourse and behaviour, but withal somewhat reserved in giving an account how he came by those wounds in his hands; that he was a stranger in the country, and lived at the house of a Popish recusant. The justice immediately cried out, "This must be the Popish priest lately escaped out of Wisbeach," for whom he had that day received orders to make diligent search. Upon this, the lady is reported to have cast herself on her knees to intercede for the man, begging her husband to take no notice of what she had said; adding that she should be an unhappy woman all her life if the priest should come to any trouble by her speeches. But notwithstanding all she could say or do, the knight persisted in his resolution to secure the man, and accordingly sent out his warrants, and had him seized and brought before him. And

though the lady again renewed her instances to have him dismissed, yet she could not be heard; but Mr. Tunstall was forthwith committed to Norwich gaol, where at the next assizes he was brought to trial and condemned. He suffered July 13th, 1616." — The reader is referred to the second volume of Challoner's "Records," &c. p. 118, for a full and interesting account of Mr. Tunstall's trial and execution.

## VOL. I. CHAP. XVI.

1. Mr. Watson. — Richard Watson was a secular priest, whose escape from Bridewell was effected by the aid of Mistress Margaret Ward, who was in consequence condemned and executed. The particulars of both their histories are to be found in the first volume of Challoner's "Records," p. 233.

2. The Queen's Brooch. — Out of compliment to her royal suitor, the Duc d'Alençon, Elizabeth cherished the jewelled similitude of a frog in her bosom, in the form of a brooch. — Miss A. Strickland's "Life of Queen Elizabeth," p. 441.

3. Stubbe's pamphlet against the French marriage: — "A yawning gulph, &c." his punishment and behaviour under it. — Miss A. Strickland's "Life of Queen Elizabeth," p. 445.

4. Queen Elizabeth's method of retaining her subjects' affection, stated by herself in a conversation with Lady Harrington. — "Nugæ Antiquæ," vol. i. p. 177.

5. A law passed to prevent the further increase of the size of London. — "Life of Queen Elizabeth," p. 450.

6. A law with regard to the dimensions of *ruffs*, and the length of swords. — M. de Castelnau, the French envoy, stopped by the Queen's officers in Smithfield. — "Life of Queen Elizabeth," p. 449.

7. Richard Topcliffe. — "A certain peculiar cast of character displayed in this gentleman's letters led me to suppose

that I might probably collect some particulars of his history from the writers of his time. I can, however, only find that he was distinguished as a most implacable persecutor of the Roman Catholics, of which his own letters are indeed a sufficient proof. Sir Anthony Standen, praising the Earl of Essex's agreeable manners in a letter to Mr. Anthony Bacon, of the 3rd of March, 1593, in Dr. Birch's papers, says, "Contrary to our Topcliffian practice, he hath done more with words than others could do with racks." It appears also in another letter in that collection, that Topcliffizare, in the quaint language of the Court, signified to hunt a recusant. — Lodge's "Illustrations of British History."

The following note is appended to the "Memoir of the Rev. Robert Southwell," by William Turnbull, Esq.: —

"Topcliff had permission from the Queen's Council to torture in any manner, and to any extent short of death, the unfortunate victims of his generally too successful search. He was frequently heard to say that 'Nothing gave him greater delight than the torturing and butchering of Catholics, and that if his power was equal to his will, his dearest pleasure would be to blow every Jesuit to powder in the air.'"

8. Frances Ann Bellamy. — "There was resident at Uxendon, near Harrow-on-the-Hill, in Middlesex, a Catholic family of the name of Bellamy, whom Southwell was in the habit of visiting and providing with religious instruction when he exchanged his ordinary close confinement for a purer atmosphere. One of the daughters, Ann, had in her early youth exhibited marks of the most vivid piety, but having been committed to the Gatehouse of Westminster, her faith gradually departed, and along with it her virtue. She was seduced by Richard Topcliffe, and ended by marrying one of his servants, the keeper of the prison, and by this step forfeited all claim which she had by law or favour upon her father. In order, therefore, to obtain some fortune, she resolved to take advantage of the Act of 27 Elizabeth,

which made the harbouring of a priest treason. Accordingly she sent a messenger to Southwell, urging him to meet her on a certain day and hour at her father's house, whither he, either in ignorance of what had happened, or under the impression that she sought his spiritual assistance through motives of penitence, went at the appointed time. In the mean time having apprized her husband of this, as also of the place of concealment in her father's house, and the mode of access, he conveyed the information to Topcliffe, who with a band of his satellites surrounded the premises, broke open the house, arrested Father Southwell, and carried him off exposed to the gaze of the mob. He was in the first instance taken to Topcliffe's house, where during a few weeks he was put to the torture with such dreadful severity, that, complaining of it to his judges, he declared in the name of God that death would have been preferable." — Bartoli's "Lives of English Jesuits."

9. Father Southwell. — "As to his fortitude, we have the admiring testimony of Cecil: — 'There is at present confined one Southwell, a Jesuit, who, thirteen times most cruelly tortured, cannot be induced to confess anything, not even the colour of the horse whereon on a certain day he rode, lest from such indication his adversaries might conjecture in what house or in what company of Catholics he that day was.'" — "More," *ut supra*, p. 193.

10. Lord Mountjoy, one of the most determined enemies of Catholics, happening to be present at Father Southwell's execution, was so struck by his pious constancy, that he could not forbear to exclaim, "May my soul be with this man's!" — "Memoir of Father Southwell," appended to his Poetical Works.

## VOL. II. CHAP. I.

1. Lady Arundel goes to her husband to complain of his conduct to her. "This sort of unkind usage, as it caused in her much grief and affliction of mind, together with no small indisposition of body, so it forced her at length to go to him to expostulate and mind him of his obligation towards her, which she performed in a humble and dutiful way. The Earl, though he could not deny her to be his wife, yet showed but small signs that he would treat or esteem her as such; upon which she resolved, for her last refuge, to have recourse to his grandfather, the Earl of Arundel, who received, and not only received, but entertained, and kept in his own house as long as he lived, with all kindness as his own child, and also did his best endeavour to reclaim the Earl her husband, though his efforts proved ineffectual." — "Life of the Countess of Arundel," p. 179.

2. The narrative put into the mouth of Mr. Sherwood, describing the adventures of a priest landing in England, the manner of his escape, the cause of his surrendering himself, and the anecdote of the dangers incurred in the performance of an act of restitution undertaken in behalf of a deceased Catholic, are borrowed from a manuscript letter of Father Parsons.

## VOL. II. CHAP. II.

1. Sir Thomas More's last interview with his daughter, and what she did in order to give him Christian burial. — "Life of Sir Thomas More," &c. p. 79.

2. Sir John Harrington's Poetical Petition. — "Life of Queen Elizabeth," p. 418.

## VOL. II. CHAP. III.

1. Sir Francis Walsingham. — "Lloyd, who imputes universal genius to him, says that he could as well fit the humour of King James with passages out of Xenophon, Thu-

cydides, Plutarch, or Tacitus, as he could that of Henry, King of France, with Rabelais' conceits, or the Hollanders with Mechanie's Discourses."

He was one of the most refined politicians and most penetrating statesmen that any age ever produced. He had an admirable talent both in managing and discovering the secret recesses of human nature. His favourite sayings were, "Knowledge is never too dear," and, "Video et Taceo." The Queen said, in diligence and sagacity he exceeded her expectations. His spies sometimes attended a man for three years together.

2. Lady Sydney. — "Sir Philip Sydney married Walsingham's daughter portionless, 'not carrying his love in his purse.' This is that Sir Francis, who impoverished himself to enrich the State, and indeed made England his heir. He was so far from building up a fortune by the benefit of his place, that he demolished that fine estate left him by his ancestors to purchase dear intelligence from all parts of Christendom. He had a key to unlock the Pope's cabinet, and as if master of some invisible whispering-place, all the secrets of Christian princes met at his closets. Wonder not then if he bequeathed no great wealth to his daughter." — "Aulica Arcana."

3. Sir Francis Walsingham's answer to a friend who taxed him with being melancholy: — "No, I am not melancholy. I am serious, and 'tis fit I should be so. O my friends, whilst we laugh, all things are serious round about us! God is serious, who exercises patience towards us. Christ is serious, who shed His blood for us. The Holy Spirit is serious, in striving against the obstinacy of our hearts. The Holy Scriptures bring to our ears the most serious things in the world. The whole creation is serious in serving God and us. The Holy Sacraments represent the most serious and awful matters. All that are in heaven and in hell are serious. How, then, can we be gay?"

## VOL. II. CHAP. IV.

1. Mistress Margaret Ward. — "Yesterday she suffered at Tyburn, with a wonderful constancy and alacrity."

The history of this courageous woman's successful stratagem for the promotion of Mr. Watson's escape from Bridewell, of her trial, scourging, sentence, and execution, is given in the first volume of Challoner's "Records of Missionary Priests."

2. "Description of the piece of Embroidery which the Queen of Scots sent as a present to the Countess of Arundel." — "Life of the Countess of Arundel," p. 265.

## VOL. II. CHAP. V.

1. Euston. — "Euston, a village pleasantly situated upon the river Ouse the less. It is on a flat, and by a fair champion country."

"It is almost surrounded by trees of uncommon growth, and of the most healthy and luxuriant appearance, and near it flows the river Ouse, over which is thrown a neat substantial wooden bridge. The scenery about the house and park combines the most delightful assemblage of rural objects that can well be imagined, and is justly celebrated by the author of the 'Farmer's Boy.' Euston is the biggest house in the county of Suffolk, built by — Rookwood, Esq. in the time of Queen Elizabeth. That estate hath continued in the family of Rookwood many generations; Edward Rookwood of Euston being, I think, a Popish recusant, compounded his estate for 706*l.* 12*s.*" — "History of the County of Suffolk."

2. Description of a Staghunt. — Is taken from an incident in the life of Wilson, the historian, a retainer of the Earl of Essex. — "Shakespeare and his Times, p. 136.

3. Master Owen was a lay brother of the Society of Jesus, *and servant of Father Garnet.* He was commonly called

Little John. His stature was extraordinarily small. He had originally been a carpenter, and being a person of singular ingenuity, he carried his abilities in that line in the contriving of those hiding-places which had become a necessary appendage to the houses of recusants. His skill in this respect was so well known, that there was scarcely a Catholic house in England where he was not called upon to make one of these secret chambers, which were so often the means of saving the lives of priests and other recusants. He was a man of most holy life and manners, and was always observed to pray while he was at work. It was his habit to go to Communion before beginning any labour of this kind. When he was arrested, at the same time as Father Garnet, great exultation was felt by the violent Protestant party; for hopes were entertained that he would be forced to reveal the secret of their innumerable hiding-places; but no amount of torture could extract one word from him on the subject, though he was so cruelly racked in prison that he died soon after he was taken off the torture. — From More's "History of the English Province," and Bartoli's "Lives of English Jesuits."

4. The Holy Week at Euston. — The description given of it is taken from "Mrs. Dorothy Lawson's Life," published by Sir William Lawson, Bart.

5. The Sun dancing at Easter. — It was the belief of the vulgar that the Sun himself partook of the general exhilaration at Eastertide, and regularly danced on the morning of the Resurrection. — "Shakespeare and his Times," p. 71.

6. Fishing to be preferred to hunting. The preference Constance Sherwood is made to give to fishing over hunting is expressed by Dame Juliana Berners in a little tract, entitled, "The treatise pertaining to hawking, hunting, and fishing," printed in 1496. The descriptions of hawking are from Ger-vase Markham's "Country Contentments," a version in prose of a poem on the same subject by John Denny.



7. The Reconciliation between Lord and Lady Arundel, and her removal to Arundel Castle. — "The Life of the Countess of Arundel," p. 181.

8. The Lamb Ale, or Sheep-shearing Feast. — This rustic festival has furnished the poets of the 16th and 17th century with subjects for the most exquisite poetry. The following verses of Drayton describe the custom alluded to in this chapter: —

"With light fantastic toe, the nymphs  
Thither assembled; thither every swain;  
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flowers,  
Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,  
Mixt with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,  
And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms."

## VOL. II. CHAP. VI.

1. The Queen's progress through Norfolk and Suffolk. — "Life of Queen Elizabeth," p. 430.

2. Description of the Pageants at Norwich. — Churchyard, the poet, and an old retainer of the Norfolk family, arranged all the pageants on this occasion, and gives himself a description of what had been planned, and the mischief caused by the deluging rain. — "Life of Queen Elizabeth," p. 433.

3. Queen Elizabeth's visit to Euston, and the scenes which took place there. — The following letter from Richard Topcliffe to the Earl of Shrewsbury gives a graphic account of them: —

"Richard Topclyffe to the Earl of Shrewsbury,  
"30th of August, 1578,  
"At Stamford.

"FOR MY DUTY, &c. &c. — Since I did wait upon your good Lordship, and after I parted from Mr. Gilbert Talbot at Killingworth, and have been trained by little and little onward this progress thus far now homewards, and because I

would gladly wait upon your Lordship and my Lady in such convenient place and at such time as shall best please you, I thought it my duty to trouble your Lordship in the meantime with my scribbling some such news as partly you know and partly are not like to know, but by such wayfarers, and somewhat shall keep in store, having in charge from her Majesty to your good Lordship all tending towards her gracious favour and assistance in your Lordship, of whom her Highness saith she hath daily most faithful trial, which the Lord knows I joy at. Next some comfort I received of her for myself, that must ever lie nearest. The best good news is that her Majesty hath served God with great zeal and comfortable examples; for by her Council two notorious papists, young Rookwood (the master of Euston Hall, where her Majesty did lie upon Sunday now a fortnight), and one Downes, a gentleman, were both committed, the one to the town prison at Norwich, the other to the country prison there for obstinate papistry, and seven more gentlemen of worship were committed to several houses in Norwich as prisoners; two of the Lovells, another Downes, one Bedingfield, one Parry, and two others not worthy naming, for badness of belief.

"This Rookwood is a papist, newly crept out of his late wardship. Her Majesty, by some means I know not, was lodged at his house, Euston, farre unmeet for her Highness, but fitter for the blackguard. Nevertheless, the gentleman brought into her Majesty's presence by the like device, her excellent Majesty gave to Rookwood ordinary thanks for his bad house and her fair hand to kiss; after which it was braved out. But my Lord Chamberlain, nobly and gravely, understanding that Rookwood was excommunicated for papistry, called him before him, demanded of him how he dared presume to attempt her royal presence, he, unfit to accompany any Christian person; forthwith said he was fitter for a pair of stocks; commanded him out of the court, and yet to attend her Council's pleasure; and at Norwich he was committed. And to decypher the gentleman to the full, a piece of plate, having been missed in the court, and searched for in his hay-

house, in the hayrick such an image of Our Lady was there found, as for greatness and gayness and workmanship I did never see a match; and after a sort of country dance, ended in her Majesty's sight, the idol was set behind the people, who avoided . . . (the intermediate words are too offensive to be transcribed). Her Majesty commanded it to the fire, which in her sight by the country folk was quickly done, to her content and unspeakable joy of every one but some one or two who had sucked of the idol's poisoned milk.

"I was happy lately amongst other good graces that her Majesty did tell me of sundry lewd Popish beasts that have resorted to Buxton from their countries in the south, since my Lord did come from thence. Her Highness doubteth not but you regard them well enough, amongst whom there is a detestable Popish priest, one Dyrham, or Durande. Mr. Secretary hath written to your Lordship in this his letter here enclosed, to wish your Lordship to apprehend him; to examine him of his coming to the Church, and upon the least or lightest occasion to commit him, and to certify the Lords thereof. . . ." — Lodge's "Illustrations of British History," vol. ii. pp. 119—121.

## VOL. II. CHAP. VII.

1. The details relating to Father Campion's arrival in London, the temporary chapel at Noel House, the effects of his preaching and presence in London, are taken from Bartoli's "Lives of the English Jesuits."

2. Description of Arundel Castle. — "History and Antiquities of Arundel Castle," by the Rev. M. Tierney.

3. Lady Arundel's reconciliation. — All the particulars concerning this event, Lord Arundel's conduct at that time, the impression made upon him by his sister, Lady Margaret Sackville's conversion, Lady Arundel's arrest and imprisonment, are drawn from the history of her life.

## VOL. II. CHAP. VIII.

1. Lord Arundel's intention to leave the kingdom, the cause of its failure, the Queen's visit to him at Arundel House, his subsequent imprisonment and examination, his wife's release, his conversion to Catholicism, the change in his life which resulted from it, are detailed at length in the history of his life.

2. Queen Elizabeth's device for the reconciliation of Sir John Spencer with his daughter, Lady Compton. — "Queen Elizabeth's Life," by Miss A. Strickland, p. 633.

3. The description of the Huguenot victory in Provence, is taken from an article in "*La Revue d'Economie Chrétienne*" for May, 1865.

4. The travellers' adventures in France, and view of French and English manners, are taken from Fynes Morrison's "*Travels in the Sixteenth Century*."

## VOL. II. CHAP. IX.

1. The whole substance of this chapter, as regards Edmund Genings and his brother, Mr. and Mrs. Swithin Wells, and their companions, is drawn from the "*Life of Edmund Genings*," by John Genings.

## VOL. II. CHAP. X.

1. The details of the execution of Edmund Genings and Mr. Wells, and of John Genings' conversion, are related by the latter in the above-mentioned work.

2. The Queen's unkind comment on Lady Arundel's verses. — Miss A. Strickland's "*Life of Queen Elizabeth*."

3. A touching relation of the almost simultaneous deaths of Sir John and Lady Biron, the grandfather and grandmother of Colonel Hutchinson, is given in his *Memoirs*, written by his widow, Lucy.

## VOL. II. CHAPS. XI. AND XII.

1. Father Southwell's verses, "Time goes by turns." — From a volume of his poems, republished in 1856.
2. The history of Lord Arundel's attempted escape, of his betrayal, arrest, lingering sufferings, ten years' imprisonment, admirable virtues, of his wife's ill-usage, of the obstinate refusal to allow them ever to meet on the part of the Queen, not even at his deathbed, unless he had renounced his religion, of the offer made him at the last of a full restoration to fortune, rank, and the company of his wife and children, if he would have conformed to the established religion even by one single act of compliance, are strictly historical. So are the smallest details regarding Lord and Lady Arundel in the concluding chapter of this tale. Not a single fact, not a single hardship, has been invented. Nothing added but the supposed expression of her feelings under this long persecution.
3. Rookwood's execution at the time of the Gunpowder Plot. — The author of the "Illustrations of British History," affixes a note to the previously given letter of Richard Topcliffe, in which he says: — "Probably the same Rookwood who was implicated in the Gunpowder Plot, and executed in 1605." For obvious reasons the author of this tale concludes this Rookwood to have been the brother of the hero of her story.
4. "The Holy Maries." — When the nuns of The Visitation were first established in France, the popular name they went by amongst the lower orders was, "Les Saintes Maries." — "Life of Madame de Chantal," by the Abbé Bougaud.

THE END.

